

FEBRUARY No.7

10¢

SMASH COMICS

WINGS, IF WE
GET CAUGHT IN
THIS AIR DEFENSE
NET WE'RE
DONE FOR!

ESPIONAGE

BOZO THE ROBOT

ARCHIE O'TOOLE

ABDUL THE ARAB

— FEATURING —
**WINGS
WENDALL**

INVISIBLE JUSTICE,
CHIC CARTER, PHILPOT
VEEP, CLIP CHANCE,
WUN CLOO, CAPTAIN
COOK, JOHN LAW . . .
and many others.

Wings Wendall



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Price Goes Up After
This Introductory Sale



SPECIAL
DURING THIS SALE

\$2

The "LITTLE MAN" Works Like the
Famous GORDON PRESS.
PRINTS WITH TYPE THIS SIZE
You will get real experience—learn to set
type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready,
get okays, feed the press—learn to love the
smell of printer's ink and know the magic of
taking a blank piece of paper and printing
words, ideas, powerful enough to move a peo-
ple, after the manner of Franklin, Horace
Greeley, etc. Printing is such fun for boys.

Boys PRINT

**CARDS • CUTS
TICKETS • LABELS**

From **REAL** Printer's
Metal Type with **PRINTER'S INK**

AMAZING NEW PRINTING PRESS

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this all-time low price.

COMES COMPLETE Equipment includes substan-
tially built, **ALL STEEL** press,
mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3 x 3 1/2 inches steel
type chase, 138-piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em
quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and
step-by-step instructions easily followed.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than delighted with your press,
back comes your money. You take no risk, no obli-
gation. Satisfaction or money back.

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COUPON
TODAY**

**SEND
NO MONEY**

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When the postman brings
your press pay \$2 plus 60c
for charges (Pac. Coast
\$2.85) OR, if you
prefer attach \$2 plus
35c postage and save
Government C.O.D. fee.
Mail today before price
goes up.

Send "LITTLE MAN" Printing Press.

(. . . .) Amount Enclosed

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Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Made in U.S.A.



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TODAY**

\$8.50

BENJAMIN AIR PISTOL With LEVER HAND PUMP

For Target—Small Game—Camping—Etc. Guaranteed
—Accurate—Practical—Economical—Safe—Clean—
Quiet. Adjustable Force—Amazing Maximum Velo-
city No Smoke or Fumes. Bolt Action—Hammer Fire
—Hair Trigger—Safety Lock—Hand Pump. Single
Shot BB \$8.50, Single Shot cal. 177 or 22 with rifled
barrel \$8.50, BB 8-Shot \$10.00; Holster \$2.00. Also
a complete line of **Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air**
Rifles for BB and cal. 177 or 22. No license required
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The Magazine You've Always Wanted
Filled with air stories, sport articles by famous
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The Open Road and also **FREE** and postpaid a
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of



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ESPIONAGE

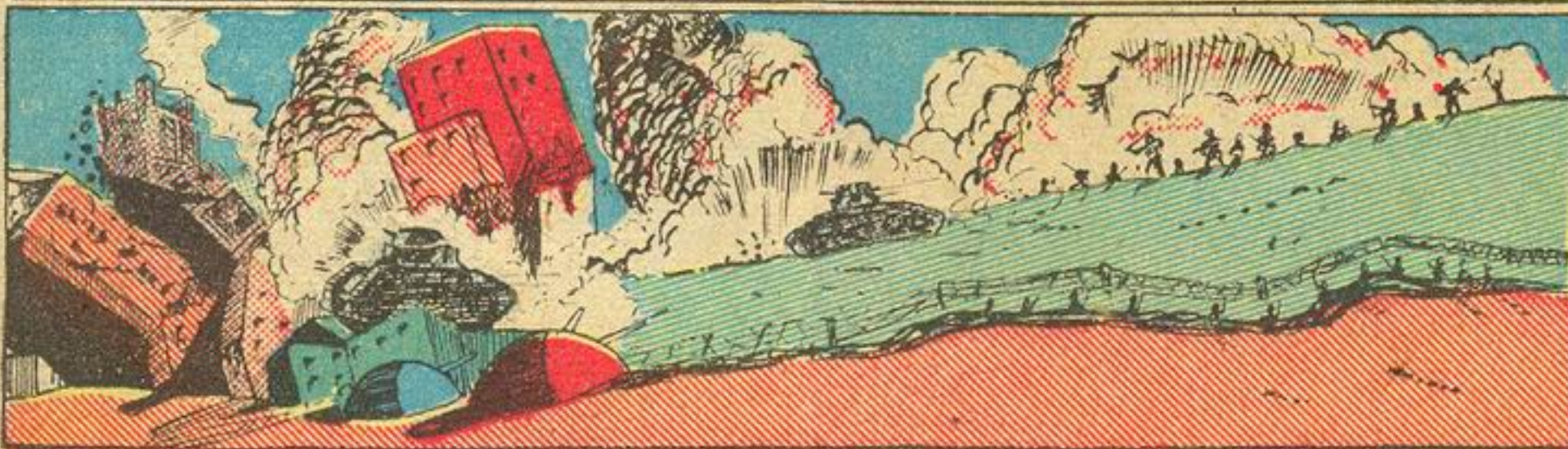
STARRING
THE
BLACK 'X'




A COMPLETE
BLACK 'X'
STORY
BY ERWIN

ANY SIMILARITY TO PERSONS
LIVING OR DEAD IS COINCIDENTAL

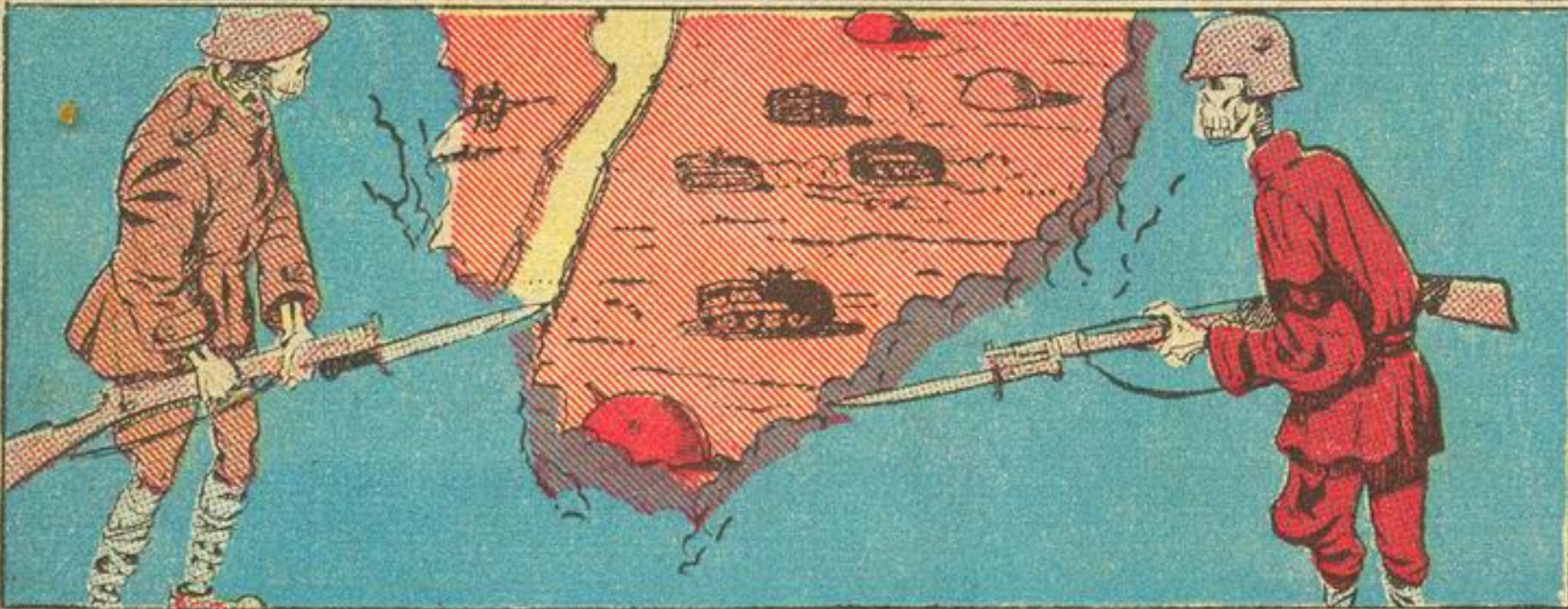
FOR YEARS, THE MILITARY DICTATORS OF EUROPE PREPARED FOR A LONG CONFLICT, AND BY THE OUTBREAK OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, THE DICTATORSHIP AXIS AND THE DEMOCRACIES EACH HAD A MIGHTY WAR MACHINE WHICH THEY HURLED AGAINST EACH OTHER, WITH TERRIBLE RESULTS.



AN IMMOVABLE FORCE AGAINST AN INVINCIBLE ARMY. THE TWO MIGHTY POWERS ARE AT A STALEMATE.

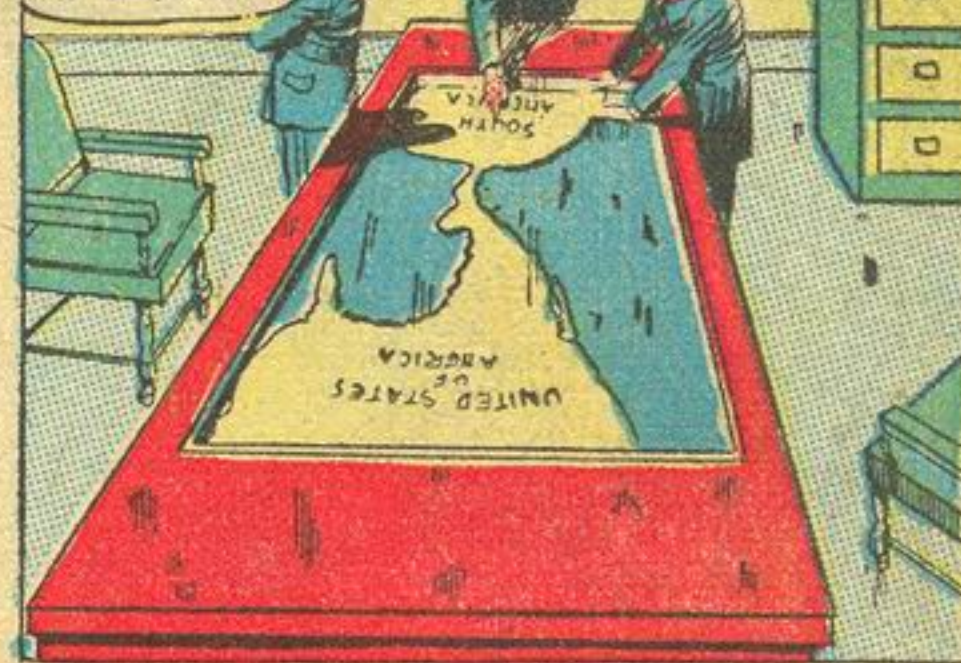


BUT THE DICTATORSHIPS ARE LAND-LOCKED, AND THE DEMOCRACIES HAVE ONE FREE WEAPON, THE DREAD ECONOMIC BLOCKADE. THE SEIZURE OF FOODSHIPS...

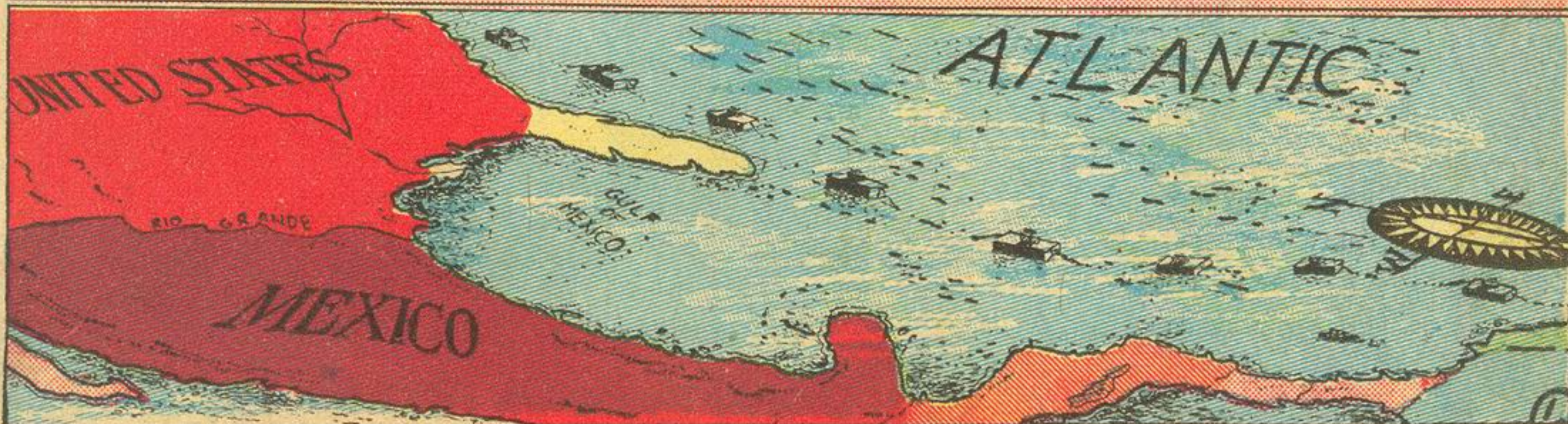


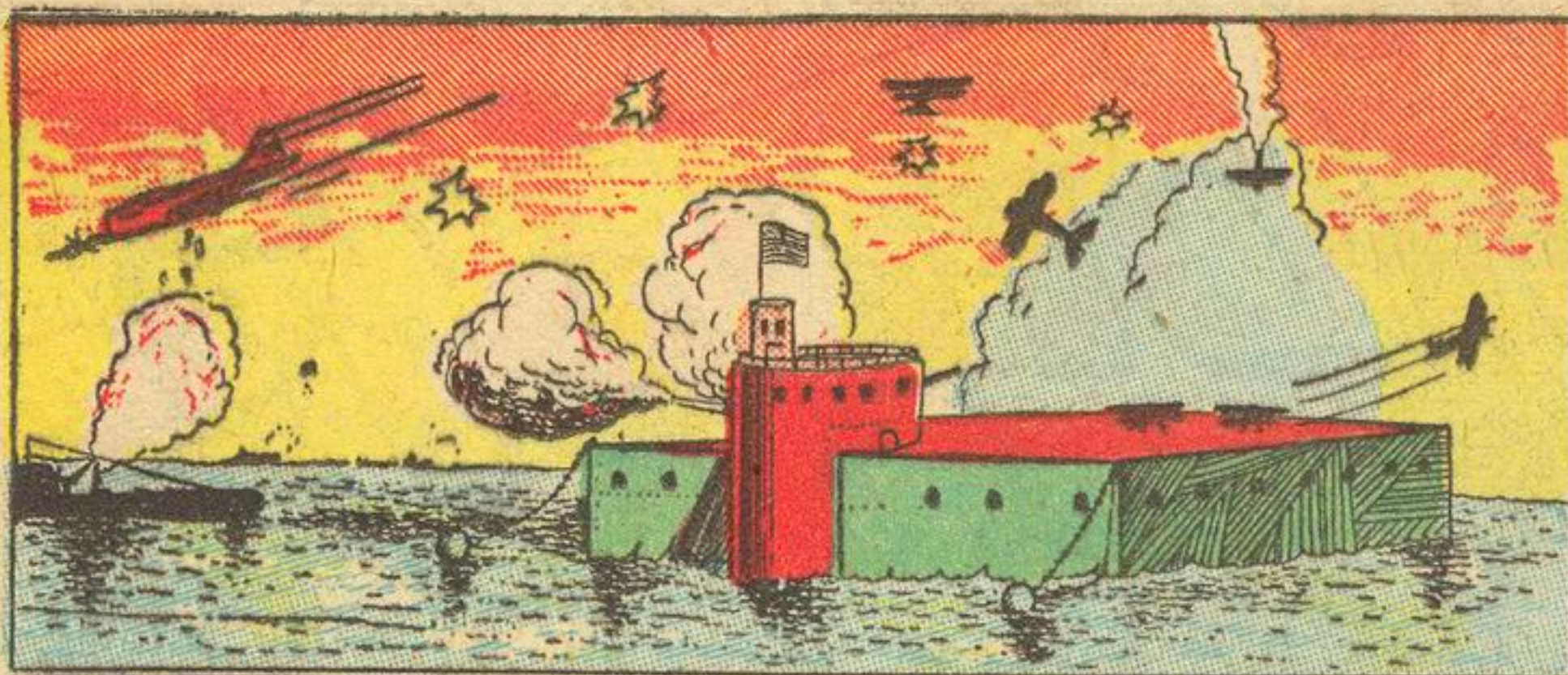
WE CAN GET ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO SOUTH AMERICA!

THAT IS THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS!



BUT AMERICA ANTICIPATES THE MOVE, AND IN DEFENSE OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS ERECTS THE 'CALDWELL LINE' A FLOATING BARRIER THAT LINES THE EASTERN COAST OF THE ENTIRE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.





A MIGHTY AXIS ARMADA SWOOPS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC... AND SMASHES AGAINST THE CALDWELL LINE.. BUT IN VAIN....

AND THE MIGHTY LONG ARM OF THE SECRET POLICE REACHES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.....

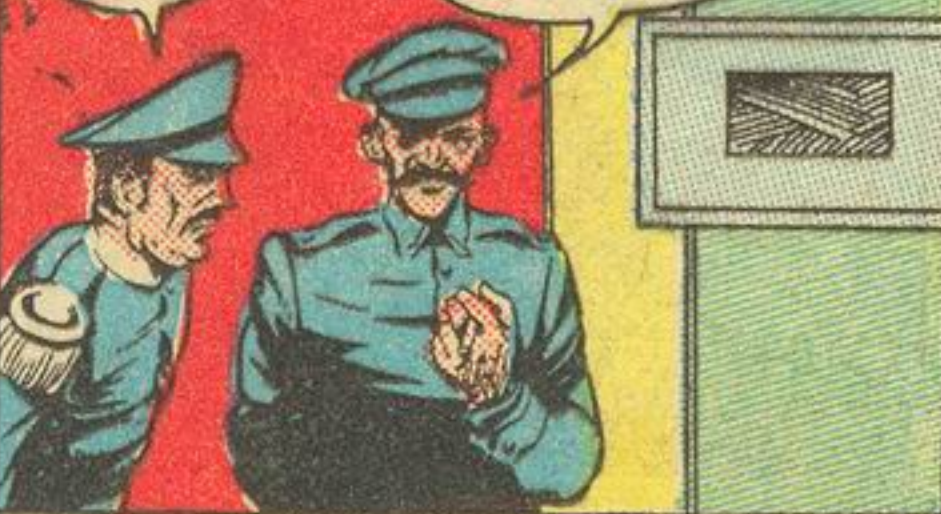


SABOTAGE THE FLOATING BASES OFF CAPE COD.. AT THE MOMENT THEY'RE BLOWN, OUR ARMADA WILL ATTACK THE WEAKENED LINE.... THE GREAT AMERICAN DEFENSE WILL BE SMASHED!

AT THE DICTATORS' HEAD-QUARTERS.....

THE ATTACK FAILED! WE MUST GET THROUGH!!

DIRECT ATTACK IS FUTILE.. SABOTAGE IS THE ONLY WAY.. BORE FROM WITHIN!!



IN AMERICA, THE AGENTS OF THE AXIS POWERS RESPOND TO ORDERS.....

OUR FIRST OBJECTIVE WILL BE BLACK 'X'-AMERICA'S ACE AGENT.. HE MUST BE REMOVED!

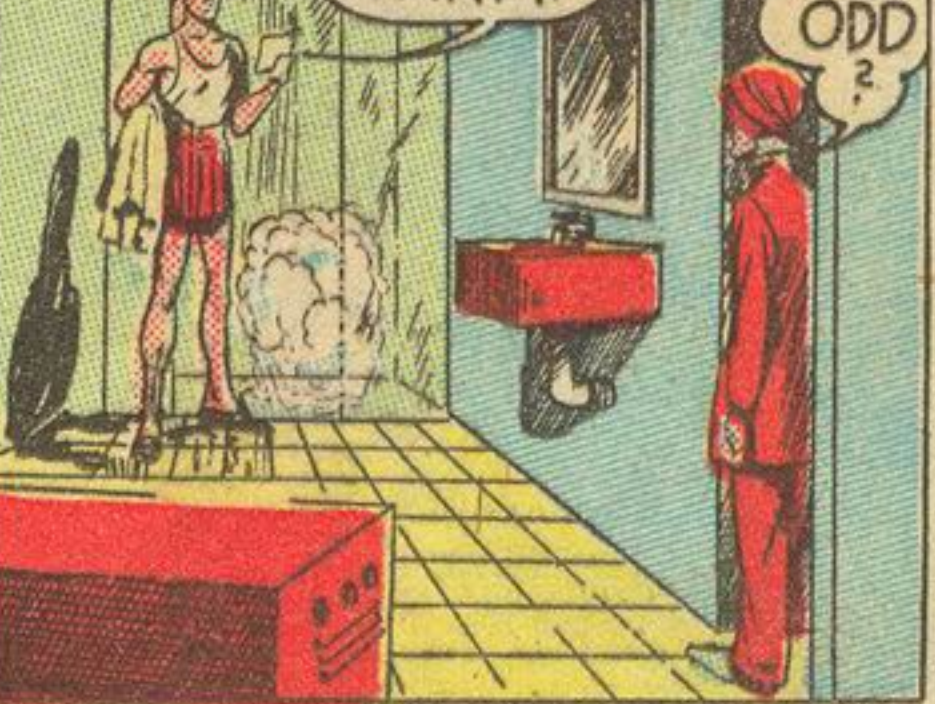


I WILL GIVE A PARTY FOR SEVERAL WASHINGTON DIPLOMATS... AMONG THEM, BLACK 'X'.. WE'LL KILL HIM THEN AND BEGIN THE SABOTAGE WHILE THE ESPIONAGE IS IN A FRENZY OF EXCITEMENT.

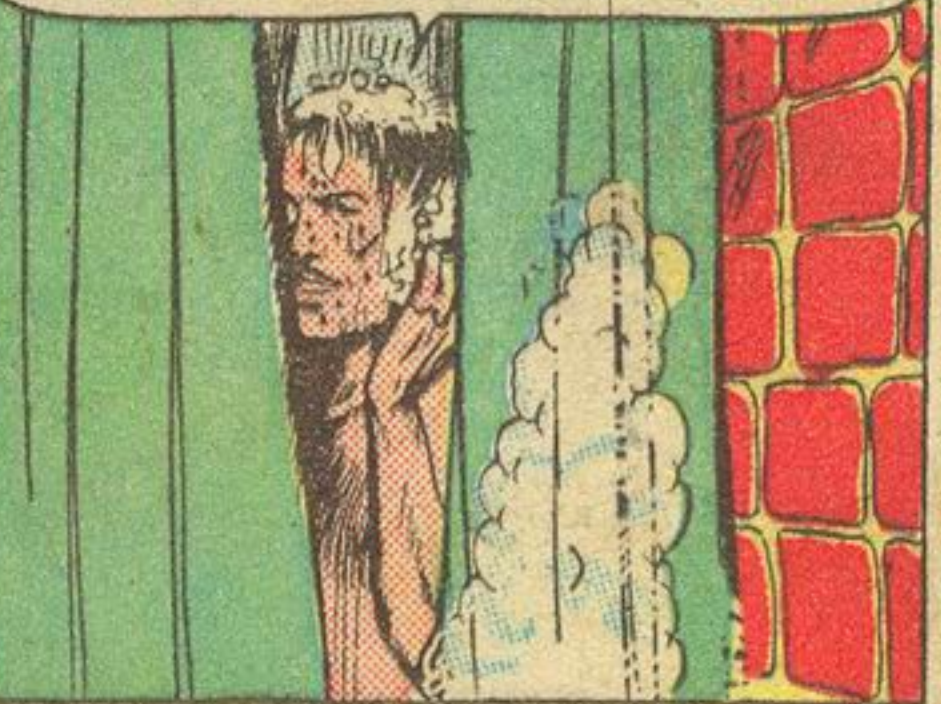


AT BLACK 'X'S' APARTMENT...

LOOK, BATU, AN INVITATION TO MADAME LA COQUIN'S PARTY!



YES, BATU, VERY ODD... THIS SEEMS TO TIE UP WITH THE INVESTIGATING I'VE BEEN DOING LATELY.. I'LL ACCEPT IT!



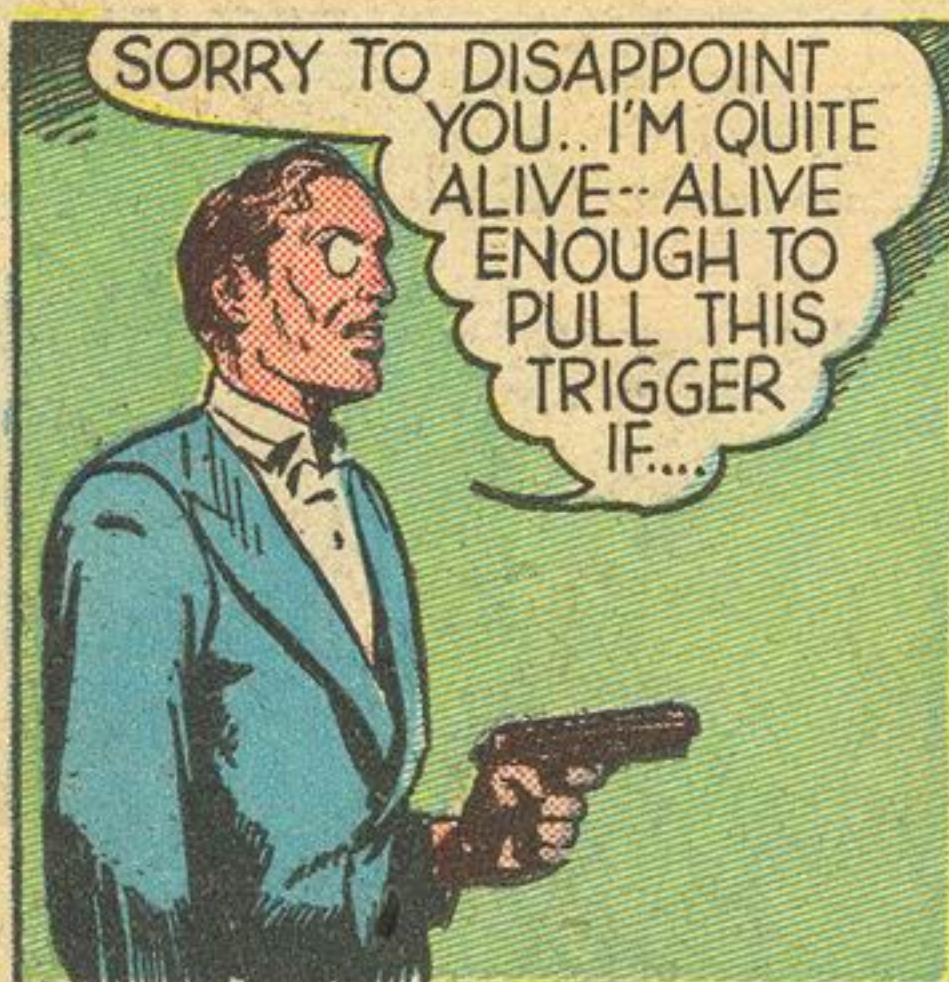
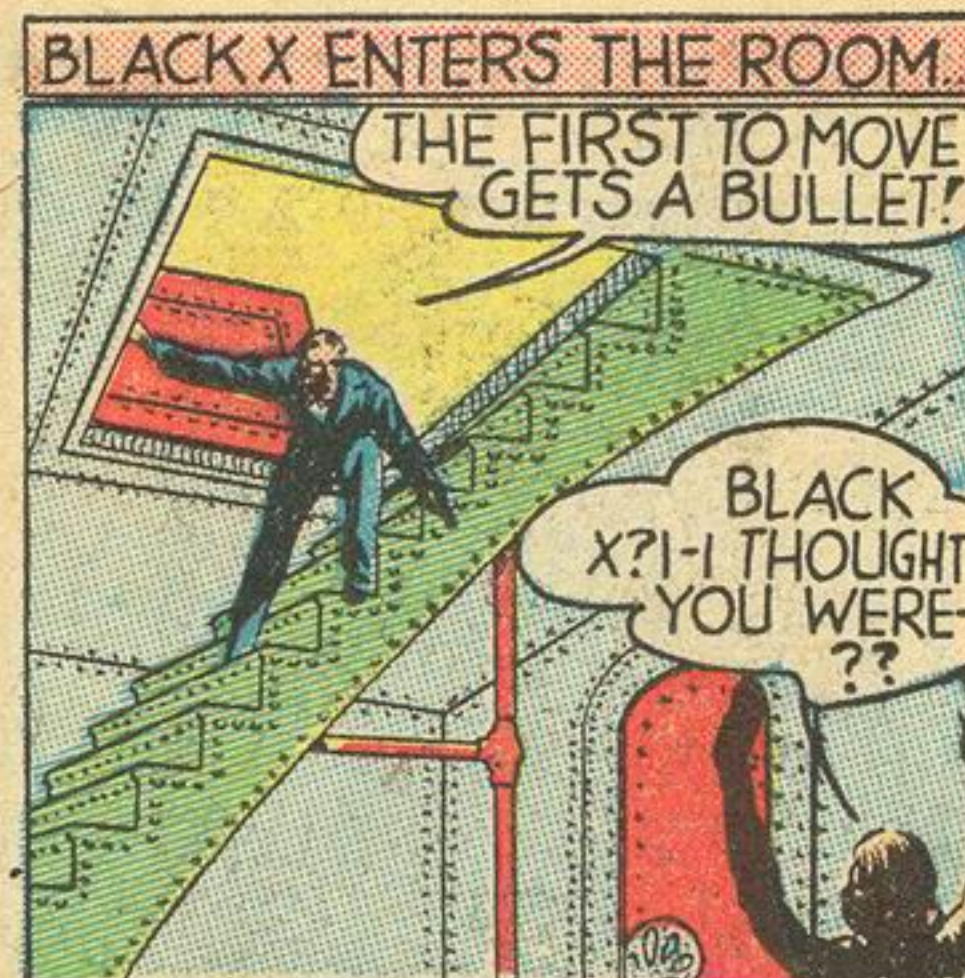
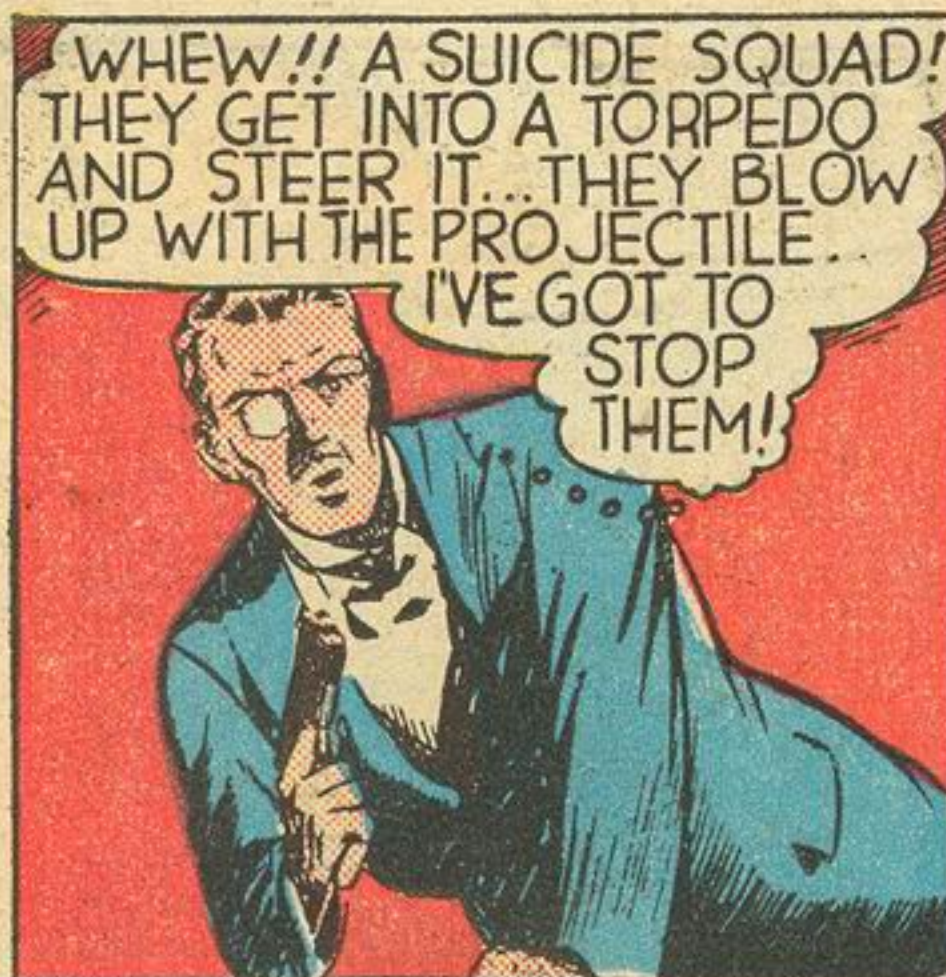
THAT NIGHT, AT A PALATIAL HOME ON CAPE COD.....



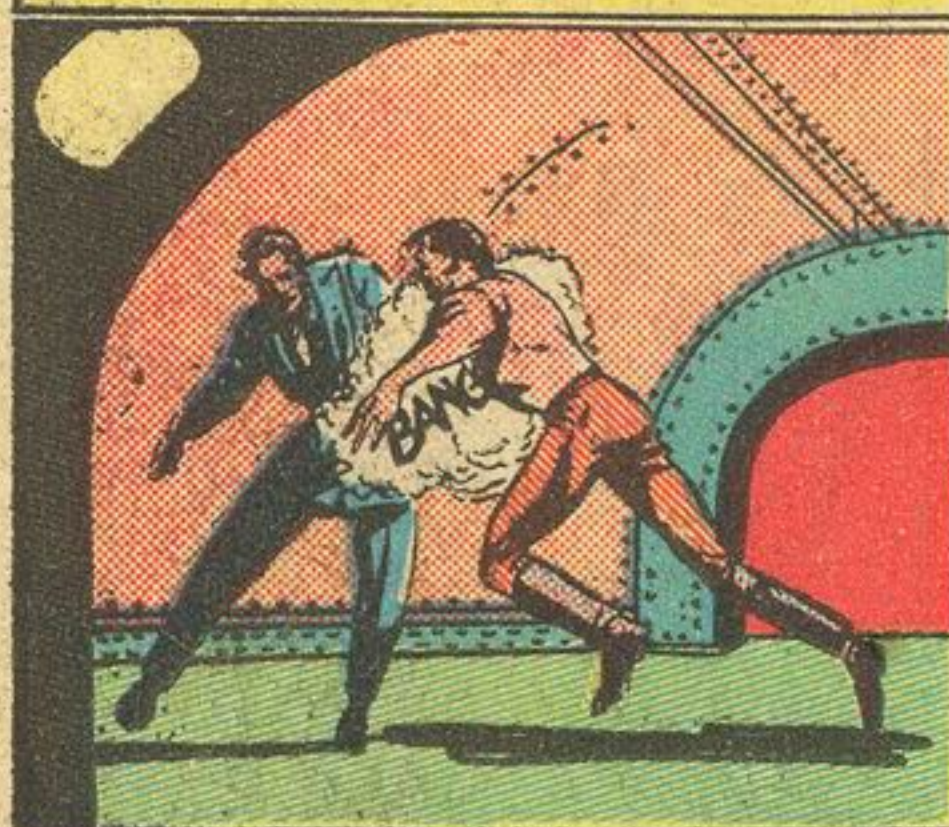
THERE'S OUR MAN... JUST WALKED INTO THE GARDEN.. GET HIM NOW!



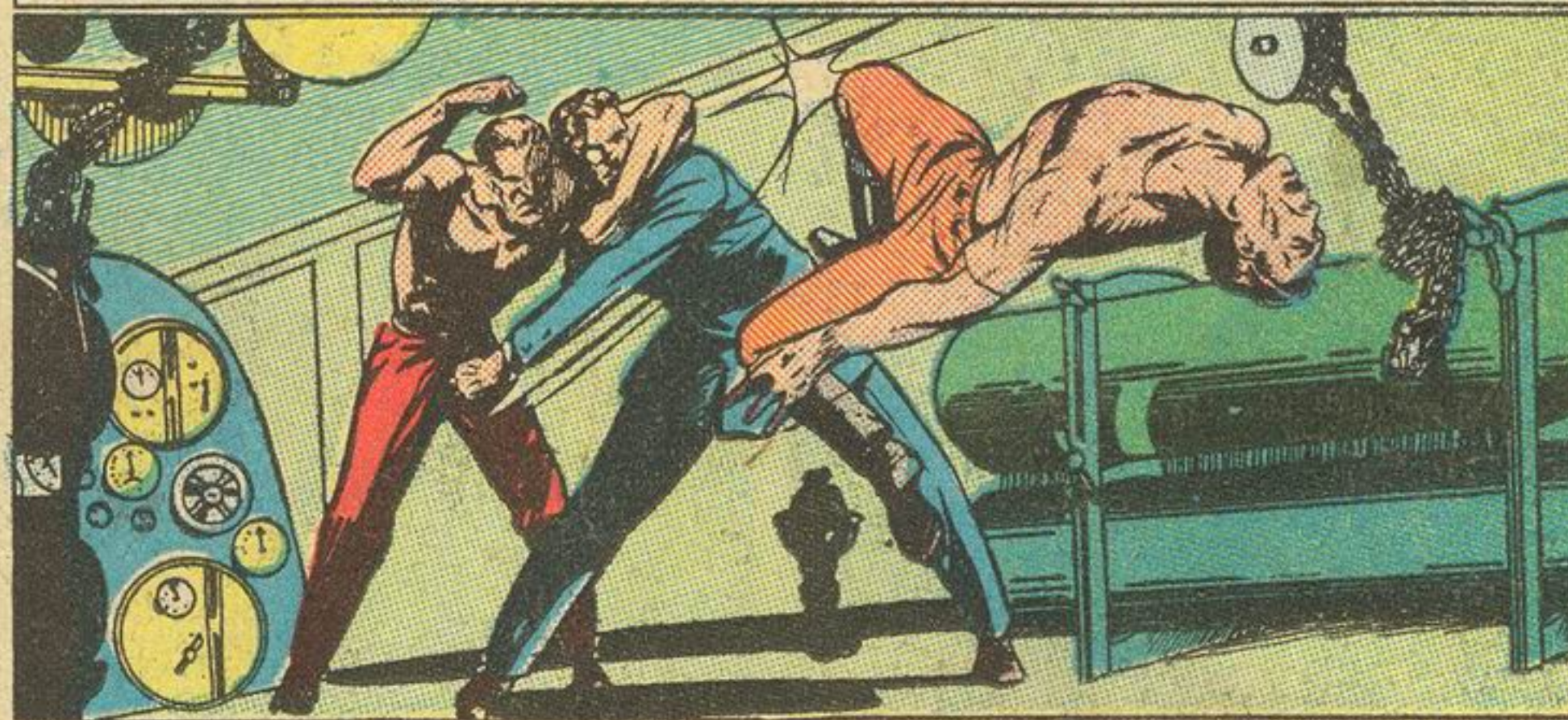




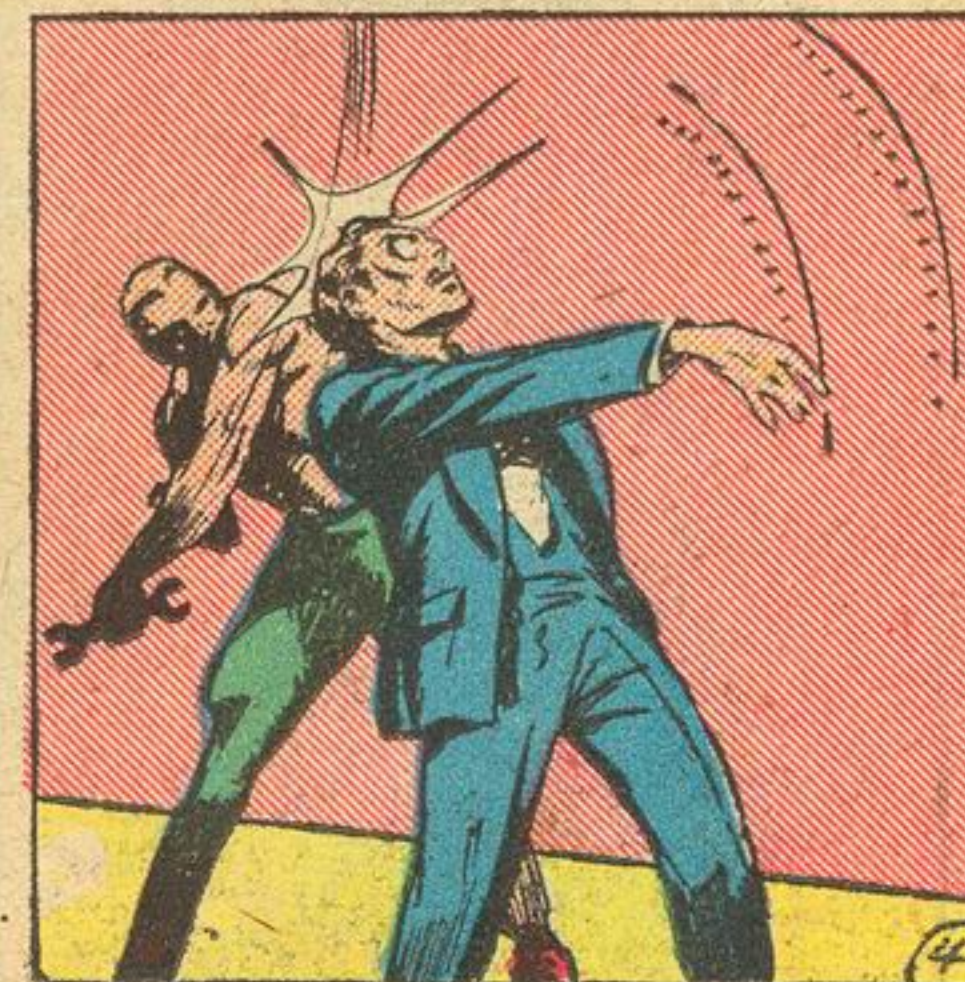
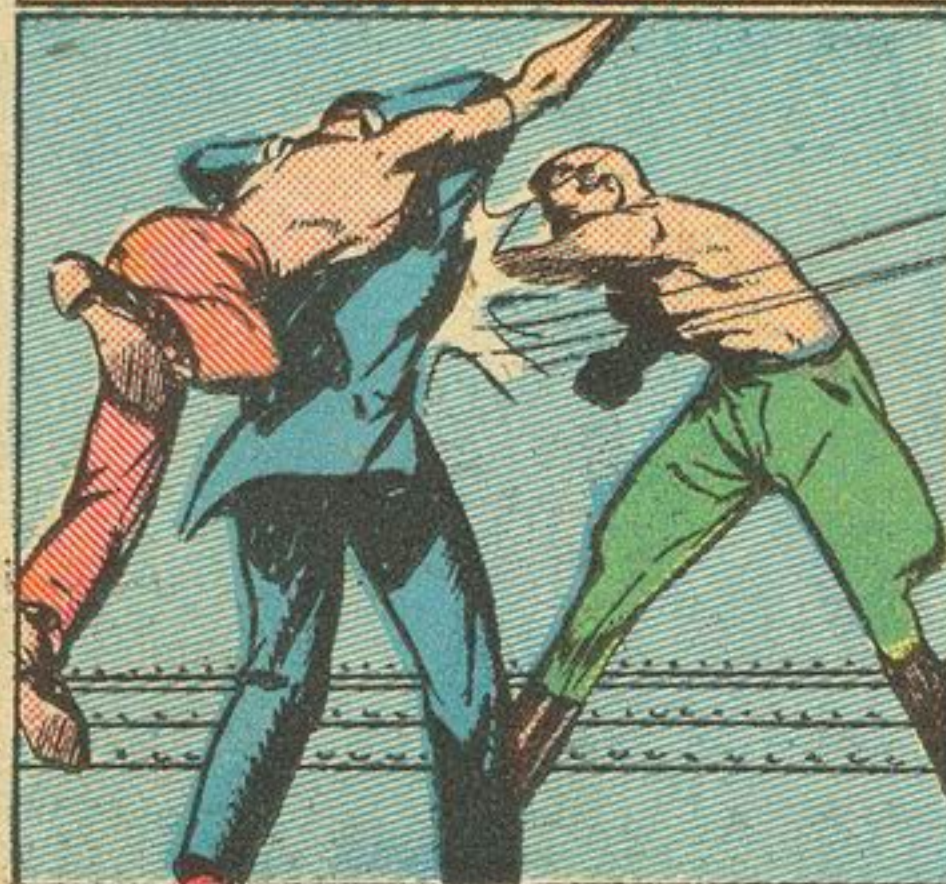
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE MEN DIVES AT BLACK X

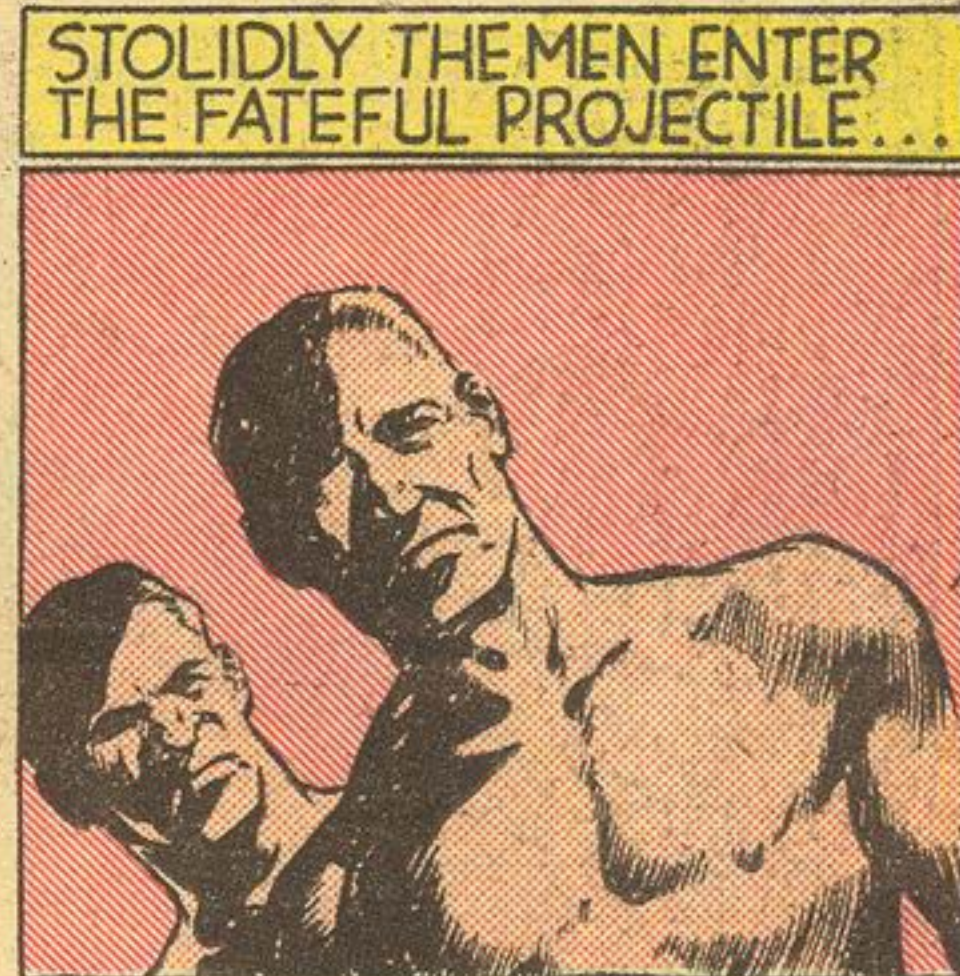


WITH BLACK X OFF BALANCE, THE REST ATTACK.....

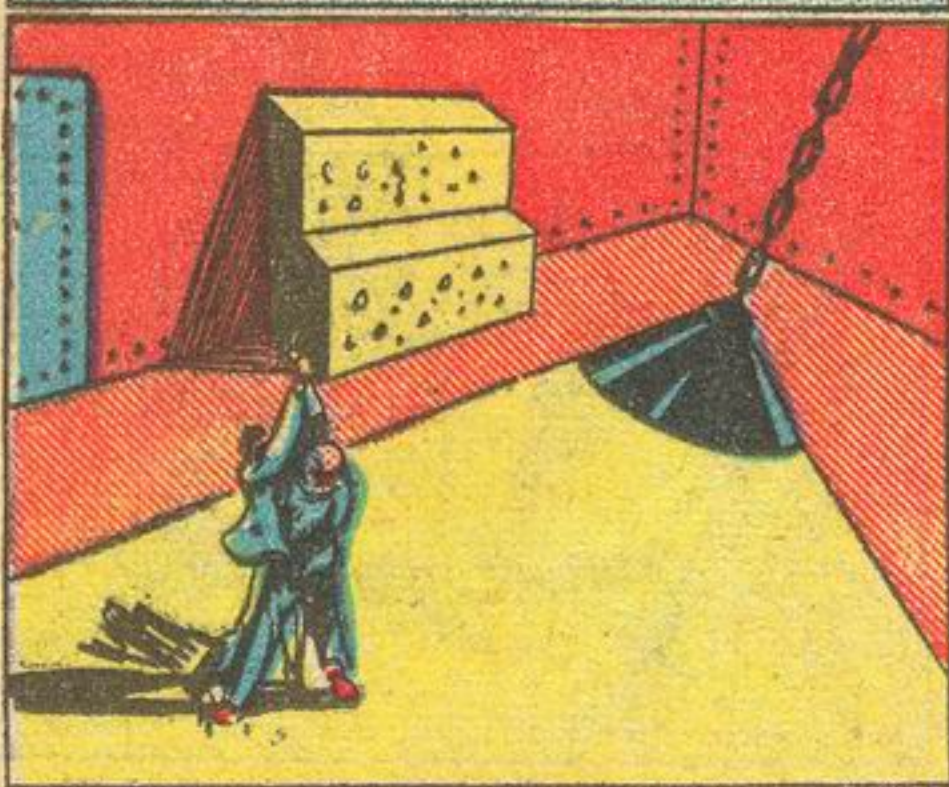


BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!





FOR ONE TERRIBLE MOMENT
THEY ARE LOCKED IN A DEATH
STRUGGLE.....



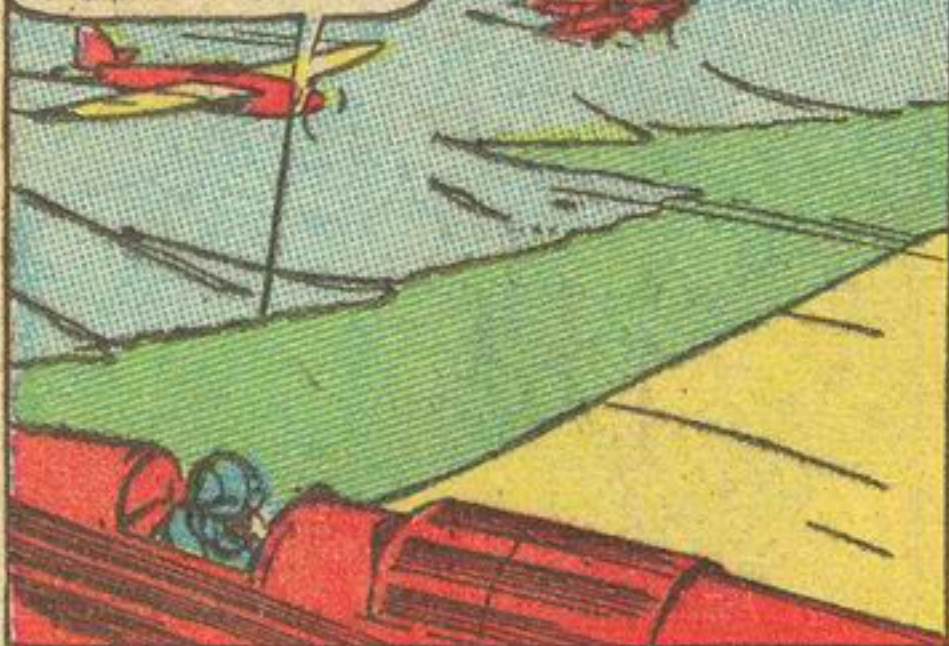
BLACK X LEAPS FRANTICALLY
TO THE RADIO.....

HELLO, CALLING COAST GUARD
PLANES.. CALLING COAST
GUARD PLANES!



HIGH ABOVE, HIS MESSAGE IS
CAUGHT.....

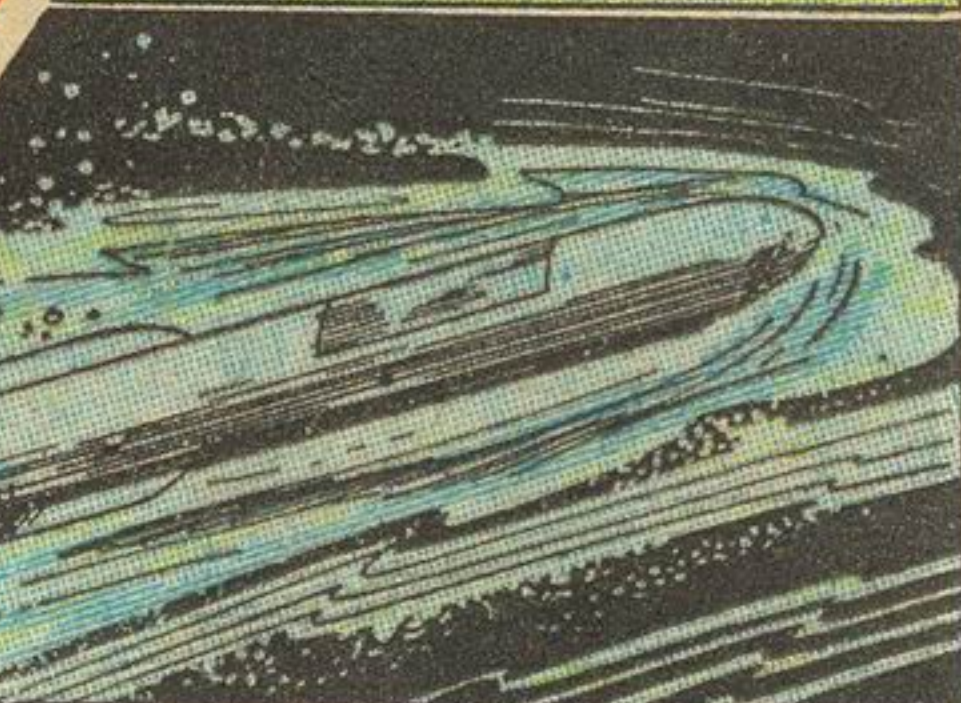
HELLO..HELLO..THIS IS
FLIGHT COMMANDER CASE..
COME ON!!



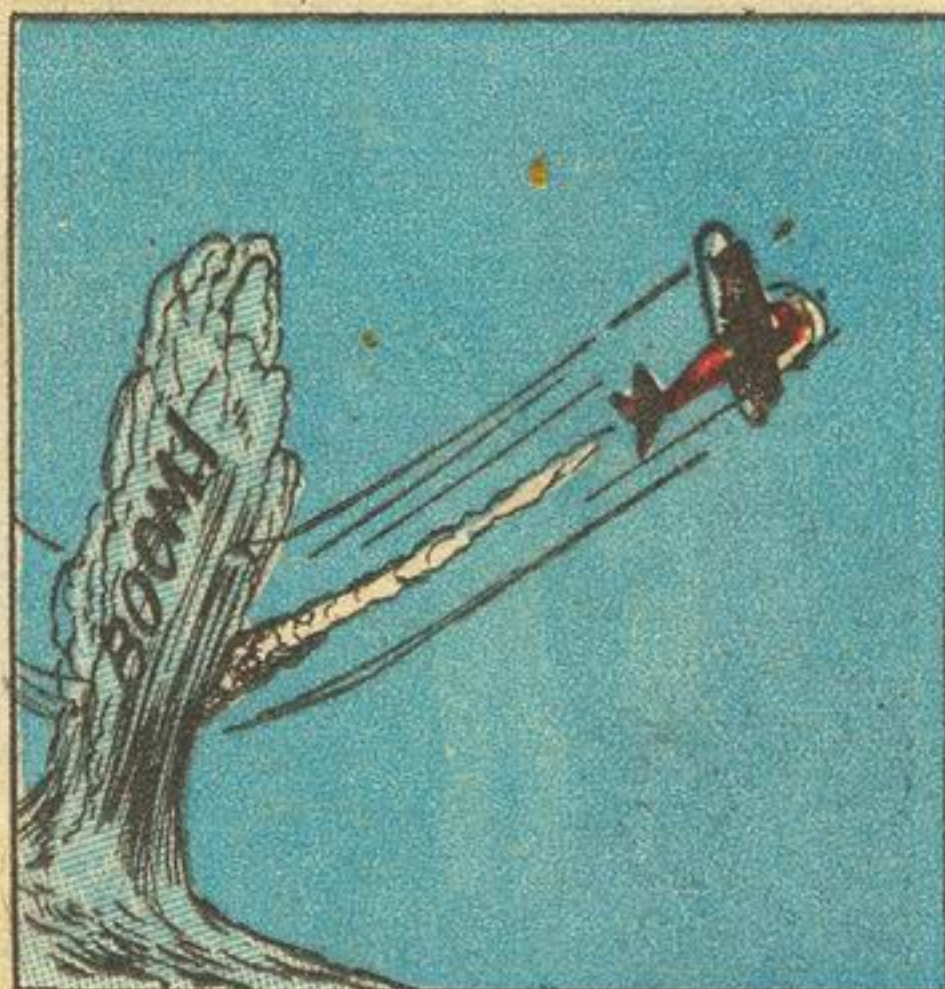
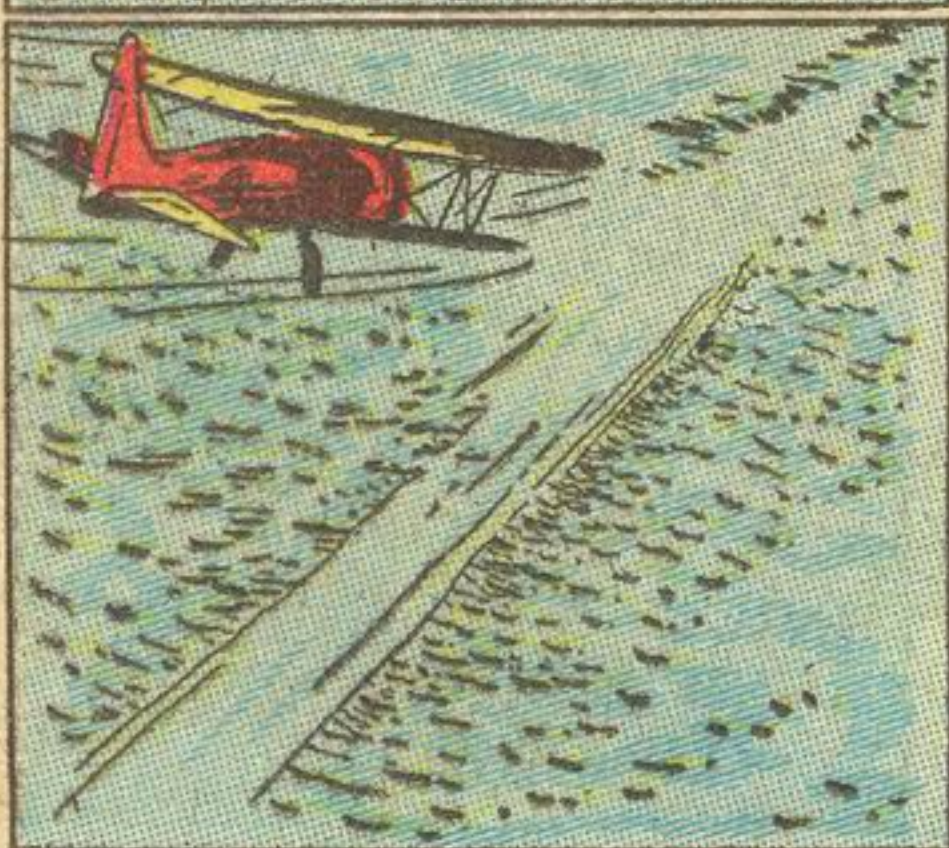
TAKE POSITION TWO HUNDRED
YARDS OFF THE ROCK LEDGE..
HURRY FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!
BLACK X CALLING!



BUT EVEN AS BLACK X
ISSUES DIRECTIONS, THE
FIRST TORPEDO IS
RELEASED.....



IT IS SPOTTED AND A PLANE
SWOOPS OVER IT.....



MEANWHILE, BELOW THE
SURFACE IN THE RADIO ROOM.

KEEP SCOUTING, COMMANDER
CASE, THERE'S ONE MORE
TORPEDO TO GO OUT...



DROP THAT
RADIO,
BLACK X!



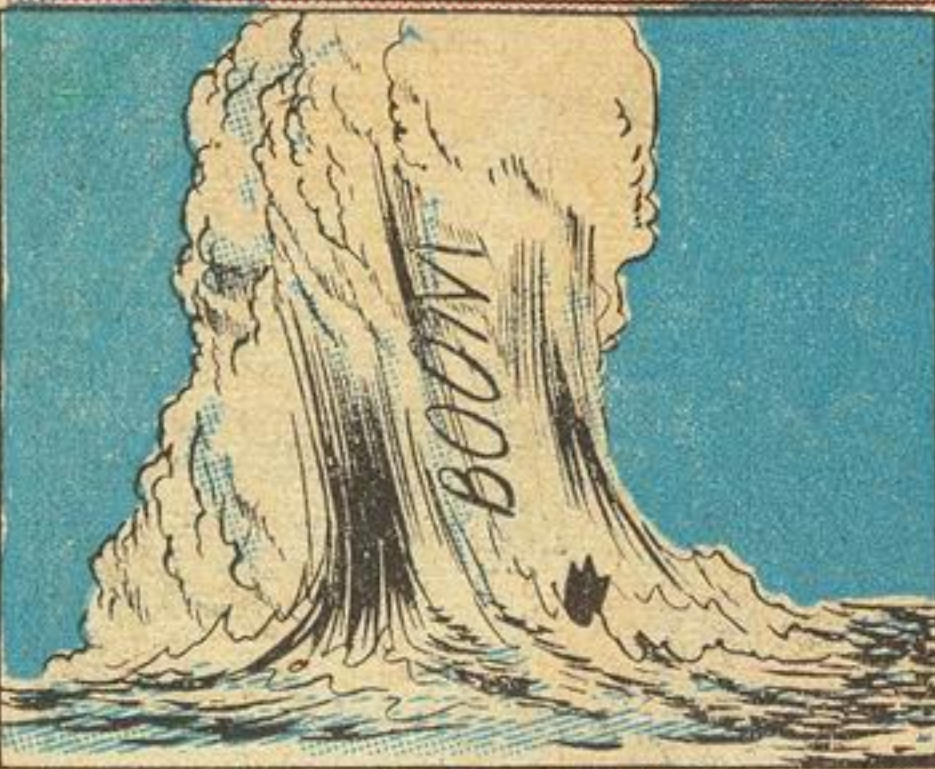


MEANWHILE, BLACK X BREAKS OUT OF THE RADIO ROOM.

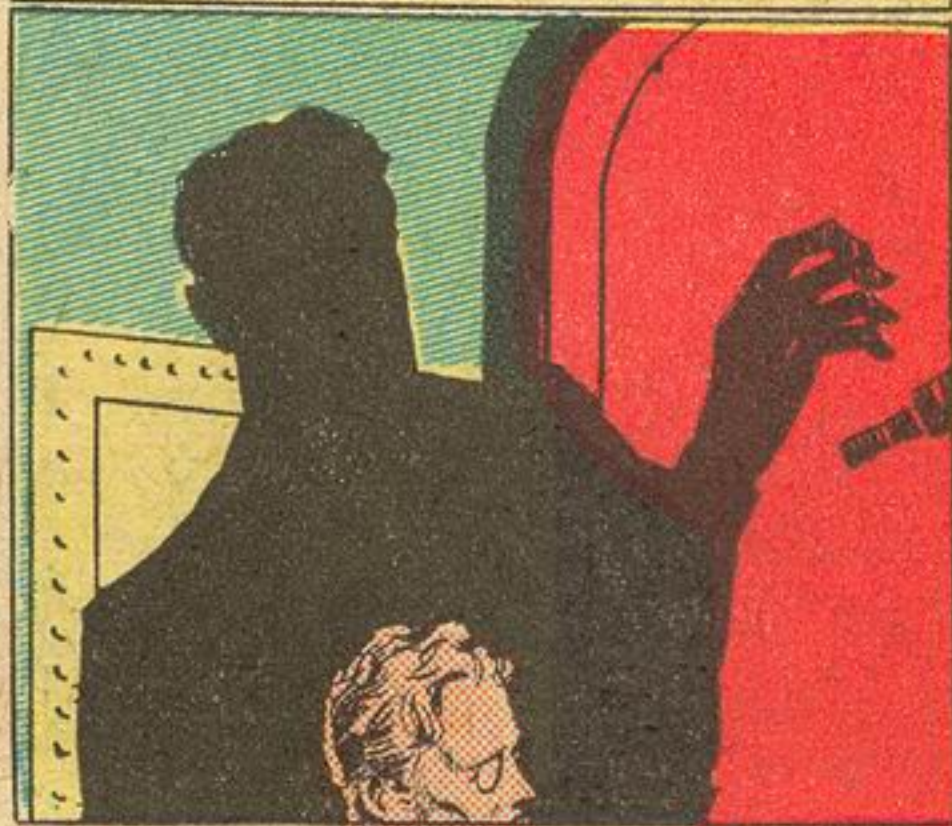


I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER... THEY'LL GET HER... IF I CAN REACH THE CONTROL LEVERS IN TIME, I CAN CHANGE HER COURSE!

SOMEWHERE AT SEA, A DULL EXPLOSION ECHOES TO THE SHORE.



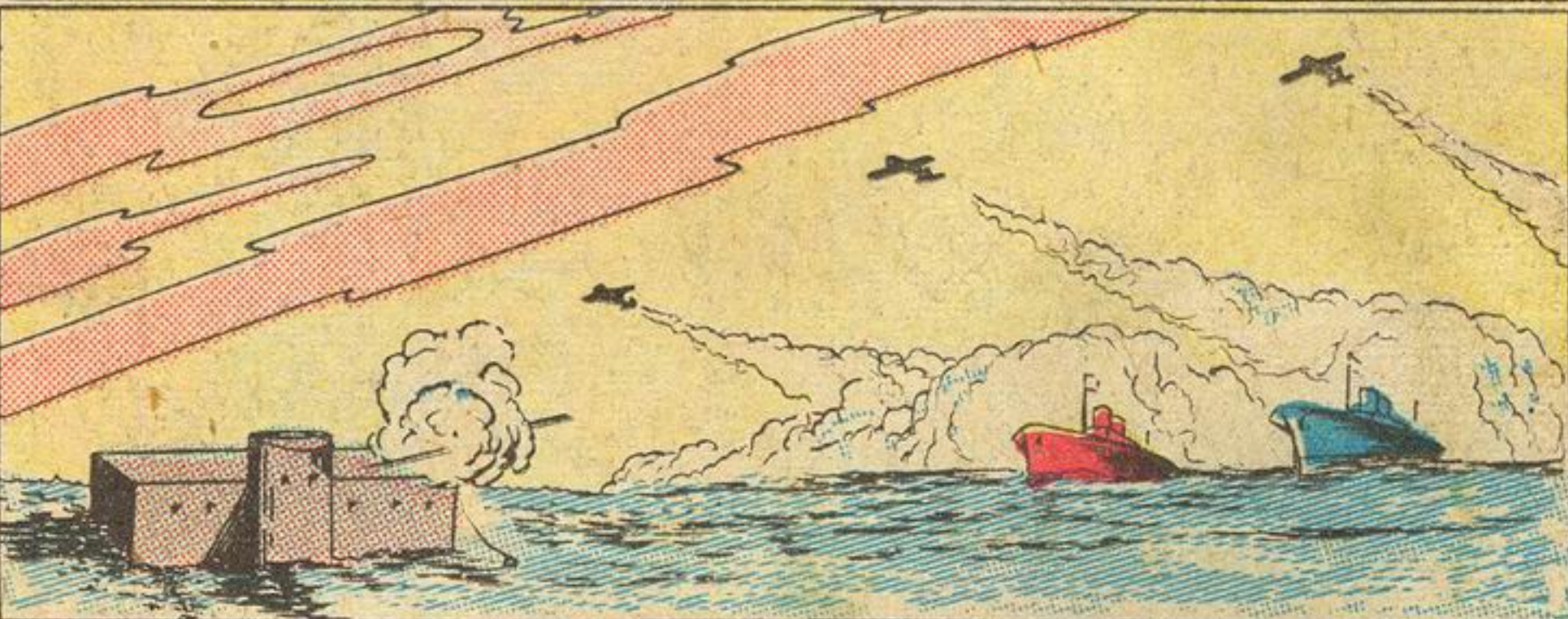
AND THE CONTROL LEVER GOES LIMP IN X'S HAND.



THEY GOT HER... I WAS TOO LATE!



AT SEA, THE ADVANCING DICTATORS' ARMADA MEETS THE PREPARED AMERICAN NAVY... INSTEAD OF A SABOTAGED DEFENSE, THEY ARE MET WITH POWERFUL RESISTANCE.

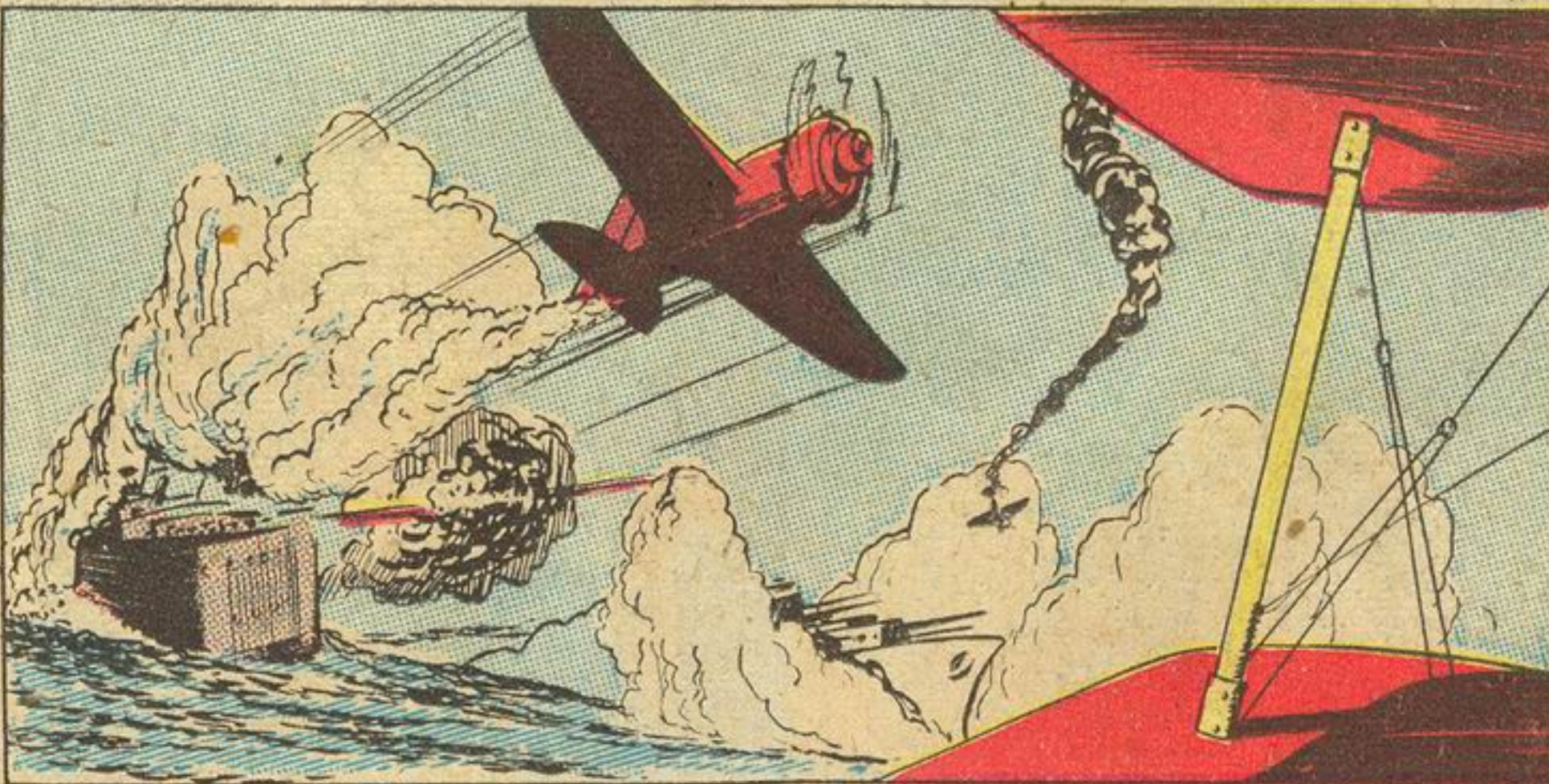


ABOARD THE ENEMY FLAGSHIP.

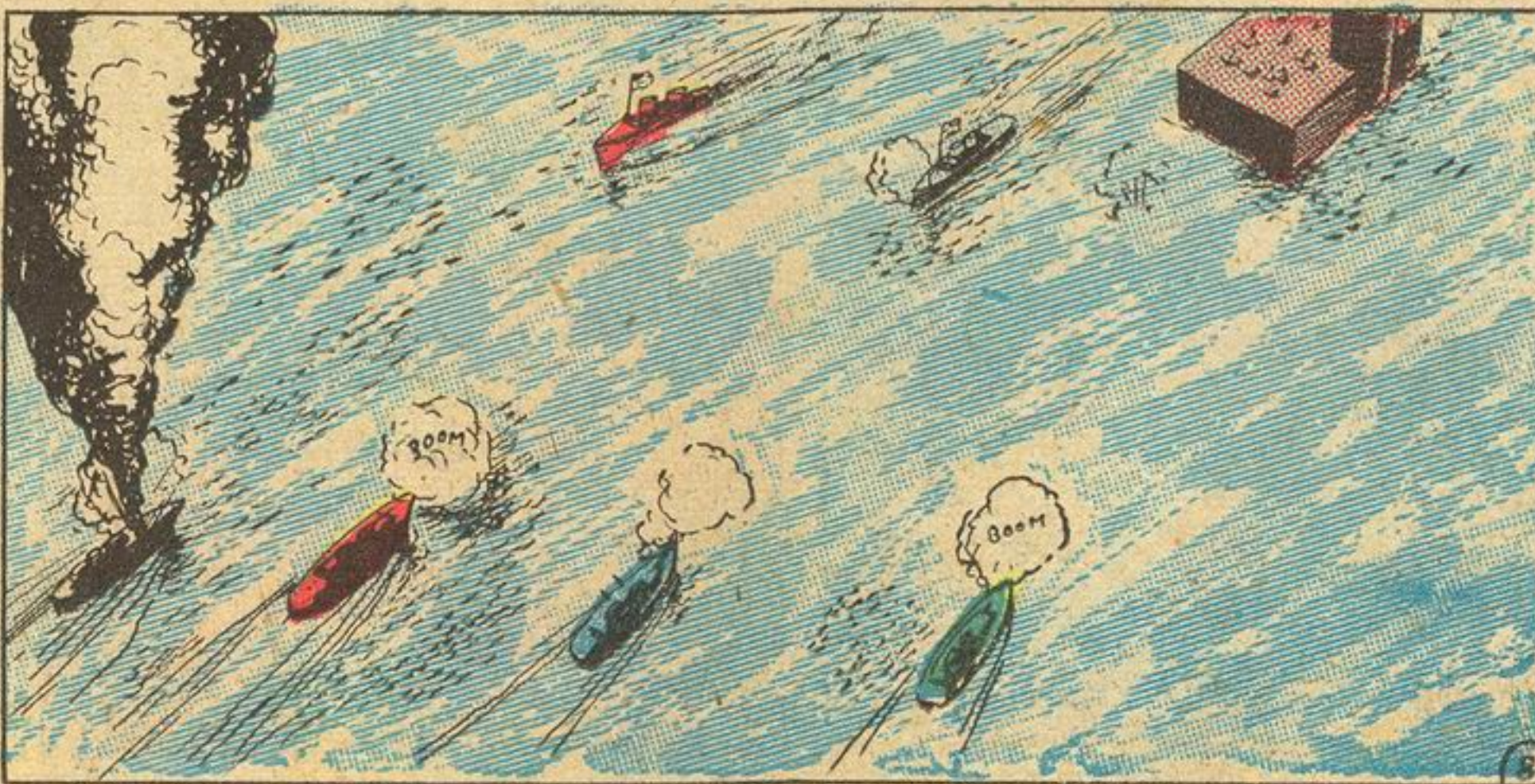


BAH! OUR SPIES HAVE FAILED. WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW... GIVE BATTLE!

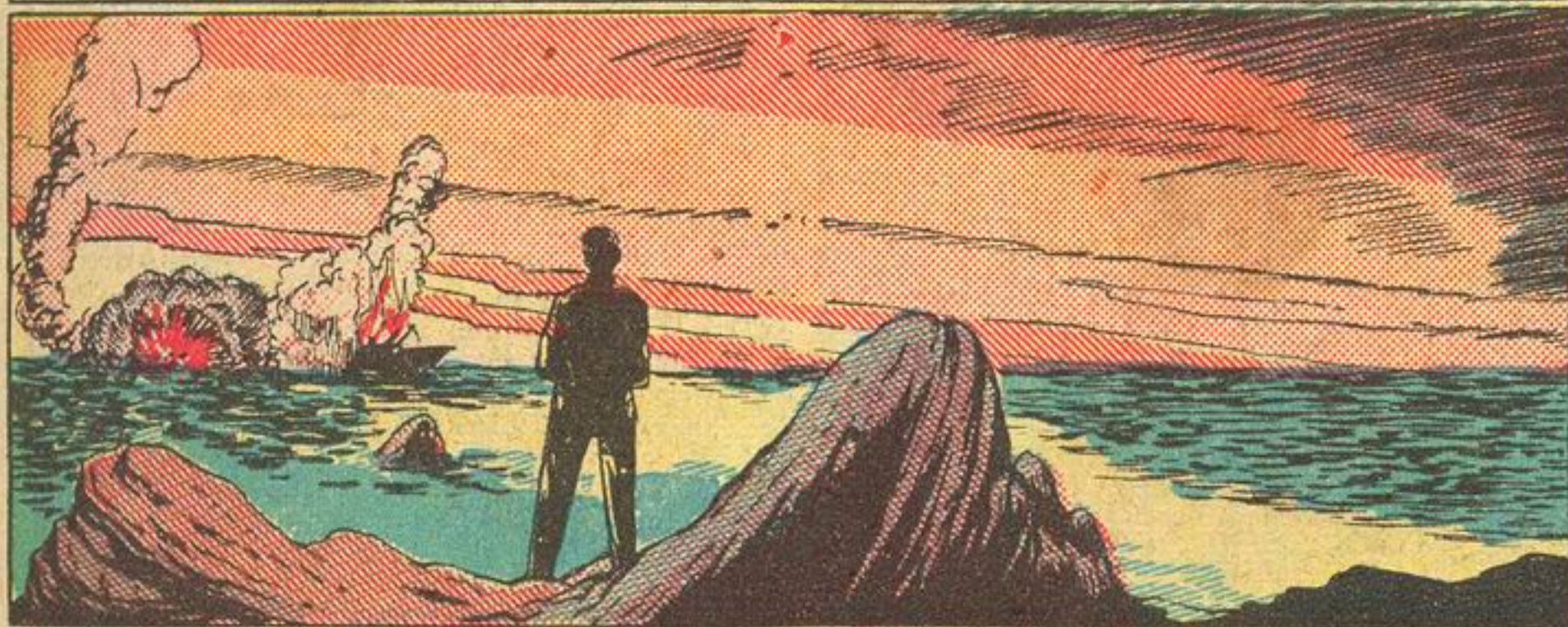
AYE, SIR!



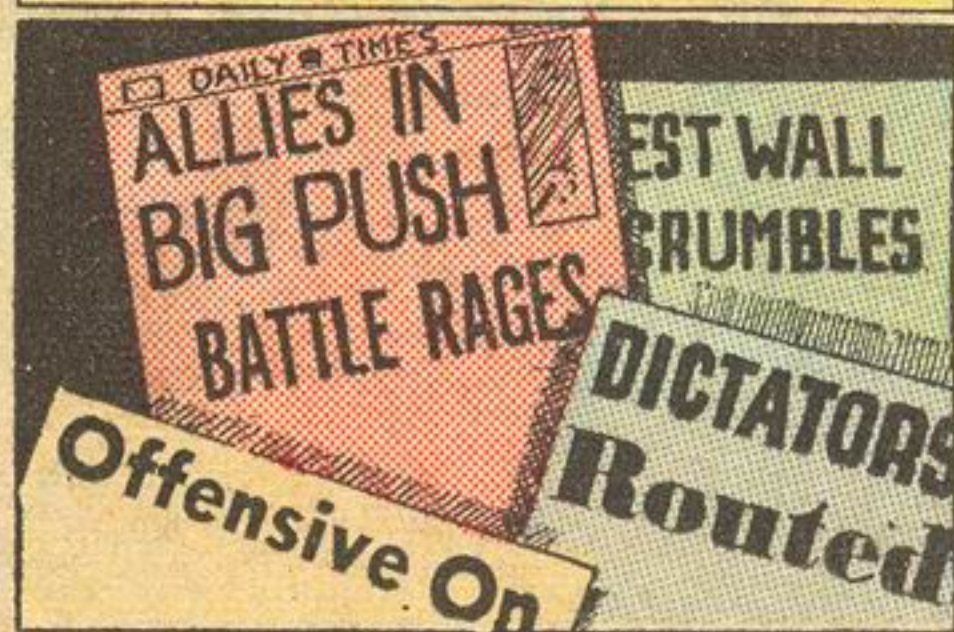
THE AMERICAN BATTERIES REPLY WITH A DEADLY SALVO.



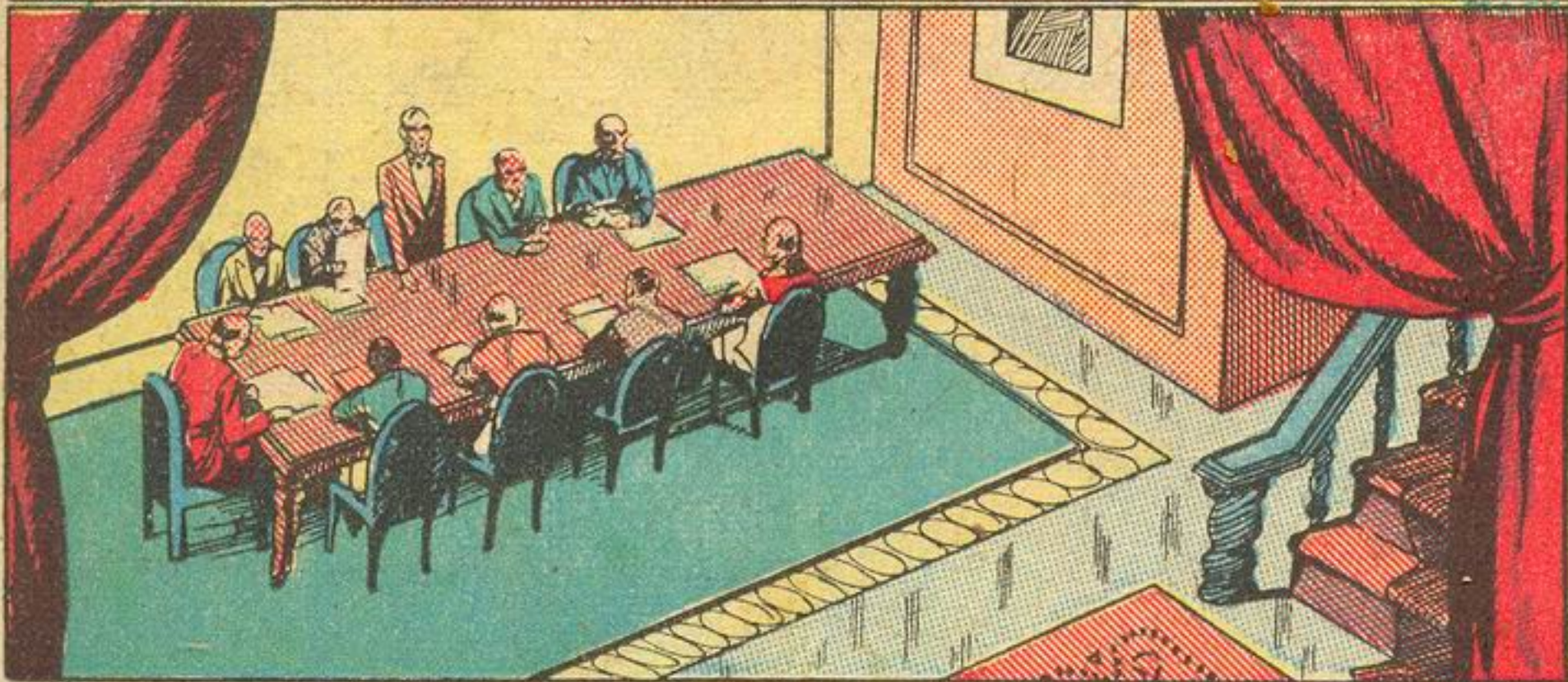
AND ALL THAT NIGHT ON A HIGH ROCK ON CAPE COD, A TALL, LONE FIGURE WATCHES THE HISTORIC BATTLE UNTIL THE LAST RUMBLE OF THE BATTERIES DIES AWAY BEFORE THE DAWN.



THE DICTATOR FLEET IS DRIVEN BACK FAR ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. HEARTENED, THE DEMOCRACIES SMASH FORWARD IN A LAND ATTACK...



THE DICTATORS CAPITULATE, AND AN ARMISTICE IS SIGNED IN GENEVA... WORLD PEACE IS NOW A REALITY...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN BLACK X'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT IN WASHINGTON.



CONGRATULATIONS, MAN! YOU HANDLED THAT CASE MAGNIFICENTLY... I SAY, WHY SO GLUM?

I'M SICK OF THIS ESPIONAGE BUSINESS.. TIRED OF THIS ENDLESS HUNTING HUMAN BEINGS, FIGHTING ARCH PLOTTERS.



I'M JUST ABOUT FED UP, CHIEF, I'M RESIGNING RIGHT NOW!



VERY WELL, X, IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL. I'M SORRY-YOU ARE THE BEST MAN WE HAVE!



YES, BOY? CONFIDENTIAL FOR YOU, SIR.. F.B.I. WANTS YOU TO SEND A MAN RIGHT OUT TO CHICAGO.. THEY'VE A HOT LEAD!

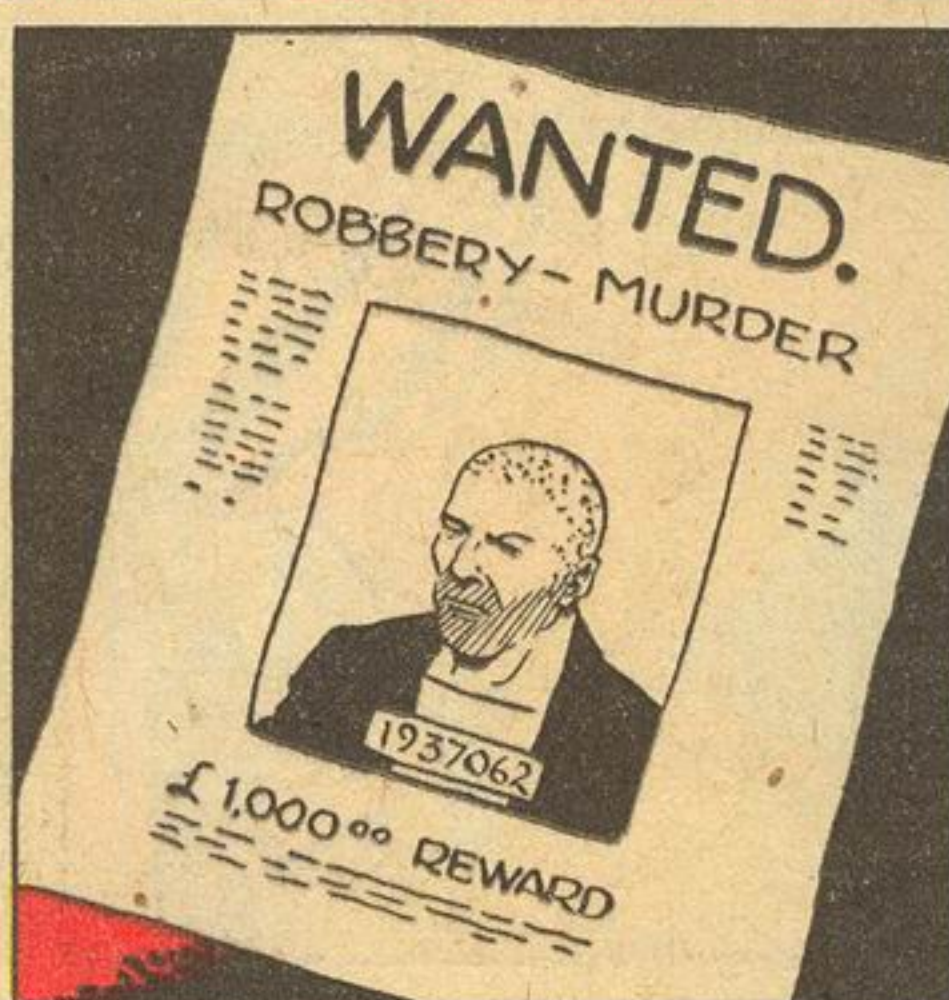


X !! X! WH... WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING TO? I'M GOING TO CHICAGO.. ER.. AND NEVER MIND THAT RESIGNATION.. I'M STILL WORKING FOR UNCLE SAM!

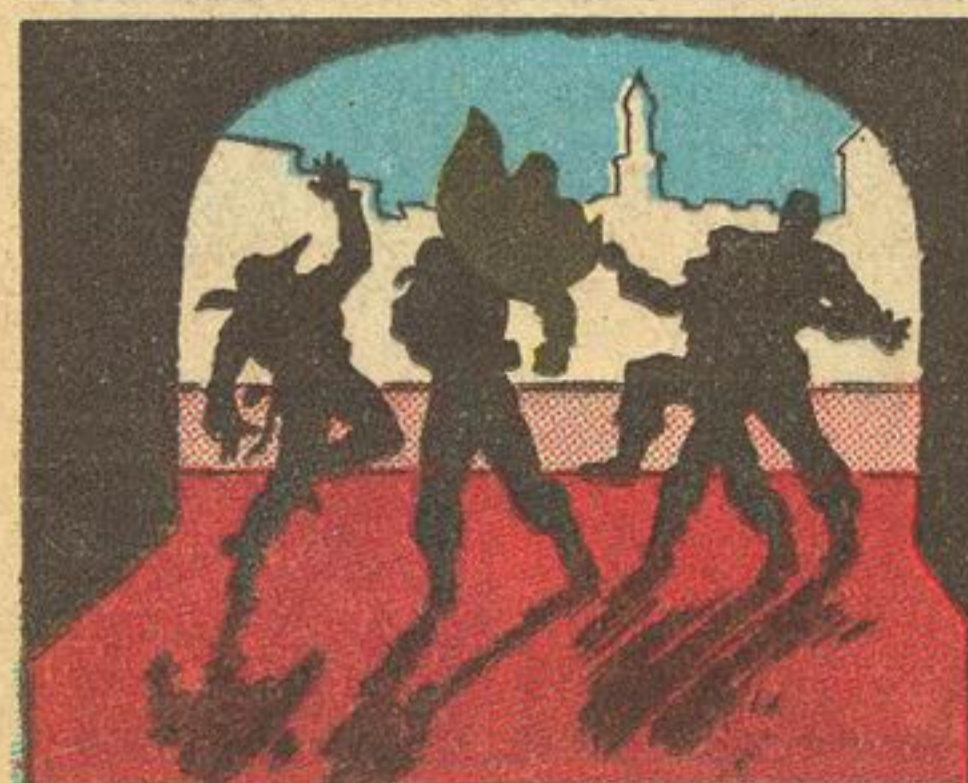


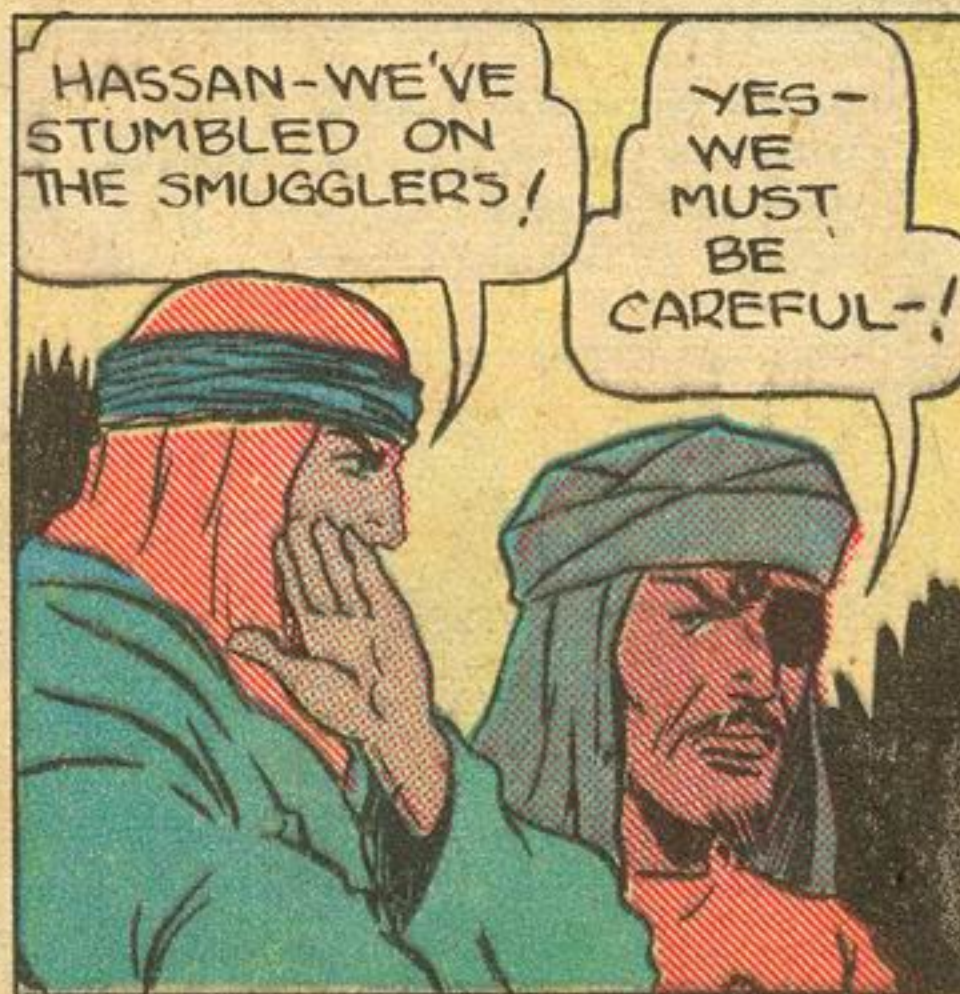
YES INDEED, ESPIONAGE IS A MOST FASCINATING GAME!

ABDUL THE ARAB



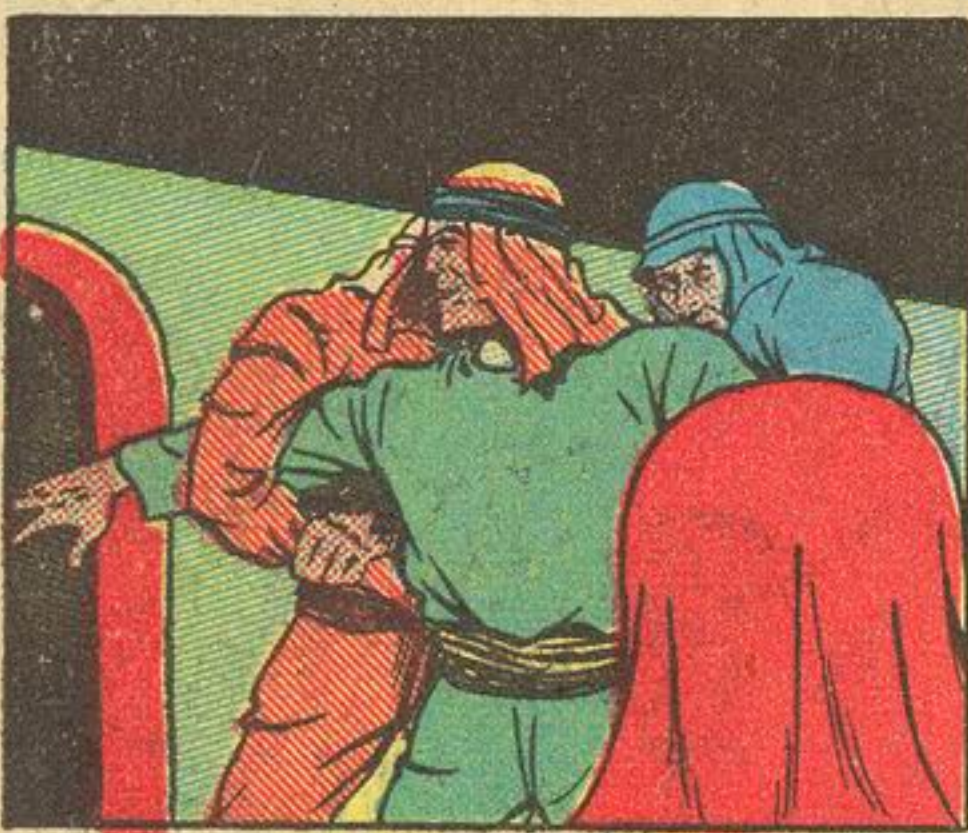
THE TWO MEN ARE SET UPON BY ABDUL AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT HASSAN---







ABDUL IS EASILY OVER-POWERED BY THE GREAT ODDS--



QUIETLY, HASSAN AWAITS THE APPROACHING FIGURE ---



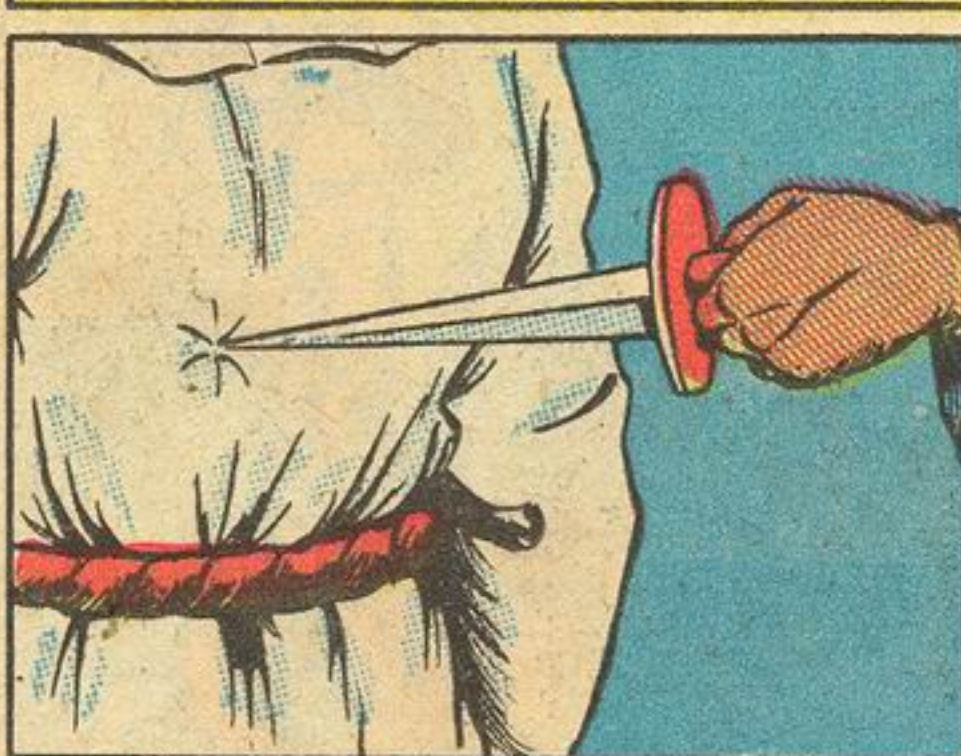
AND A WELL-AIMED TOE SENDS THE GUARD INTO OBLIVION----



THAT'S THAT-- NOW TO KEEP MY IDENTITY EVEN FROM ABDUL--!



--AND WITH THE KNIFE THAT WAS THROWN AT HIM, HASSAN FORCES "THE MASKED ONE" TO DO HIS BIDDING----



CAPTAIN COOK

OF SCOTLAND YARD

AN EXCITED RADIO CALL GOES OUT FROM A SMALL POLICE STATION IN A FASHIONABLE DISTRICT OF LONDON...

CALLING ALL POLICE CARS NEAR RIVER ROAD. BE ON LOOKOUT FOR ALL AUTOMOBILES WITH CLOSED CURTAINS...

LET'S GET BUSY!



LOLA BARNES OF 21 KENSINGTON PLACE HAS JUST BEEN KIDNAPPED!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, CHIEF? SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF SIR SIDNEY BARNES!



LATER... AT THE BARNES HOME-

WE'RE FROM SCOTLAND YARD!

WON'T YOU COME IN?



THIS IS SIR SIDNEY... LOLA'S FATHER--

HOW DO YOU DO-- THIS IS MOST STRANGE, GENTLEMEN-- I HAVE NOT YET RECEIVED A RANSOM NOTE--



SUDDENLY, FROM A CORNER OF THE ROOM...

--NO NOTE WILL COME, GENTLEMEN! PUT THE 'RED STAR' DIAMOND AND \$100,000 IN A SMALL STEEL BOX AND DROP IT OFF THE SECOND NORTH BRIDGE PIER TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT! THIS IS 'THE VOICE'!



THE VOICE CAME FROM THIS SPOT-- BUT THERE'S NO APPARATUS FOR SENDING IT!



WHERE IS THE 'RED STAR' DIAMOND?

DOWNSTAIRS-- IN A SAFE!



LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT!



QUITE A BUNCH OF GEMS-- ARE YOU A COLLECTOR?

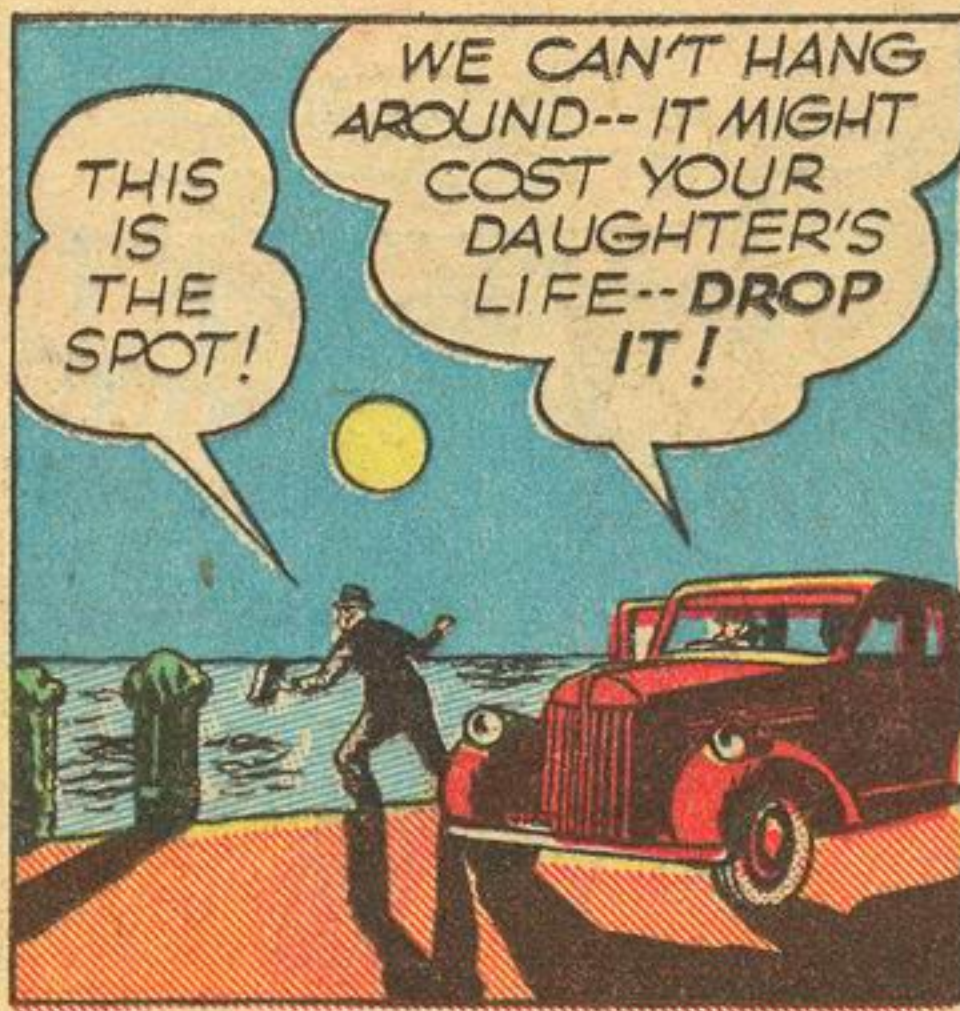
YES!

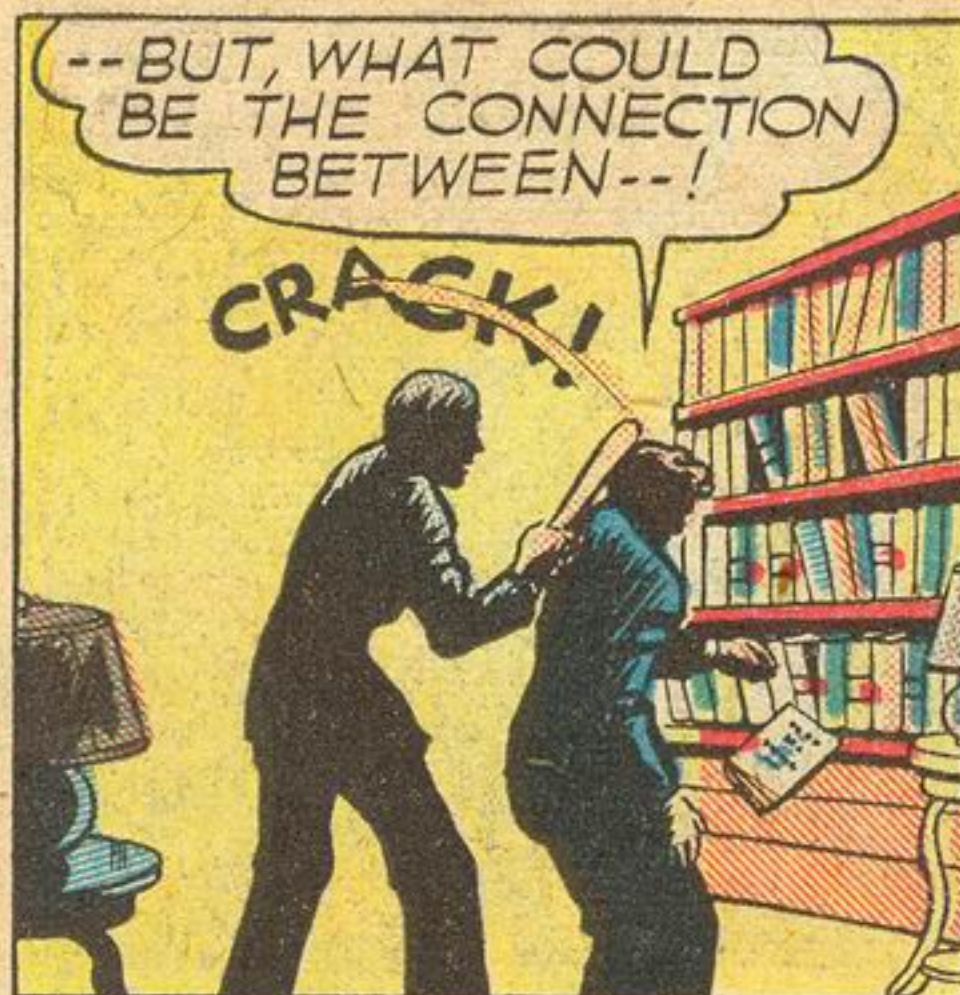


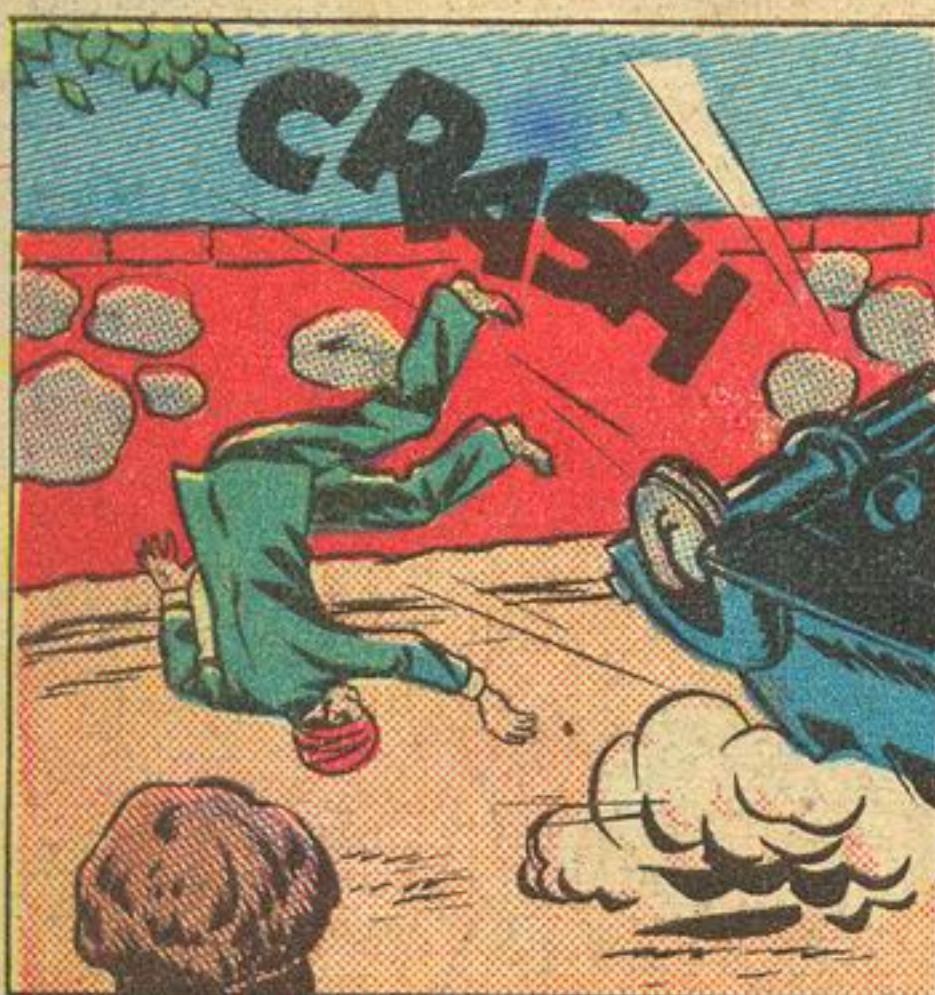
WHY WOULD 'THE VOICE' ONLY WANT THE 'RED STAR' DIAMOND?

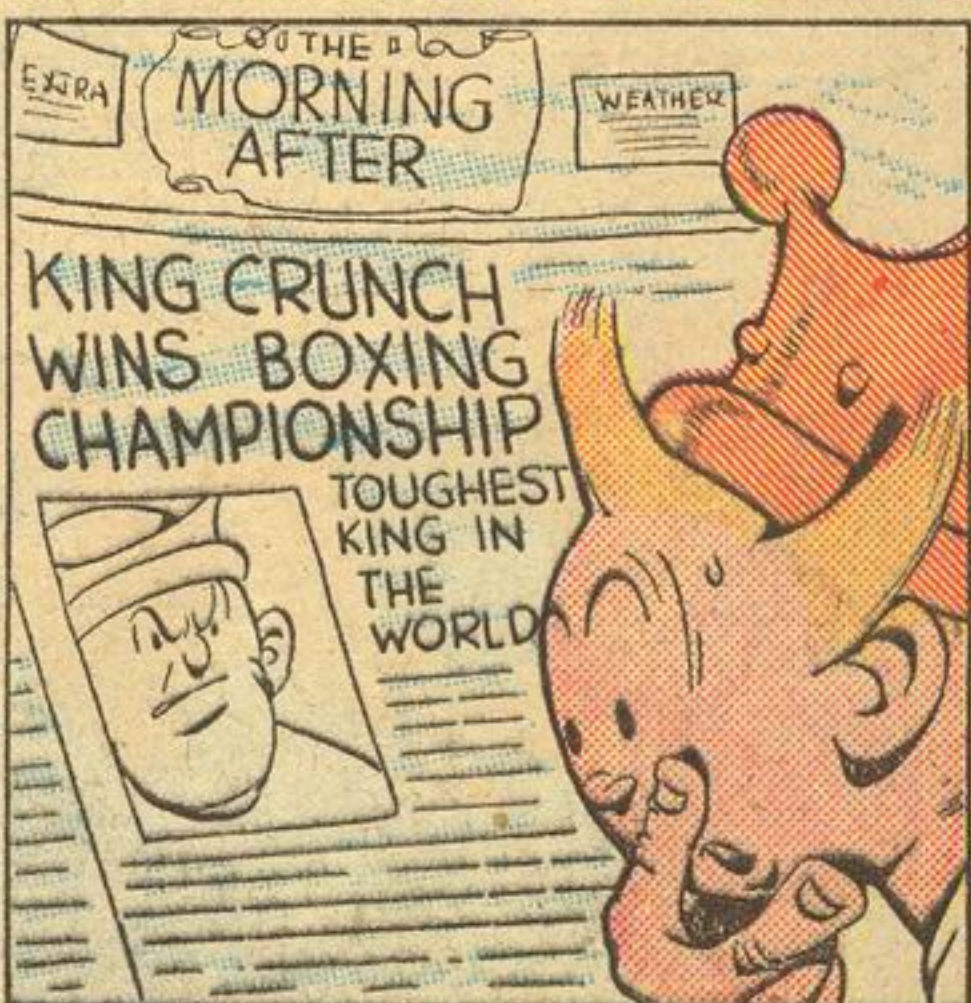
I DON'T KNOW! IT'S NOT WORTH AS MUCH AS SOME OF THE OTHERS!



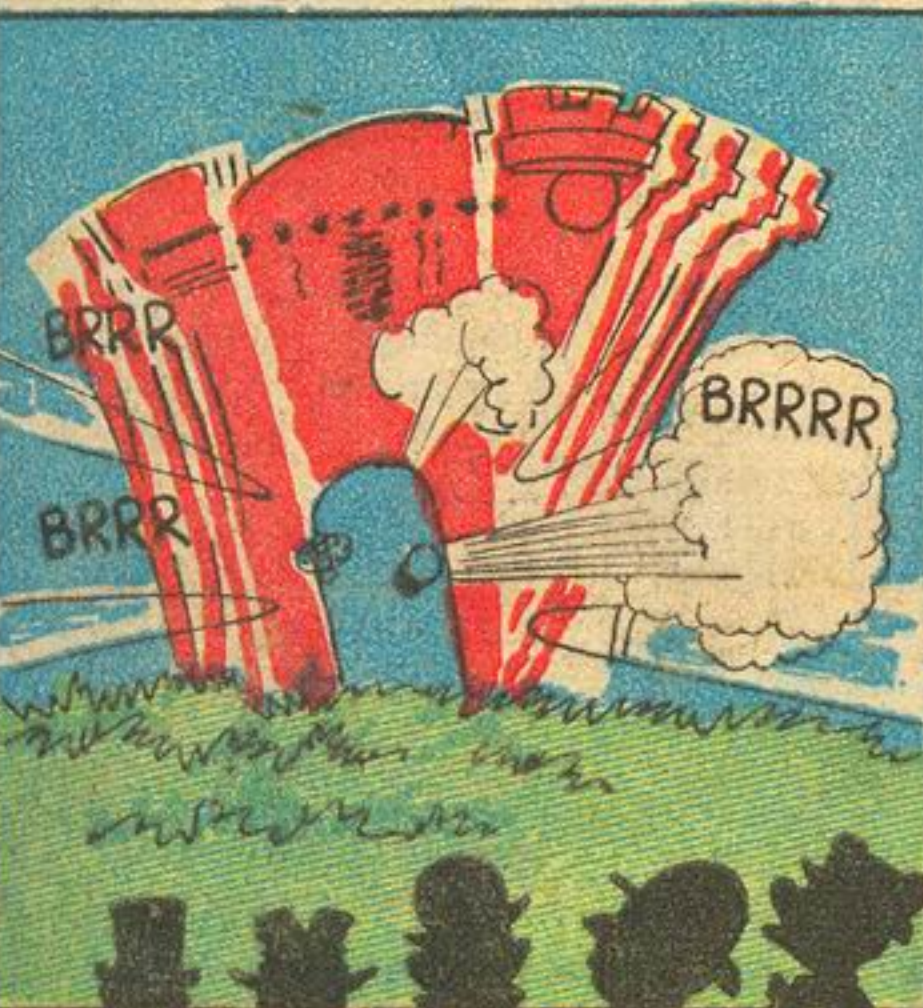
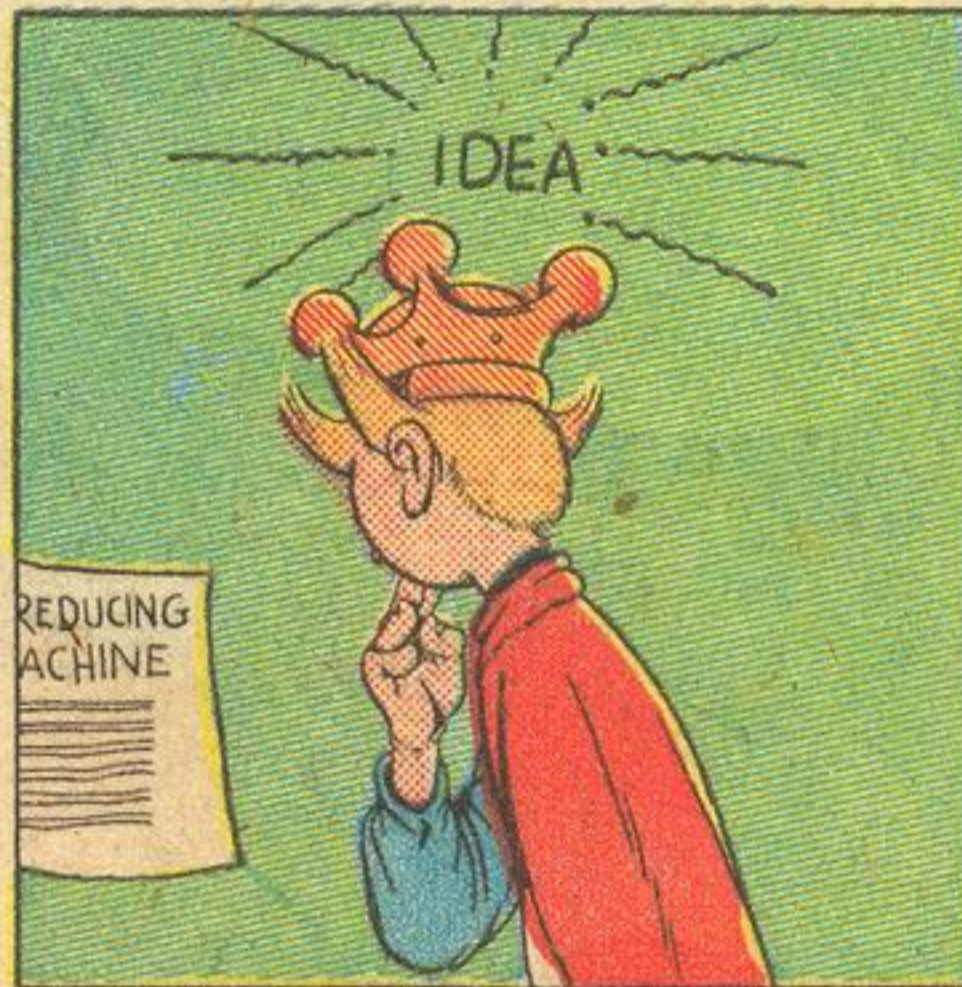
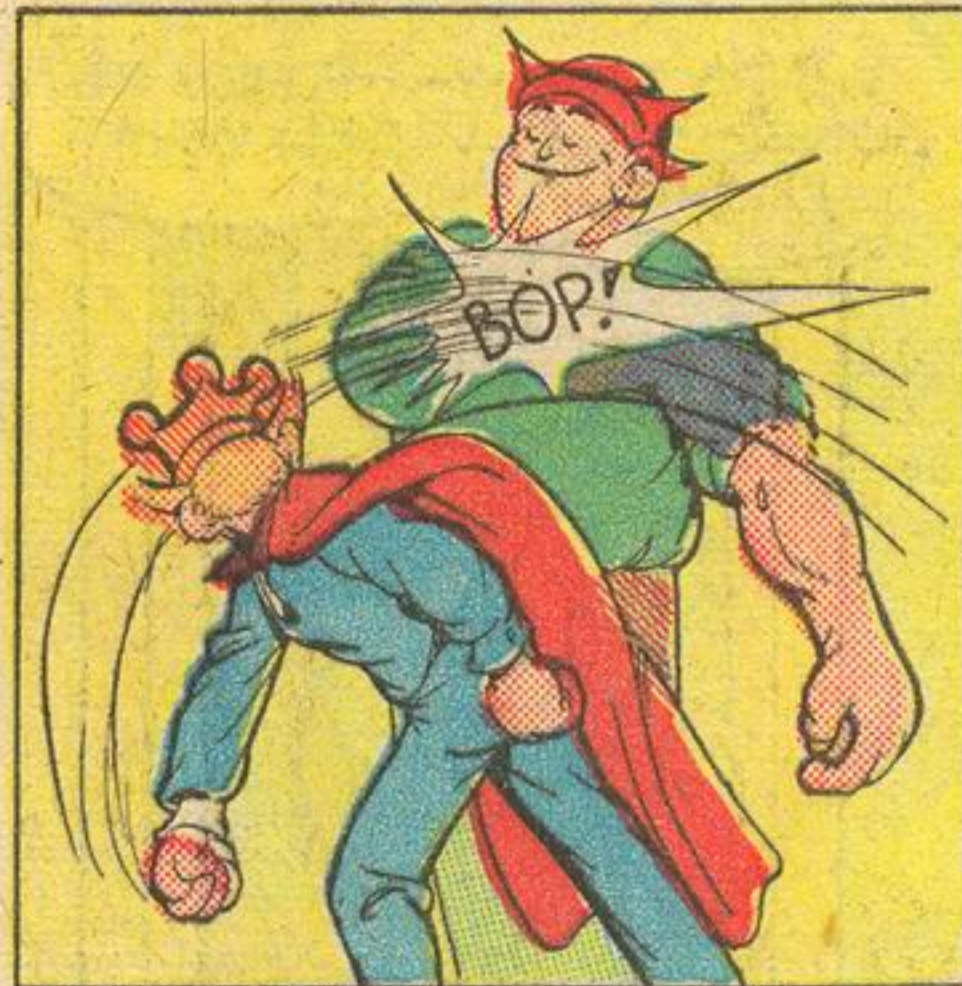
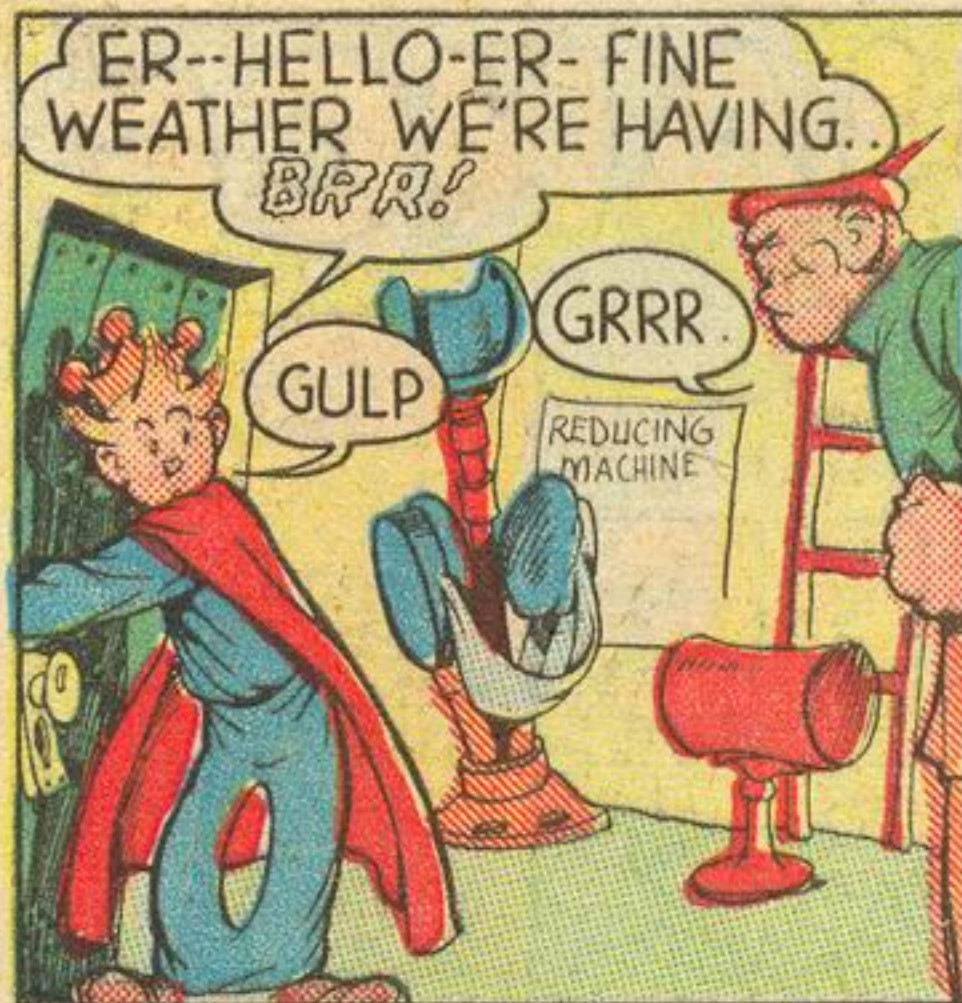








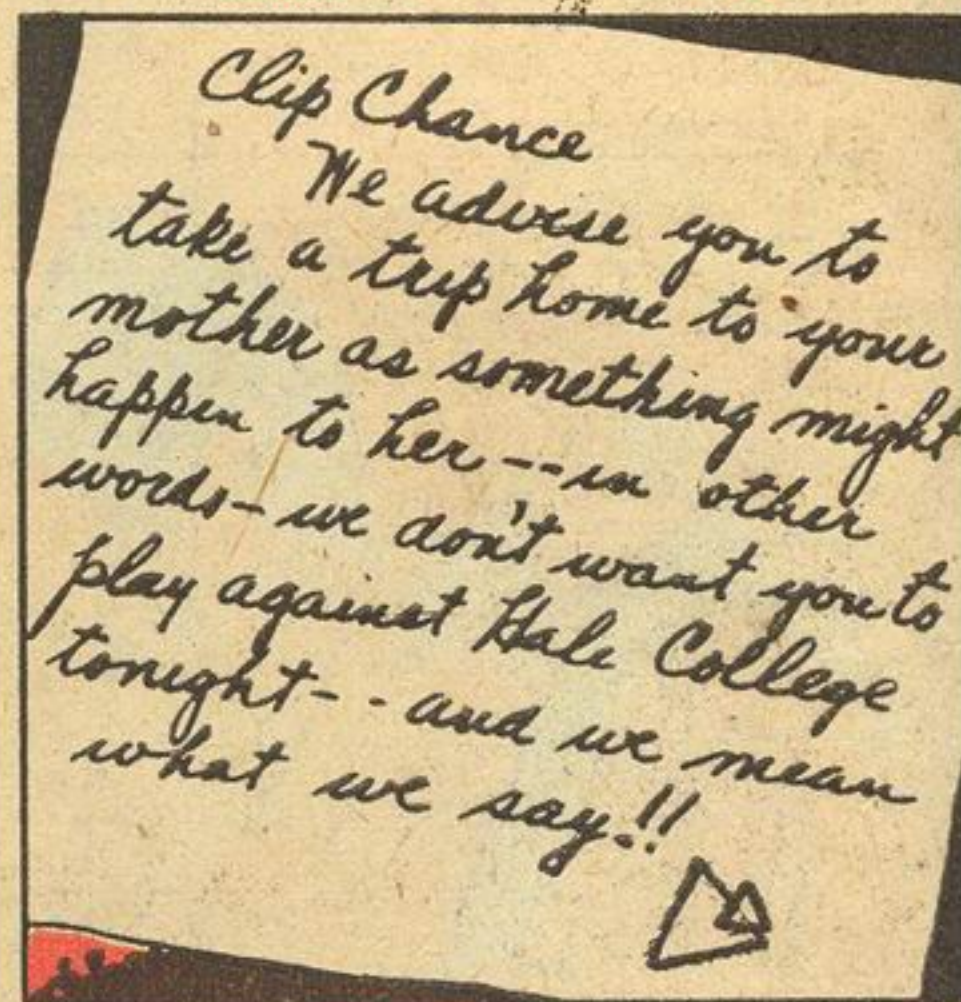
WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION,
ARCHIE FINALLY ARRIVES AT
THE ARENA.....



CLIP CHANCE at CLIFFSIDE

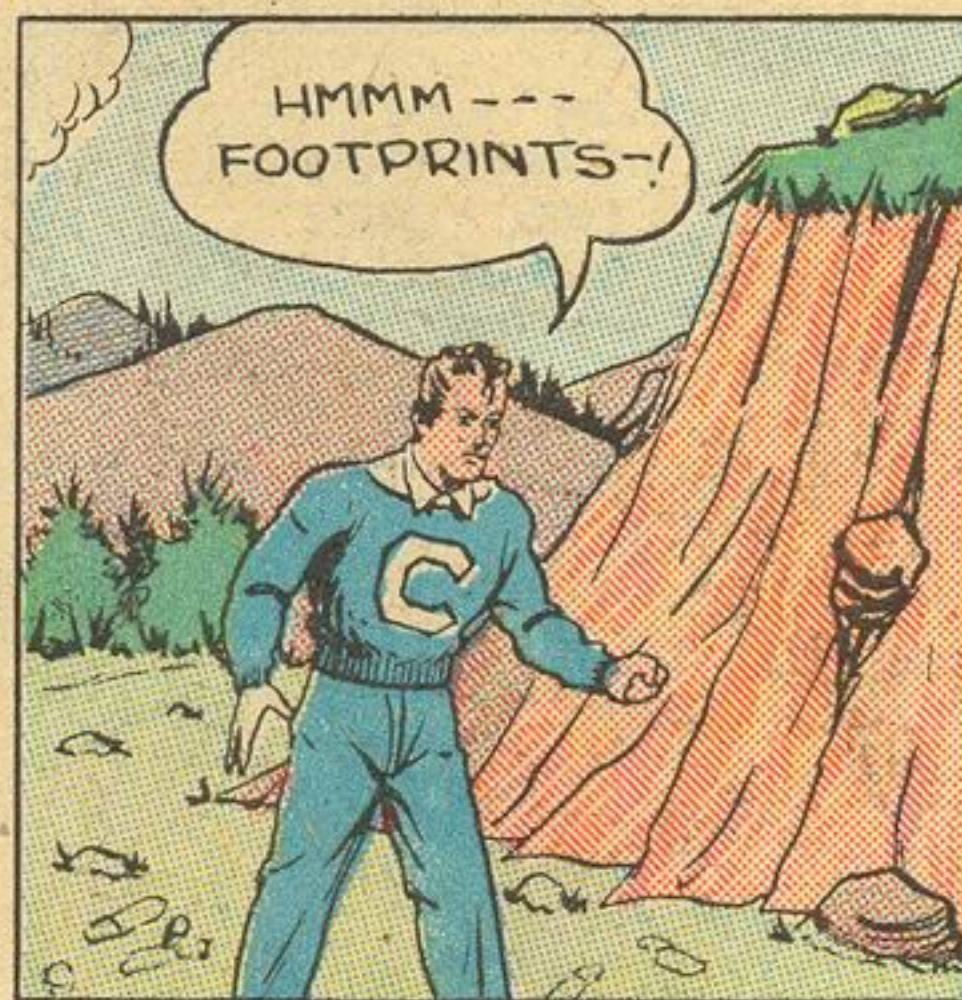
By SCOTT SHERIDAN

CLIP CHANCE, CLIFFSIDE'S STAR ATHLETE, IS DISTURBED BY A KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM--





AS CLIP NEARS THE MINE---



AND INSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE-

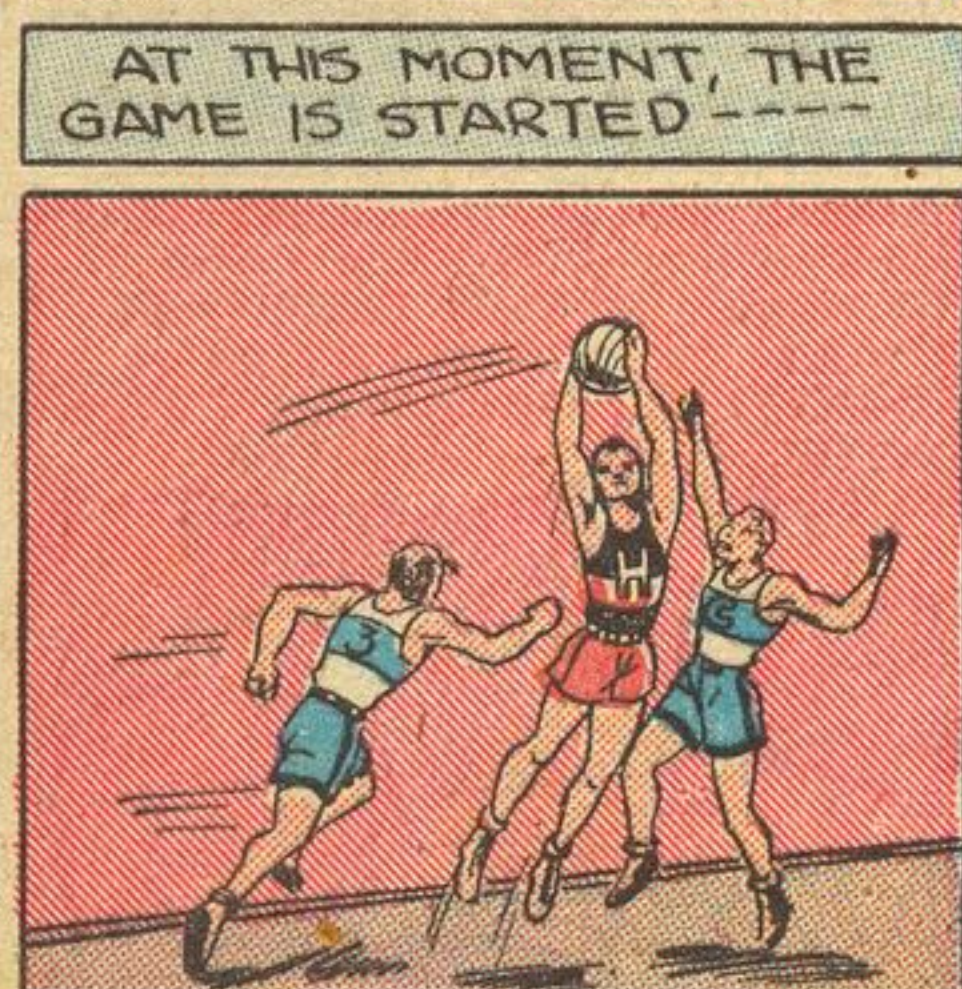


MEANWHILE, BACK AT CLIFFSIDE COLLEGE-



Coach-- Send one of the fellows out to the old mine, I'm on the trail of the gamblers and I might need help. Clip.





Follow Clip Chance in the March issue of SMASH COMICS—on sale January 19th.

BACK IN THE MINE, CLIP WORKS FEVERISHLY TO BREAK HIS BONDS--



BUT MY HANDS --- THEY'RE CUT TO BITS --- GEE--MAYBE I CAN MAKE PART OF THE GAME ---!



-AND CLIP TAKES A SHORT CUT TO THE COLLEGE GYM-



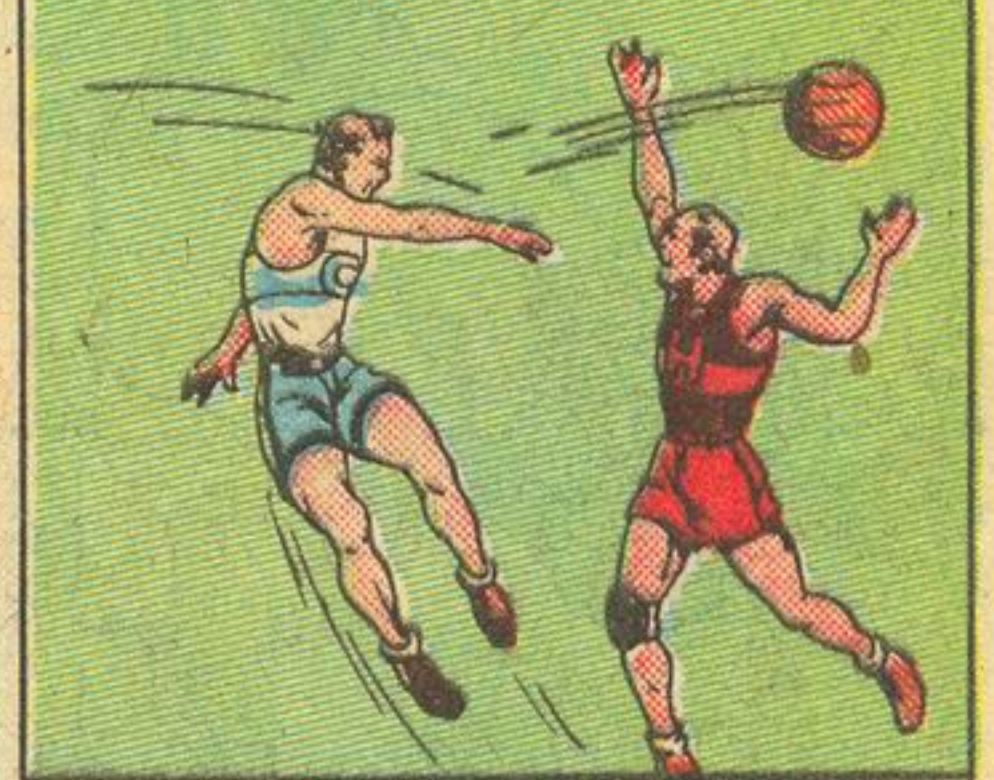
PUFF! JOE - WHEN I GO OUT ON THE FLOOR - PUFF! - TWO GUYS ARE GOING TO LEAVE IN A HURRY - GRAB THEM AND HOLD THEM 'TILL AFTER THE GAME -



WITH A MINUTE TO GO, CLIP CHANCE RUSHES ONTO THE COURT----



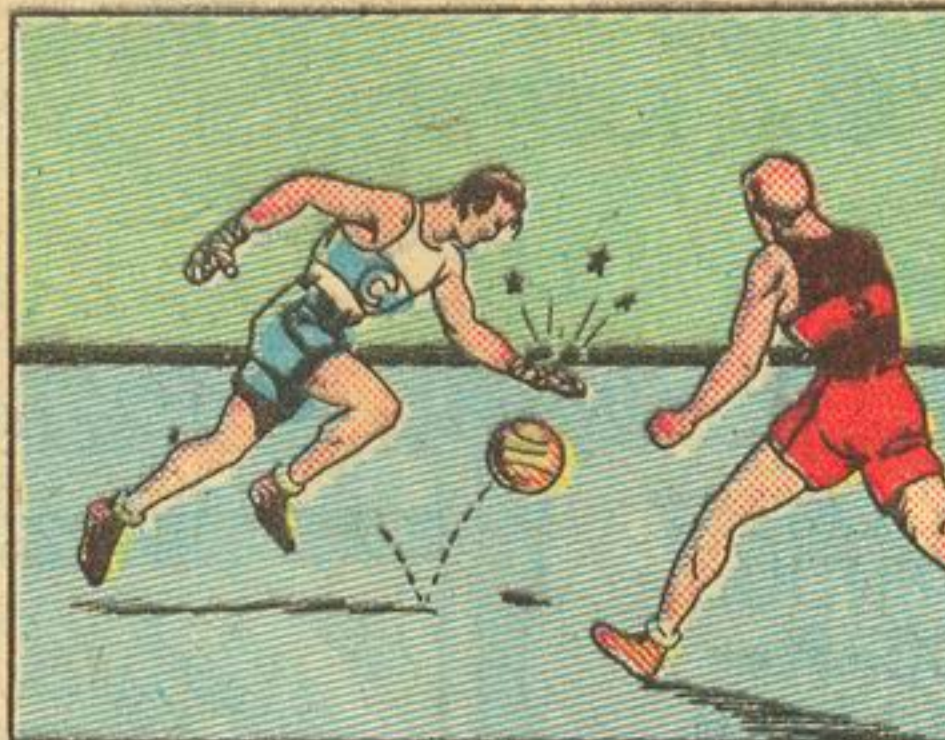
--A BULLET-LIKE PASS IS THROWN TO HIM---



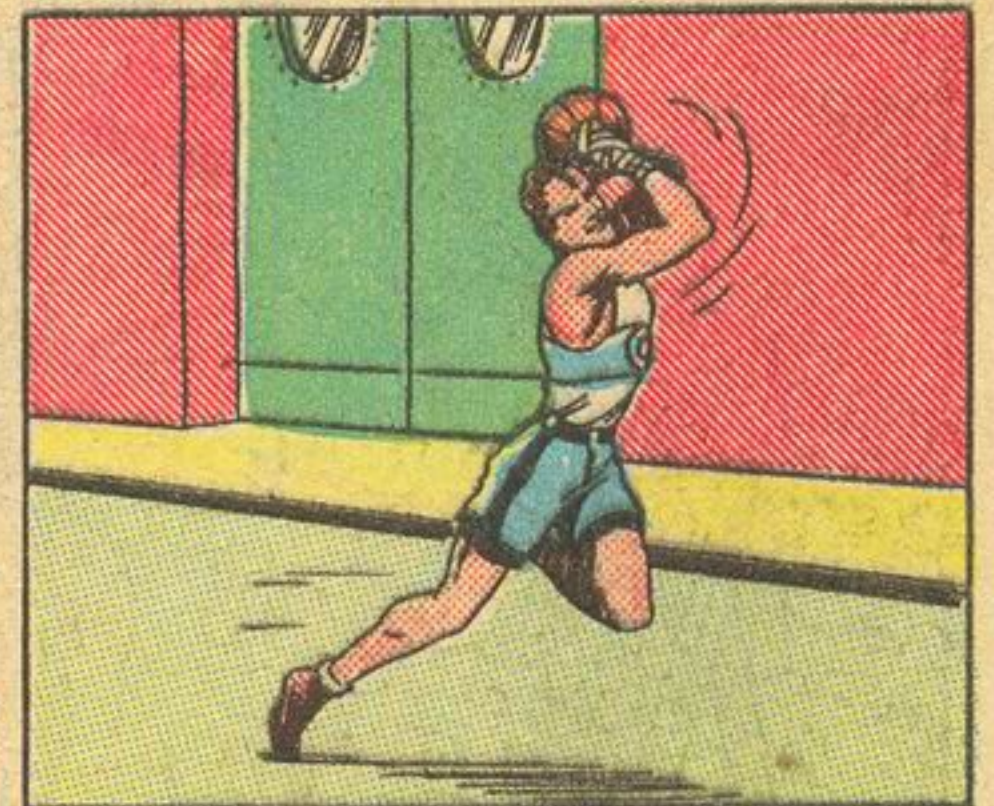
AND HE SNARES IT ---!



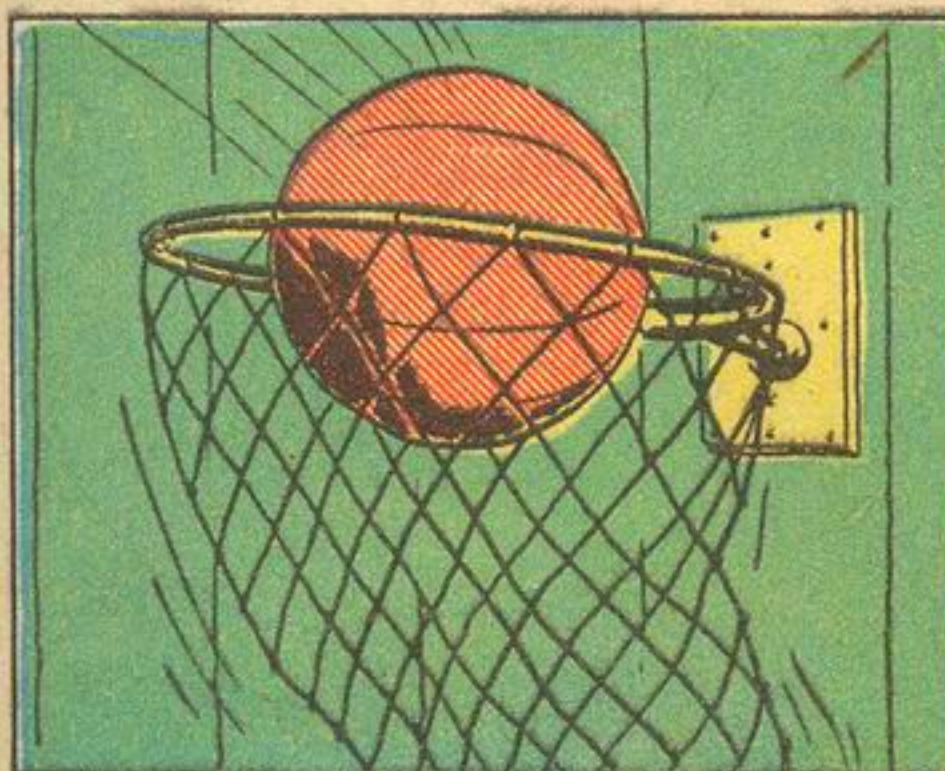
WITH HALE LEADING, 28 TO 27 AND ONLY FIVE SECONDS TO GO, CLIP STARTS DOWN THE COURT----



--UNABLE TO STAND THE PAIN IN HIS HANDS, HE STOPS IN MID-COURT, AIMS, AND THROWS--



THE BALL GOES THROUGH THE HOOP AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS-- AND CLIFFSIDE WINS, 29 TO 28!



AFTER THE GAME--

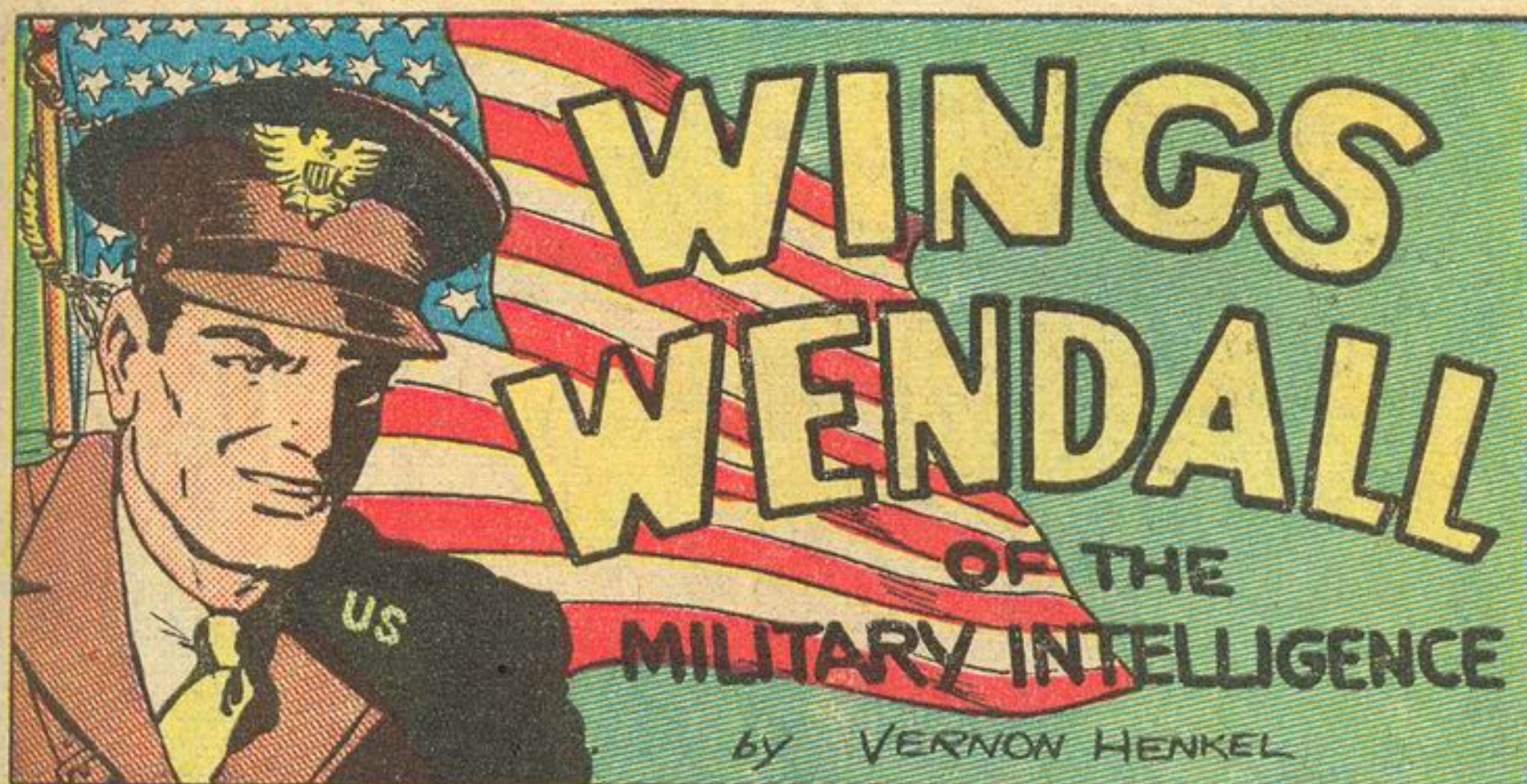


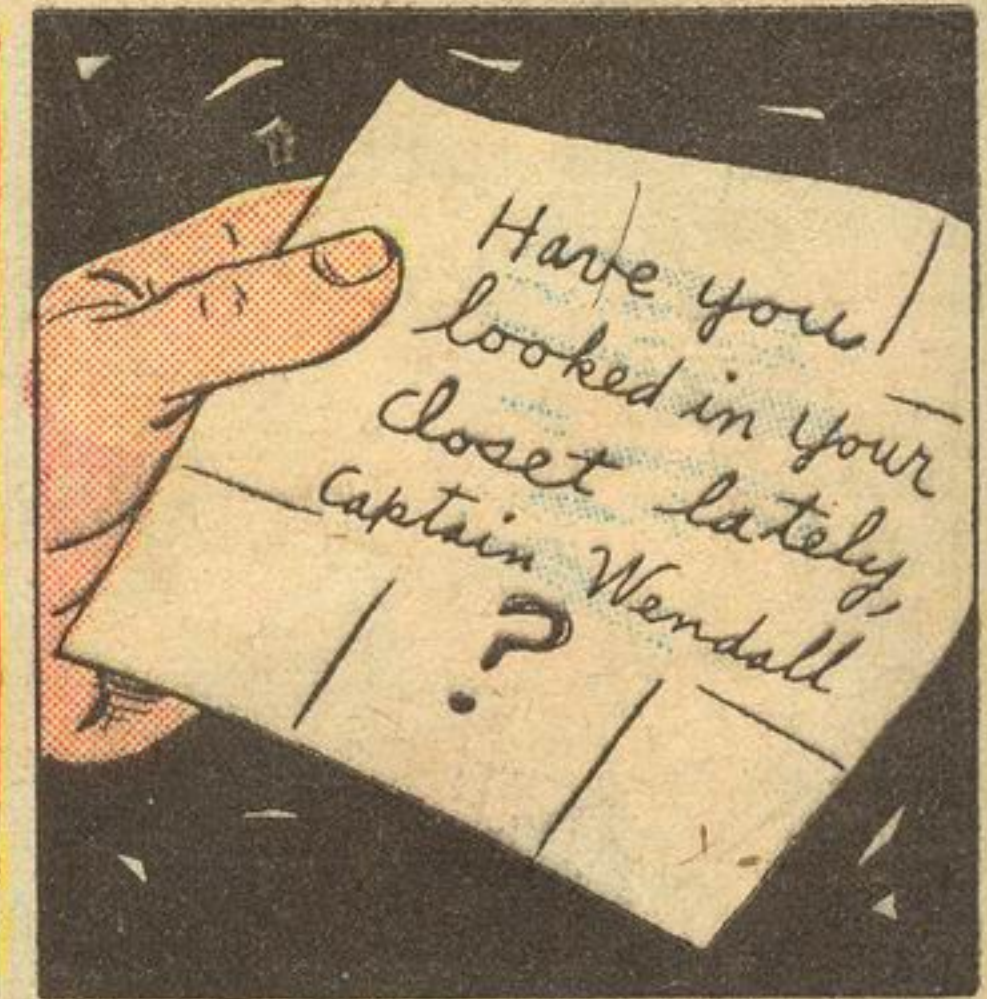
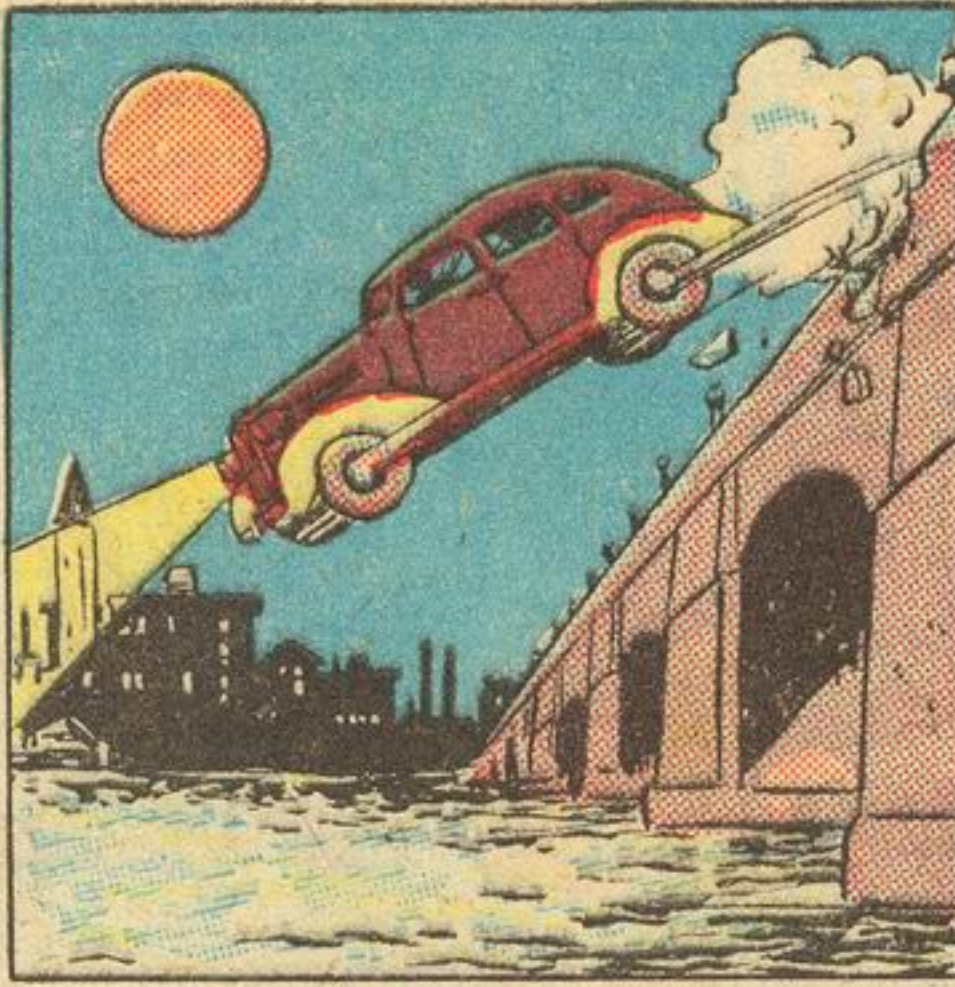
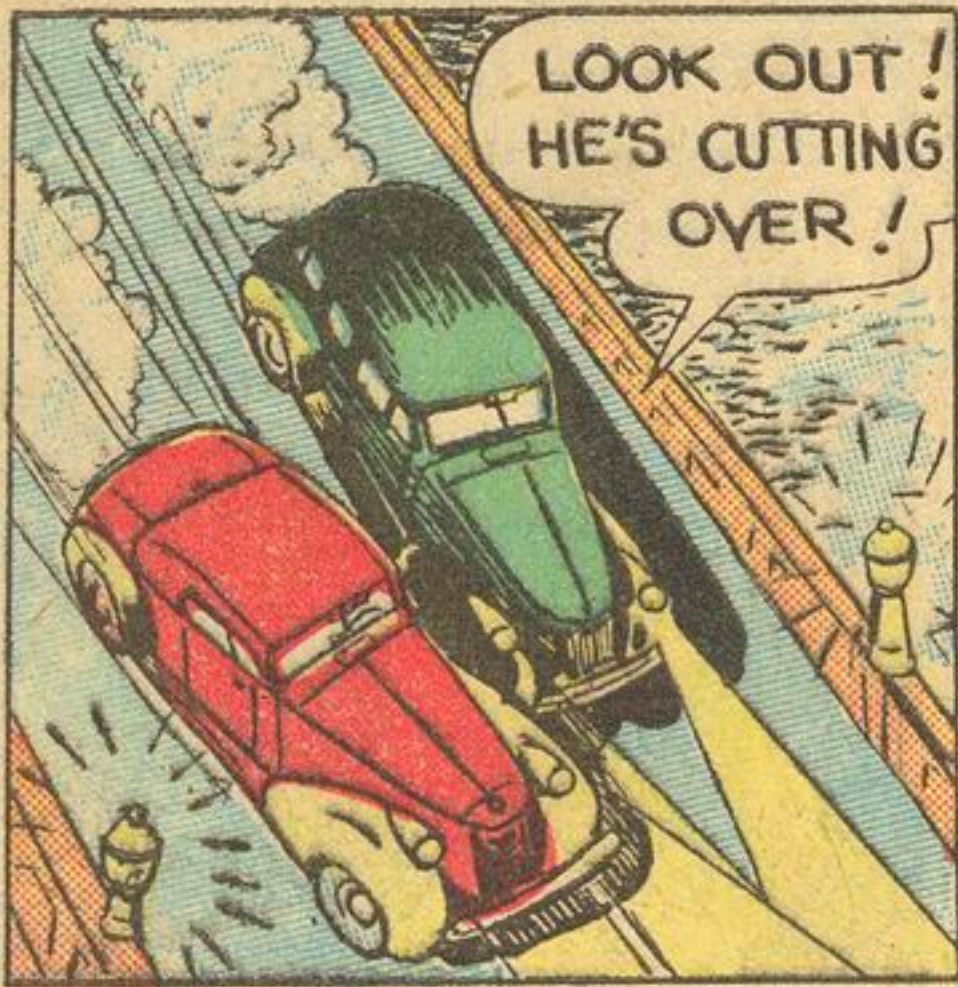
AND I THOUGHT I WAS OUTSMARTING THOSE CROOKS BY NOT ANSWERING IT ---!!





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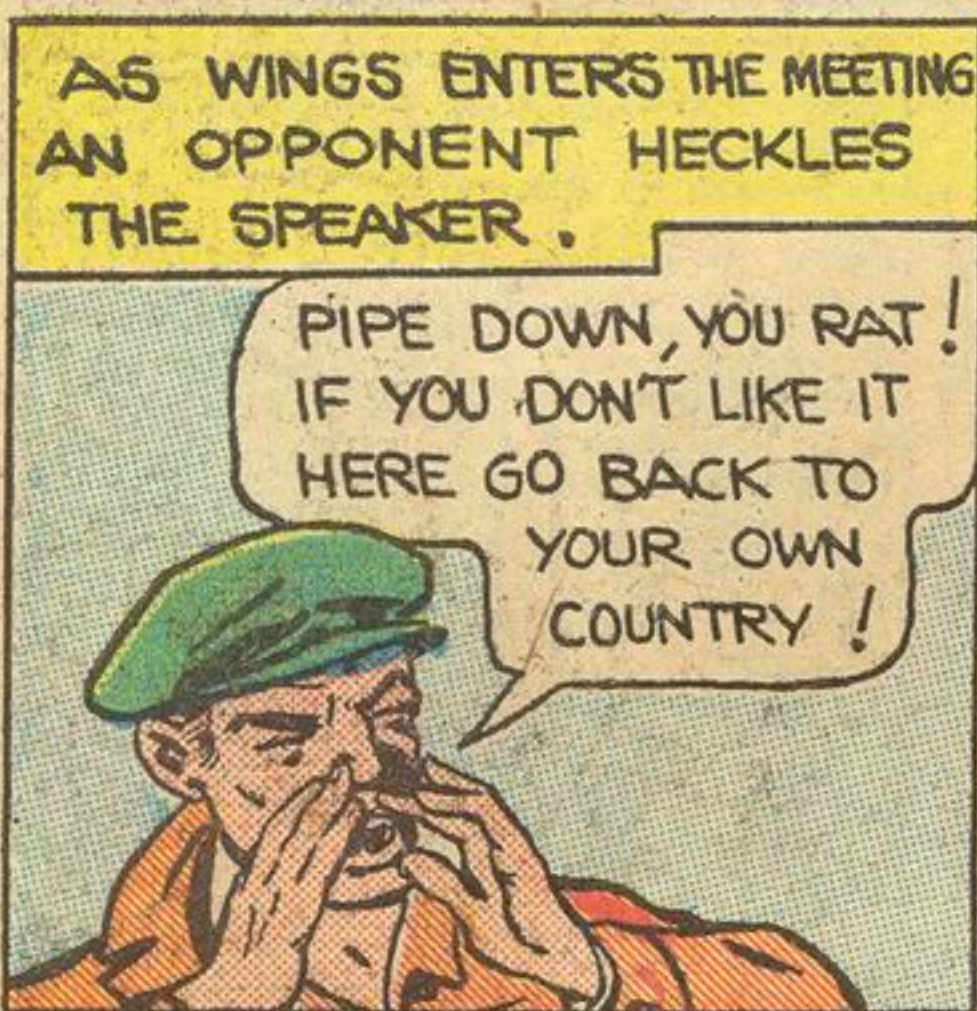
COLONEL CRAIG, I WANT THE NEW YORK DEFENSE PLANS REPLACED BY THE FAKE COPIES !



THE NEXT NIGHT, GREAT CROWDS GATHER OUTSIDE THE ALIEN GROUP'S HALL .



IF I SEE O' BRIAN'S 'FLAME' HANGING AROUND HERE I'LL KNOW SHE'S TIED UP WITH THE GROUP!



AS WINGS ENTERS THE MEETING AN OPPONENT HECKLES THE SPEAKER .

PIPE DOWN, YOU RAT ! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE GO BACK TO YOUR OWN COUNTRY !



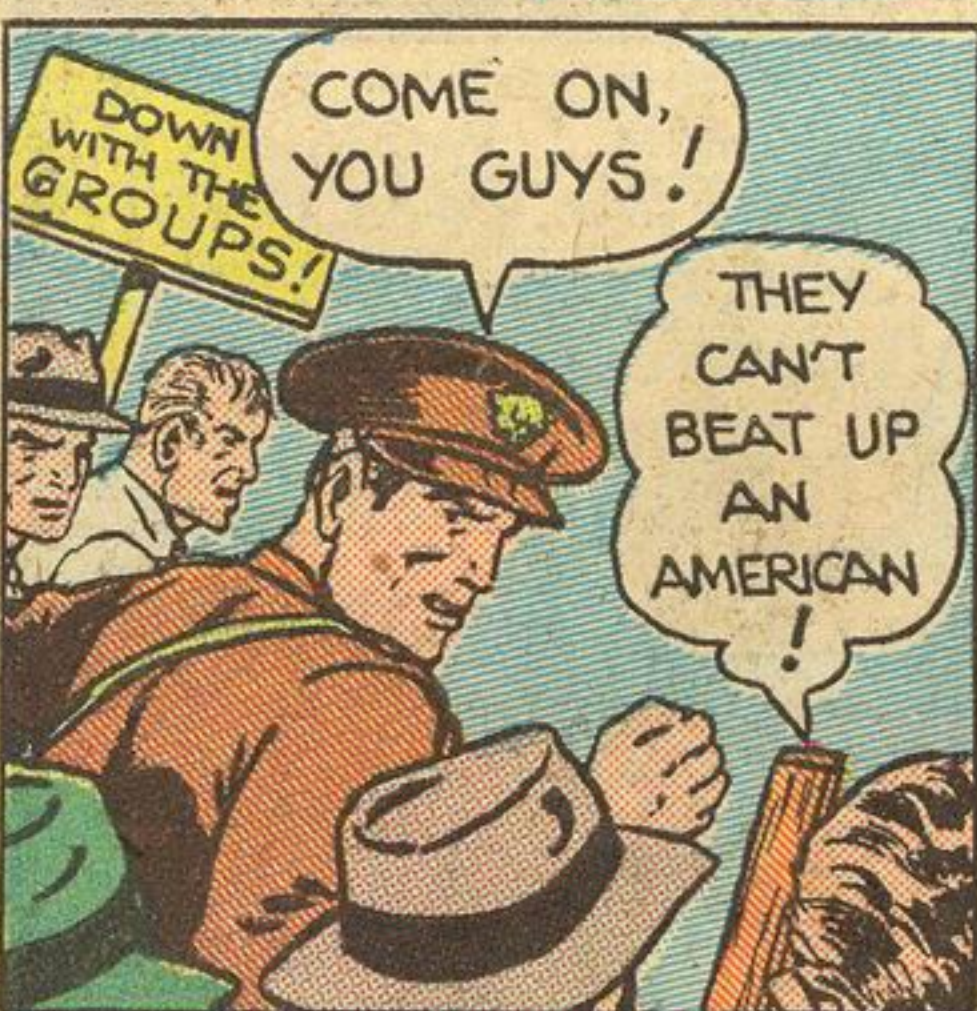
YEAH ! THAT'S WHAT I SAY !
DOWN WITH THE GROUPS !



I SEE THERE ARE SOME REAL AMERICANS HERE ! LOOKS LIKE FIREWORKS !



COME ON, YOU SCUM ! I'M READY FOR YOU !



COME ON, YOU GUYS !
THEY CAN'T BEAT UP AN AMERICAN !



DOWN WITH THE GROUPS



THE NEW YORK POLICE RIOT SQUADS SPEED TO THE SCENE .



THE COPS ARE HERE ! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET IN THE OFFICE !



EMPTY !



DID YOU FIND ANYTHING ?



GET HIS GUN !

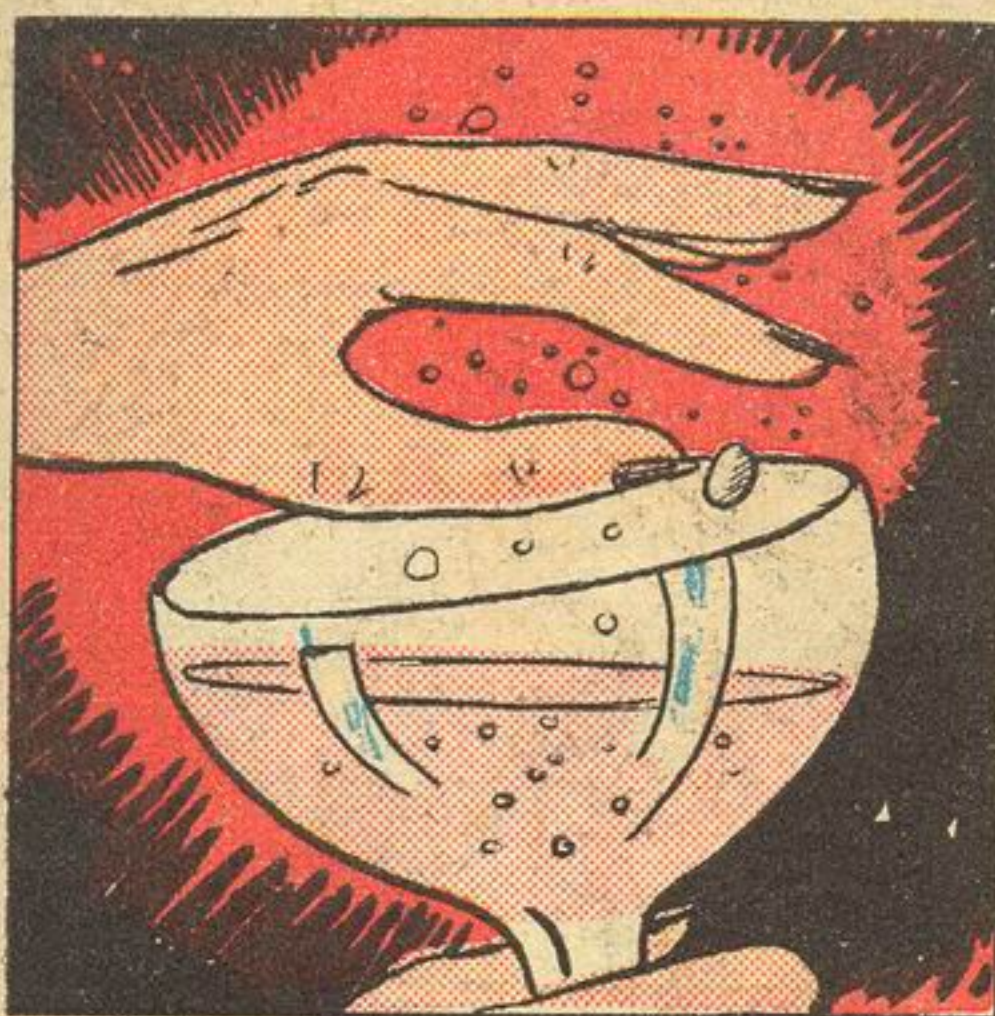


IN A MIDTOWN HOTEL

I TOLDJA I WAS A BIG-SHOT IN TH' ARMY - LOOK AT THIS !



WELL ! I GUESS YOU ARE A BIG SHOT ! WE'LL HAVE TO DRINK TO THIS !



WOW ! I FEEL DIZZY !



THAT'S RIGHT ! SLEEP !!



AH ! THE NEW YORK DEFENSE PLANS ! THESE SHOULD BE WORTH PLENTY !

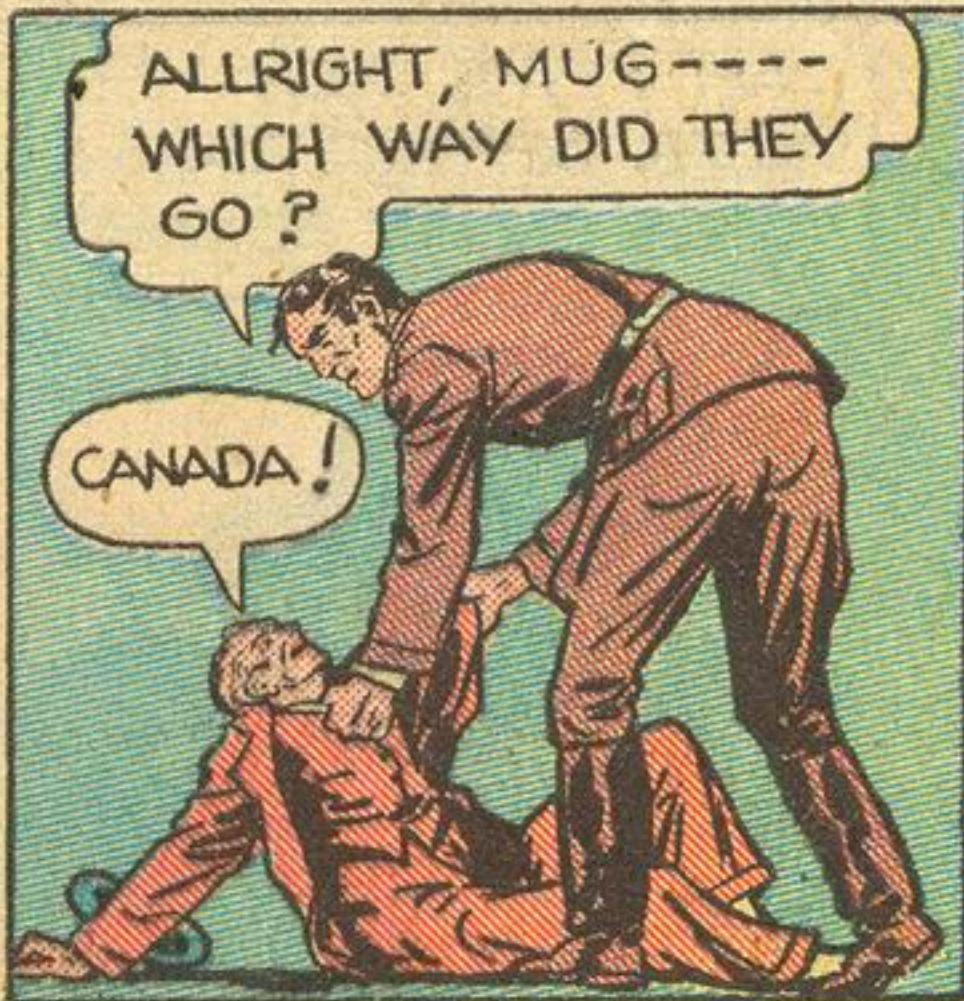


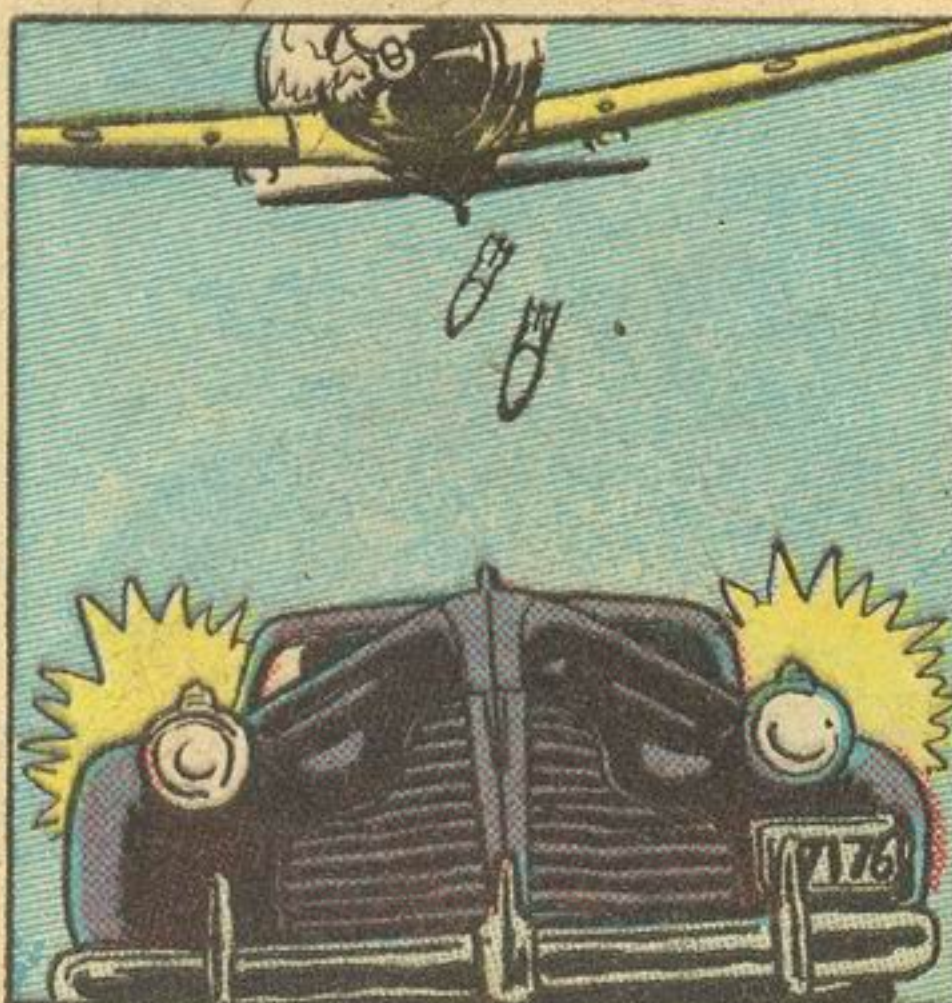
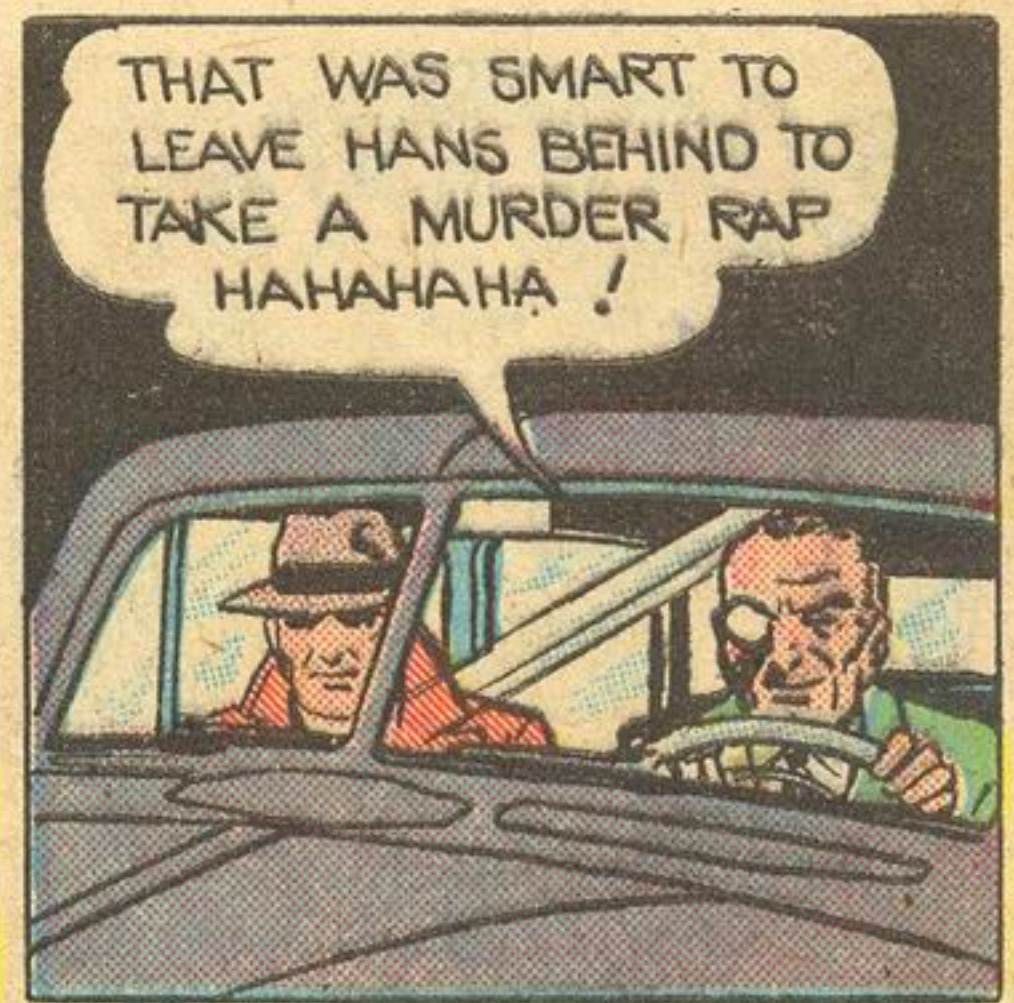
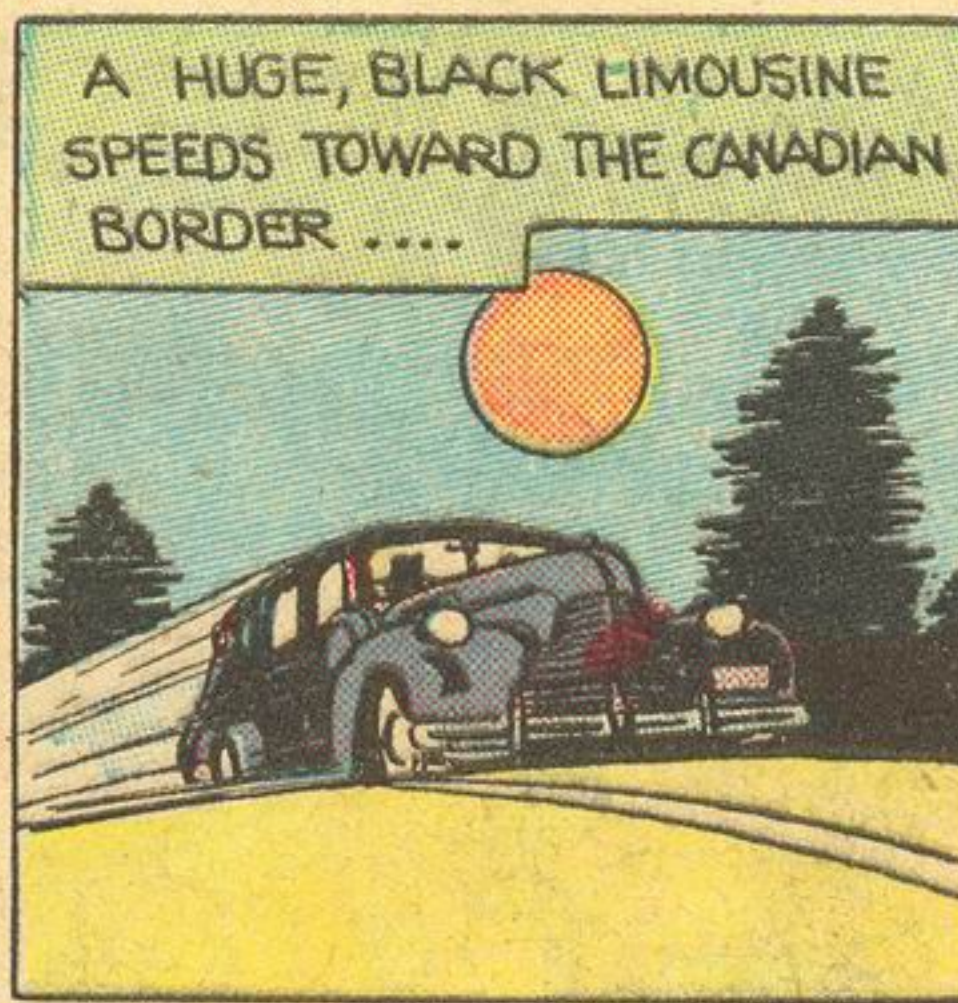
SO LONG, SUCKER !!



WHY THE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, HEINRICH, I GRABBED THE PLANS !

GOOD ! COME IN !!

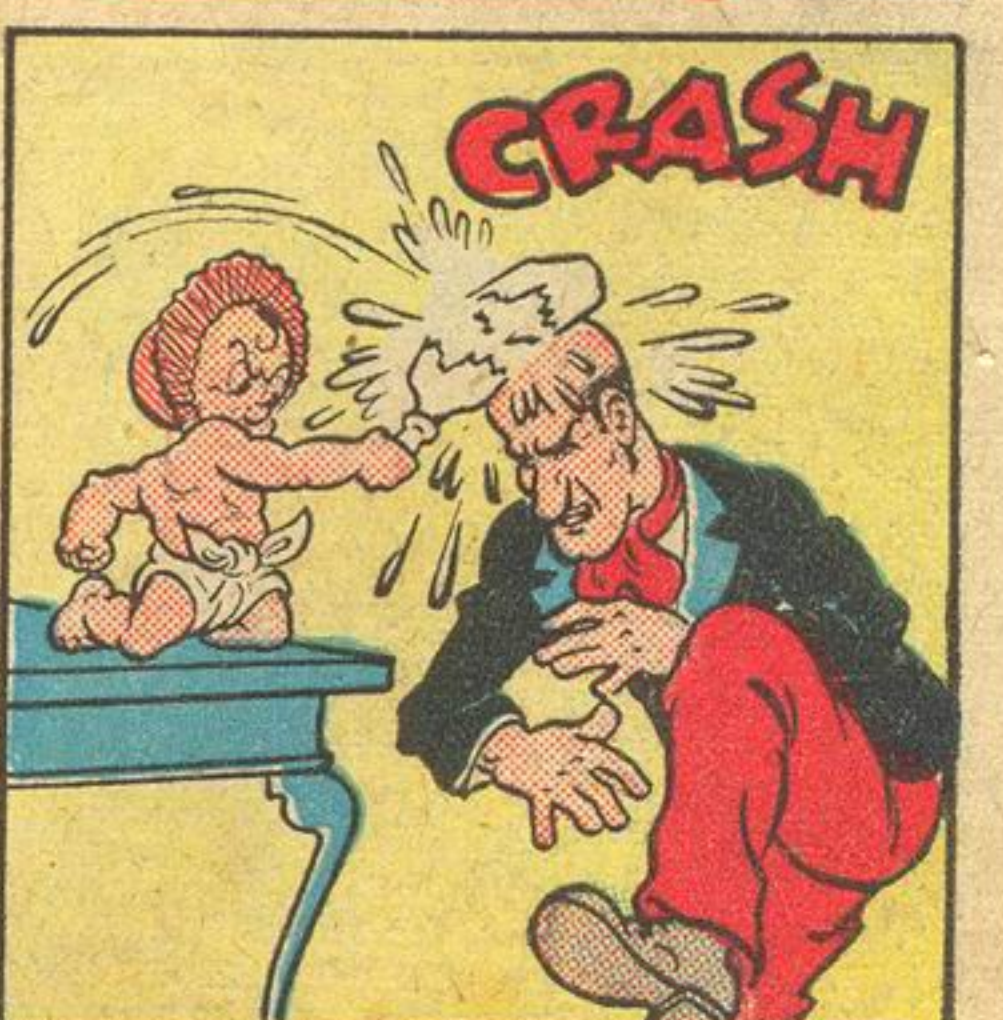




PHILPOT VEEP

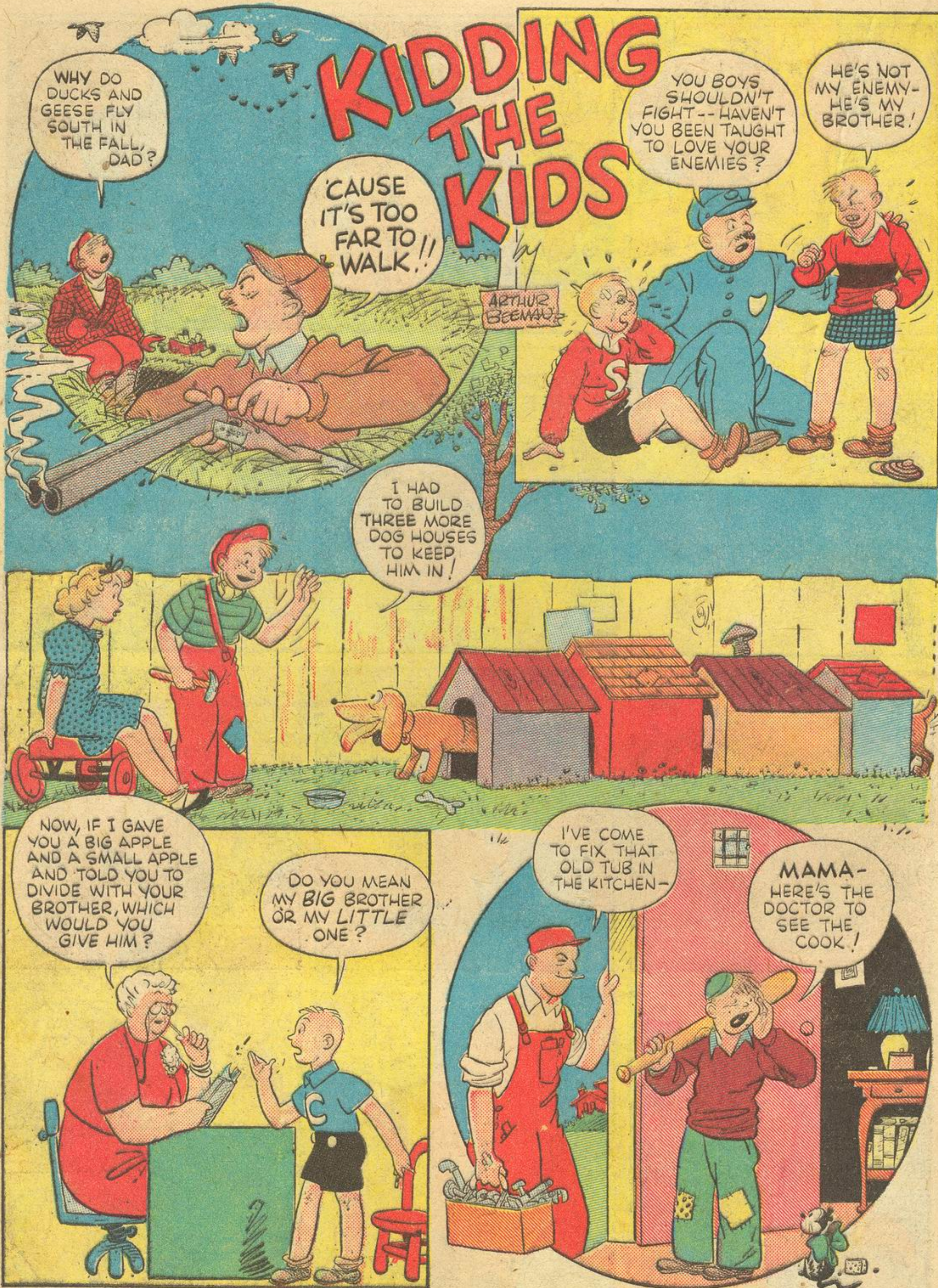
in the
EPISODE OF THE
MALICIOUS
MITE

Devlin



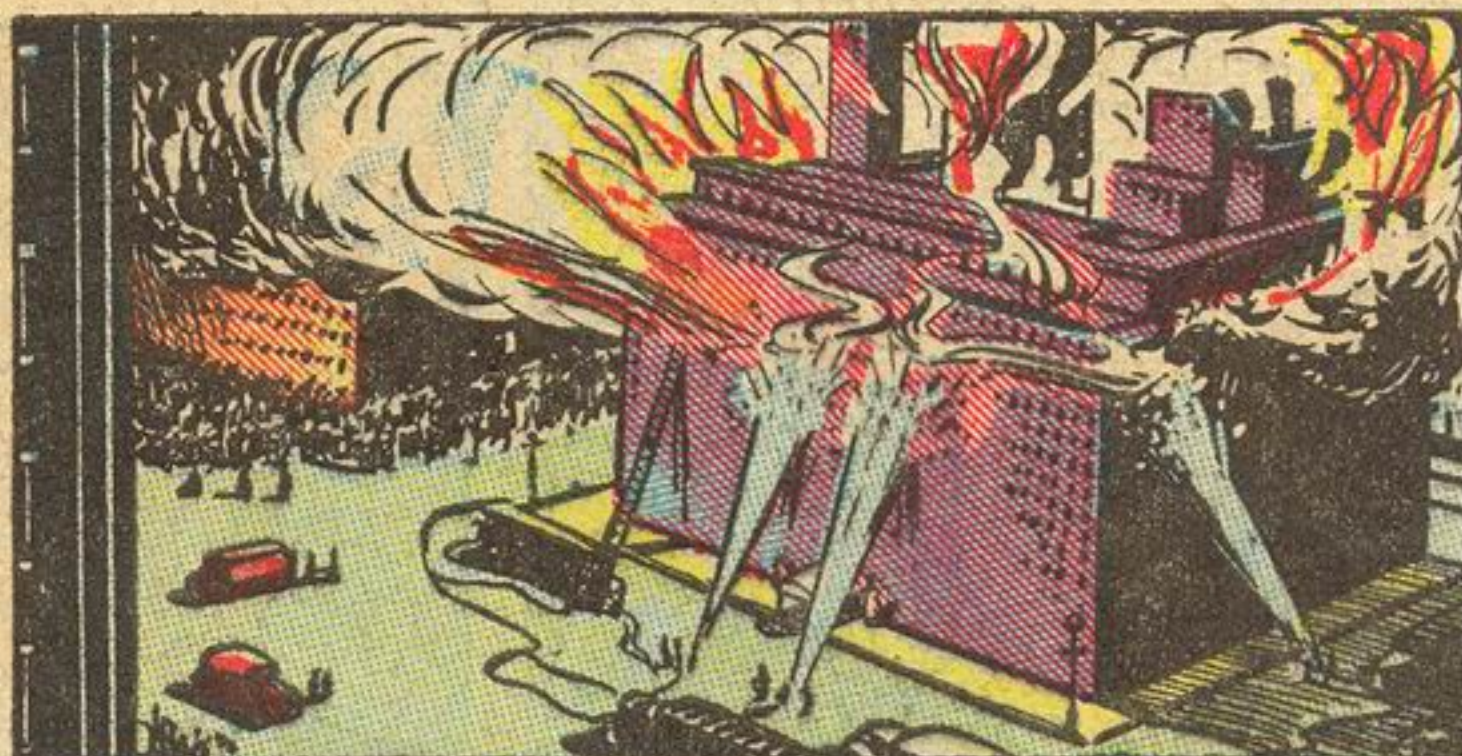


KIDDING THE KIDS



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON



MADNESS HAS GRIPPED THE CITY OF GLENPORT—ITS LARGEST HOTEL IS IN BLAZES, STARTED BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

THE EVENING PAPERS CARRY THE COMPLETE STORY...

EVENING PAPER
CAPITOL HOTEL IN RUINS
GREATEST FIRE IN HISTORY
OF GLENPORT --
 POLICE ARE BAFFLED, AS HOTEL SAFE IS MISSING FROM RUINS—CONTAINED VALUABLE SECURITIES OF LOCAL BUSINESS MEN—

IN HIS APARTMENT, KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD, AND ENEMY OF CRIME, READS OF THE GREAT DISASTER.



SO THE SAFE IS MISSING—IT COULDN'T HAVE MELTED AND YET IT'S GONE! HMM—IT COULD HAVE BEEN DRAGGED AWAY---BUT HOW?? NO—ONE COULD STAND THAT BLAZE---



HELLO, JOHN—COME RIGHT IN!!

EVENING, KENT—GET YOUR HAT—WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE—I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT IN THE CAR!!



LATER THAT EVENING THURSTON IS VISITED BY HIS FRIEND JOHN STEELE, A BANKER.

WE'RE GOING TO CALL ON WEYMAN BRENT, A BUSINESS FRIEND OF MINE—HE AND I HOLD SECURITIES IN A POWERFUL HOLDING COMPANY—HE SEEMED VERY NERVOUS WHEN HE CALLED ME UP!



THE MANAGER OF THE CAPITOL HOTEL ALSO HELD SECURITIES IN OUR COMPANY, BUT THEY'RE GONE NOW—I SUPPOSE YOU READ ABOUT THE MISSING HOTEL SAFE, EH, KENT??

YES, I DID! SOUNDS VERY UNUSUAL, JOHN!



HERE WE ARE, WEYMAN—THIS IS MY FRIEND KENT THURSTON!!

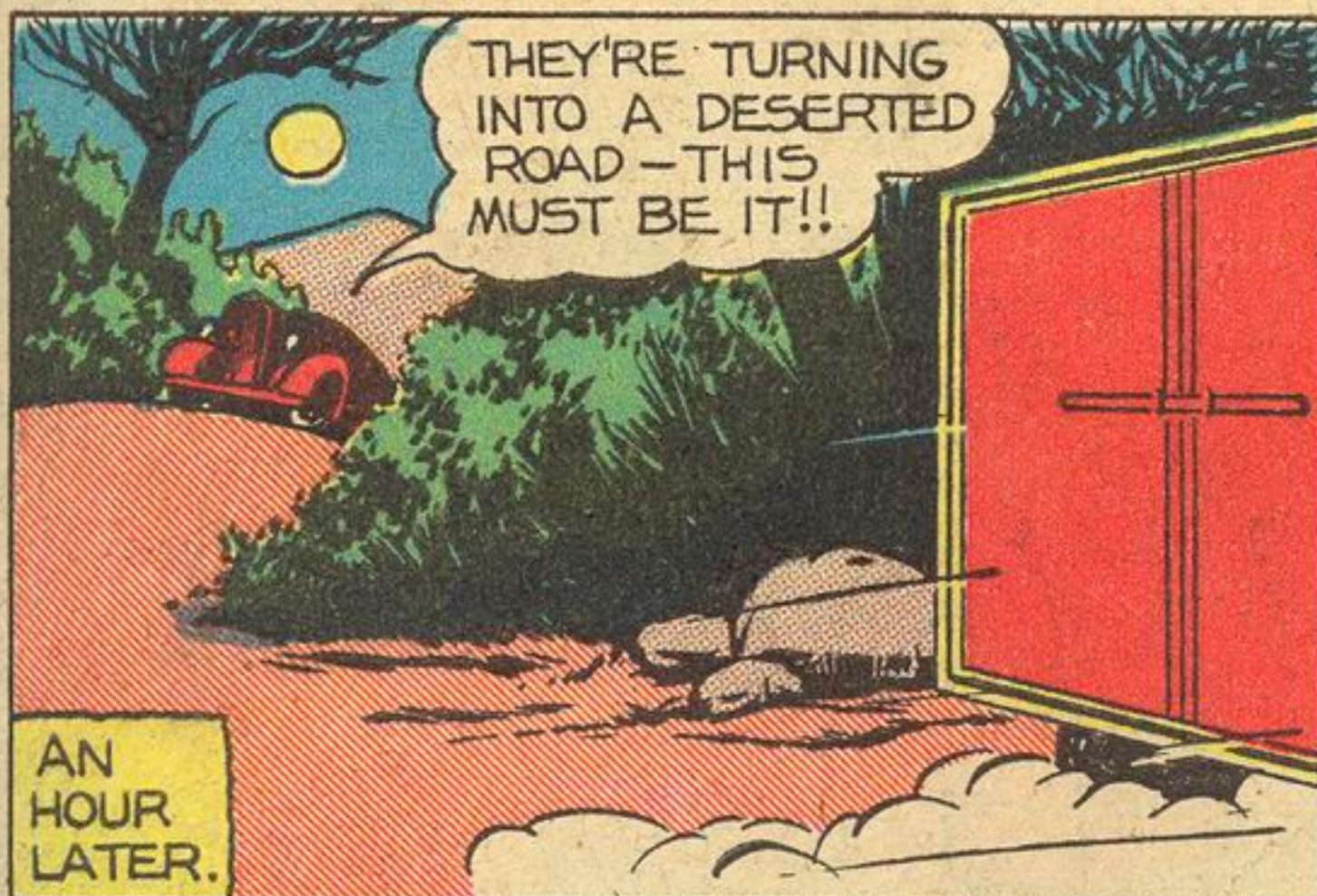
WELCOME, GENTLEMEN—COME INTO MY STUDY—I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF THINKING ABOUT OUR SECURITIES, JOHN!!





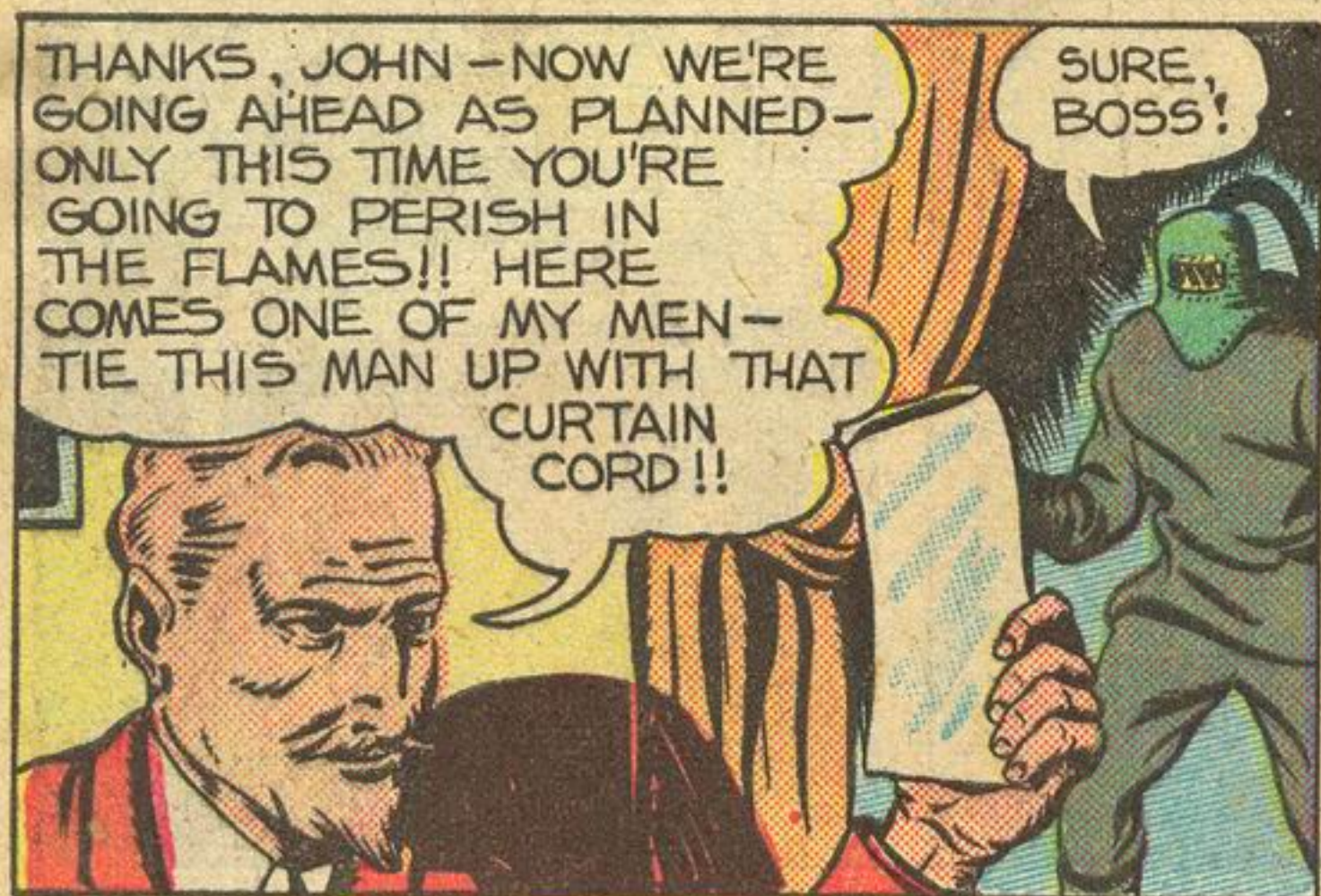


NEXT, THURSTON DONS HIS HOOD, WHICH IS COVERED WITH A SECRET CHEMICAL THAT MAKES ITS WEARER INVISIBLE.



AFTER THE MEN ENTER THE BUILDING, THE INVISIBLE HOOD LISTENS THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW -



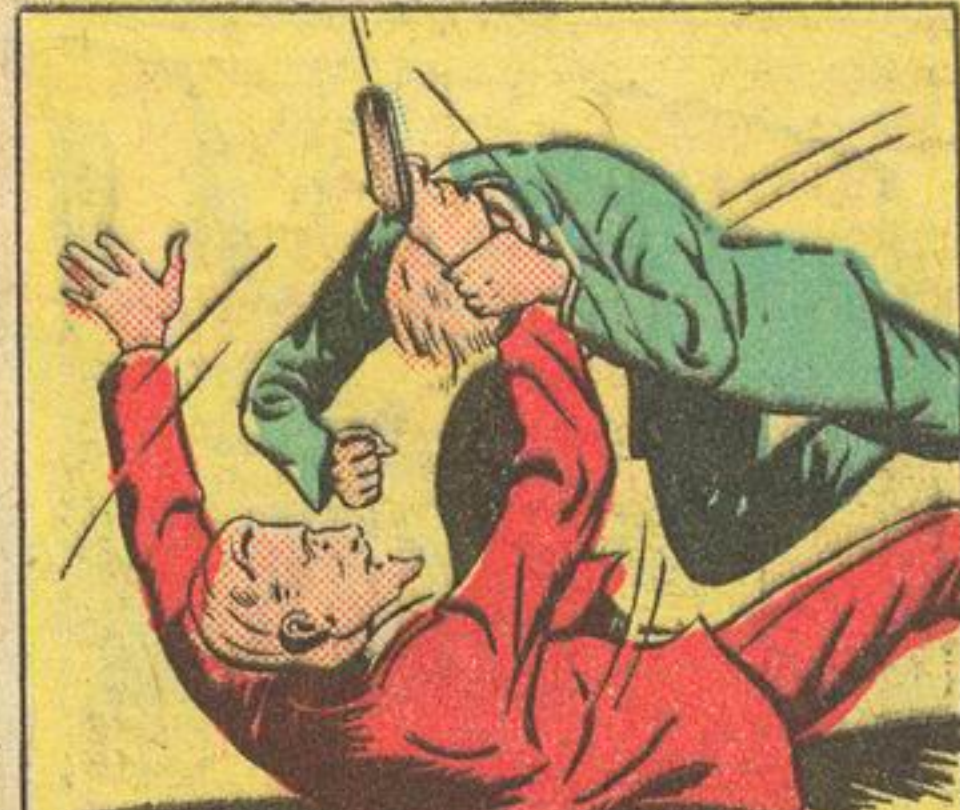




GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S NO ONE IN THAT SUIT---
IT'S A GHOST!



GHOST, EH? WE'LL SEE--
WHEN I FIRE THIS SHOT!

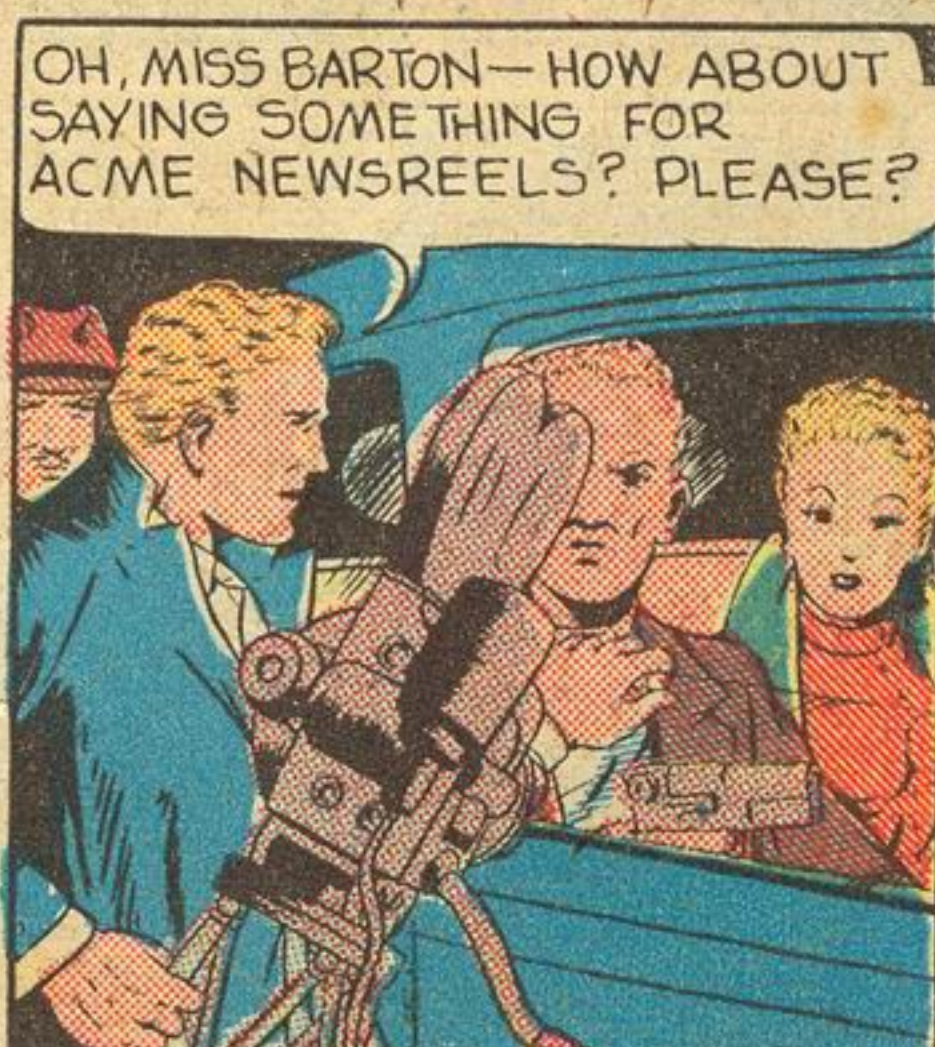
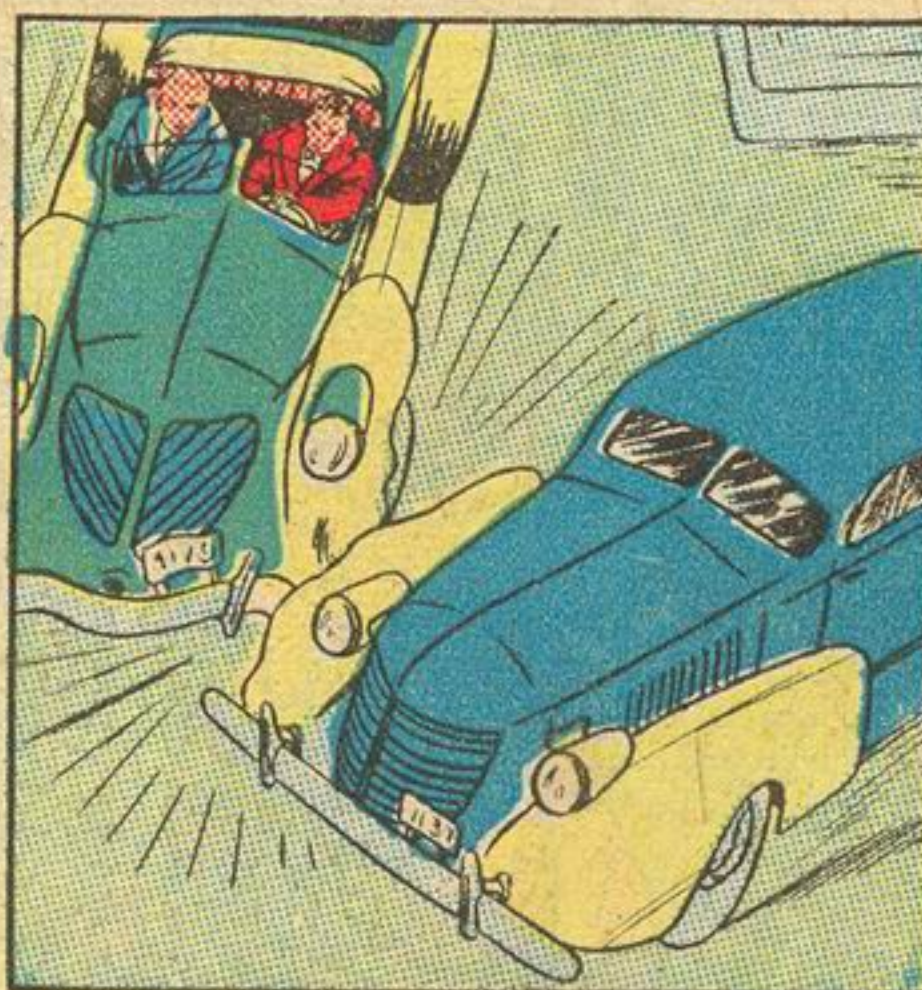


BUT, WITH A FLYING LEAP
STEELE SPOILS HIS AIM!



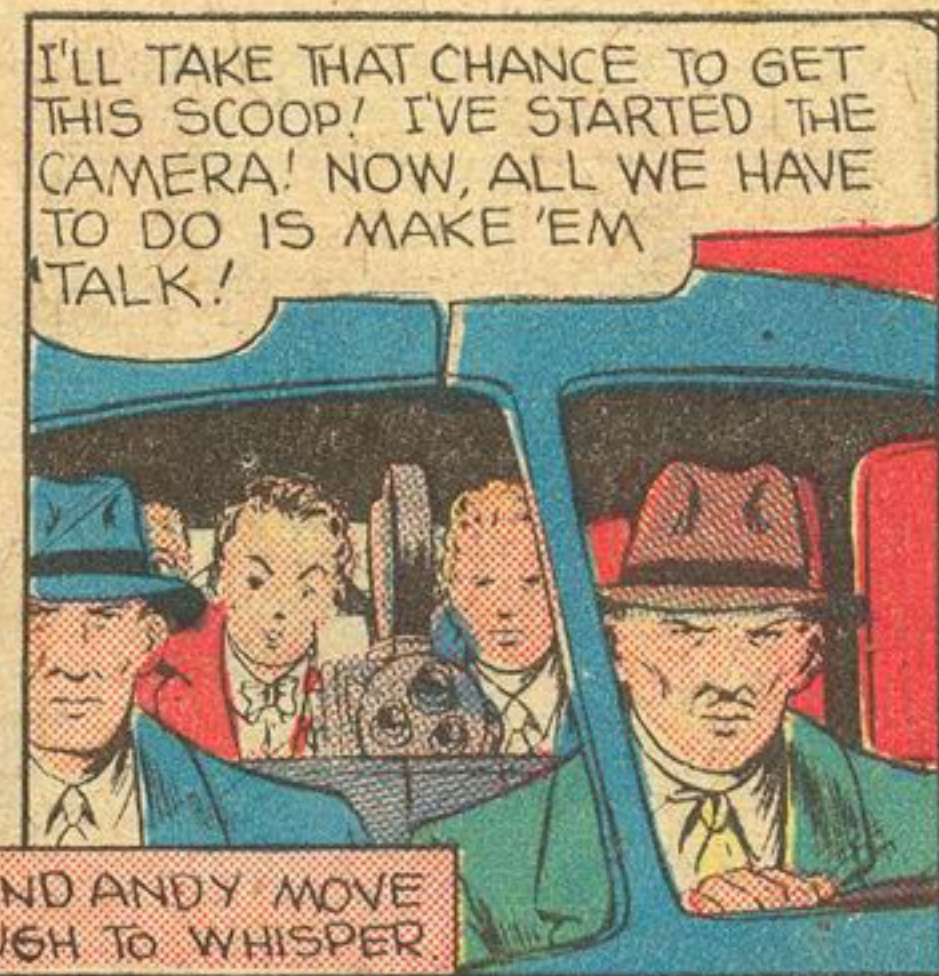


A MOMENT LATER ANDY'S CAR CRASHES INTO THE SIDE OF A LARGE SEDAN!

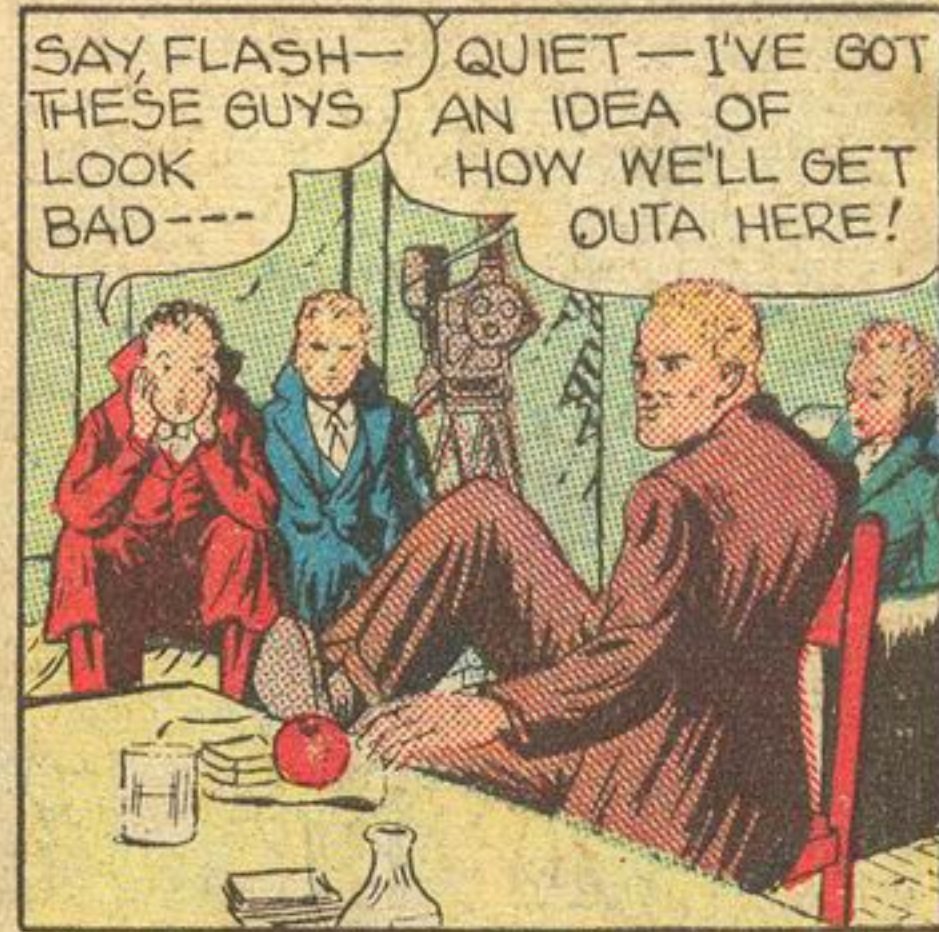
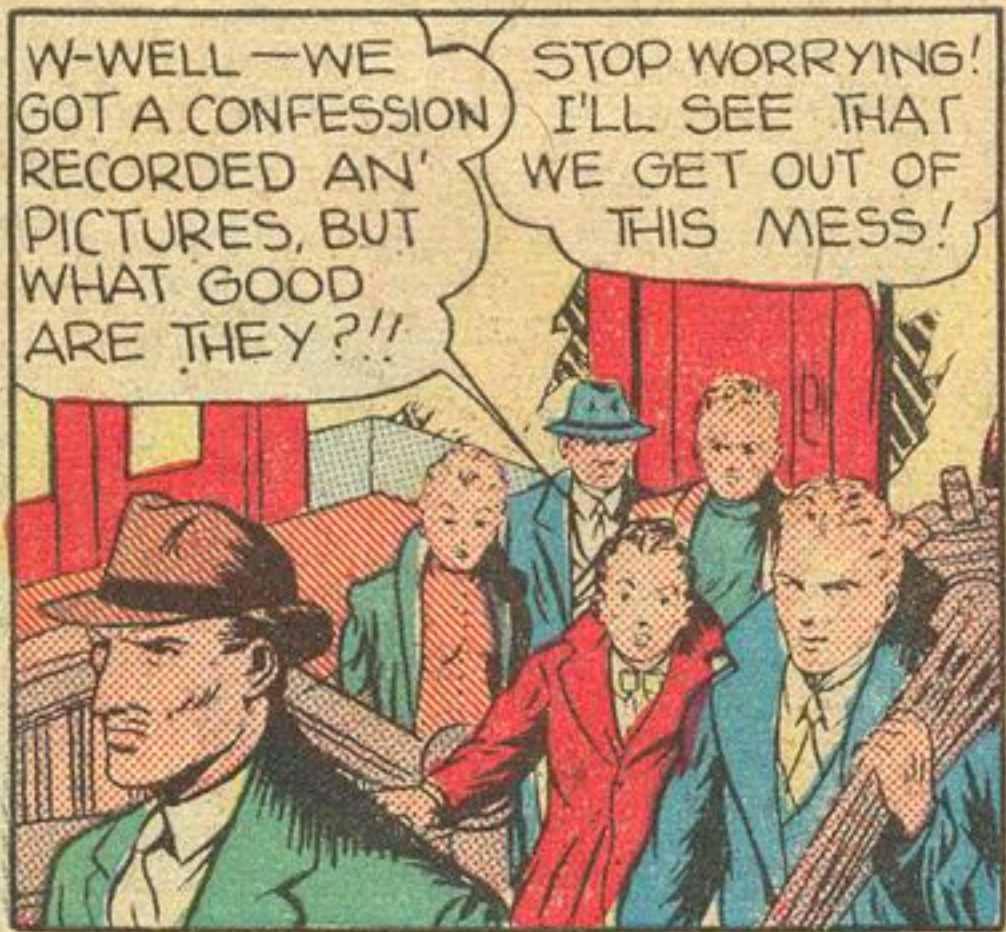




AS ANDY STEPS INTO THE CAR, FLASH FLIPS THE SWITCH, STARTING THE SOUND MACHINE . . .



AS FLASH AND ANDY MOVE CLOSE ENOUGH TO WHISPER



FLASH LETS GO ON PUNCHY WITH A HARD RIGHT.

HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!! NOW, TO GET BABS UNTIED!!

WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY BEFORE NICK AND TRIGGER GET BACK!

WHEW!! AM I GLAD TO HAVE MY HANDS FREE!!! THANKS SO MUCH!

FLASH MOVES TOWARD THE RUNNING CAMERA -- TO TURN IT OFF..

FOOTSTEPS!! HEY -- NICK AND TRIGGER MUST BE RETURNING!!

IN THE CORNER, BABS! GET NEXT TO THE DOOR, ANDY!

W-WHAT IS THIS?

FLASH TURNS THE CAMERA TOWARD THE DOOR.

JUST TRIP WHOEVER COMES IN FIRST -- THAT'S ALL!

AS NICK OPENS THE DOOR...

W-WHAT TH-- WHERE'S PUNCHY??!

HE'S HERE -- BUT I'VE TAKEN CARE OF HIM!!

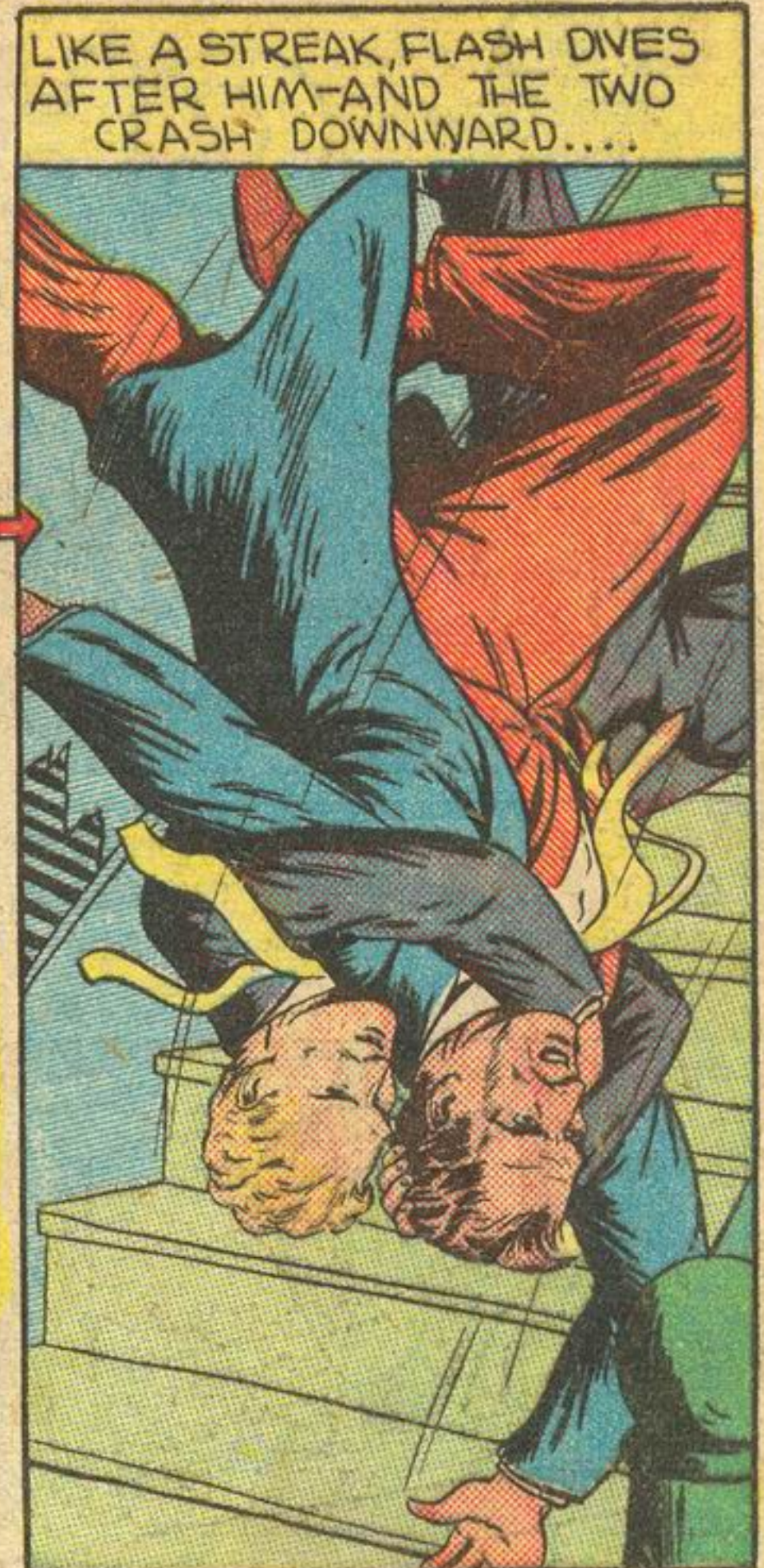
WHY YOU--!!

AS NICK RUSHES AT FLASH, ANDY STICKS OUT HIS FOOT... TRIPPING THE THUG!

THEN, A HARD UPPERCUT FROM FLASH!

WILDLY, TRIGGER OPENS FIRE AT FLASH...

...BUT HIS BULLETS STRIKE NICK'S BACK, WHO IS BETWEEN THEM!



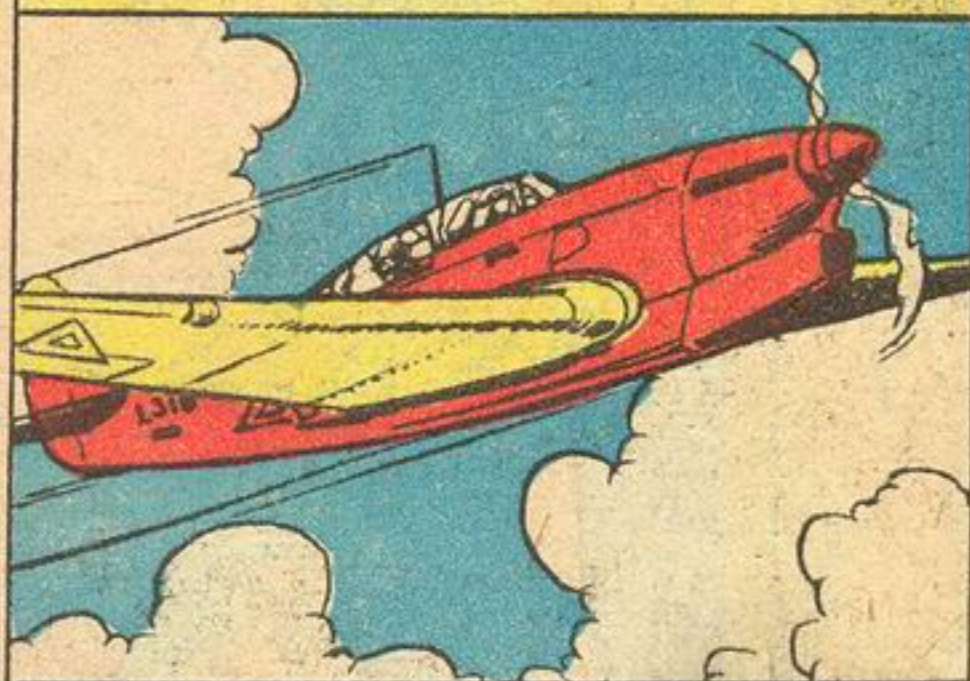
CHIC CARTER

ACE REPORTER

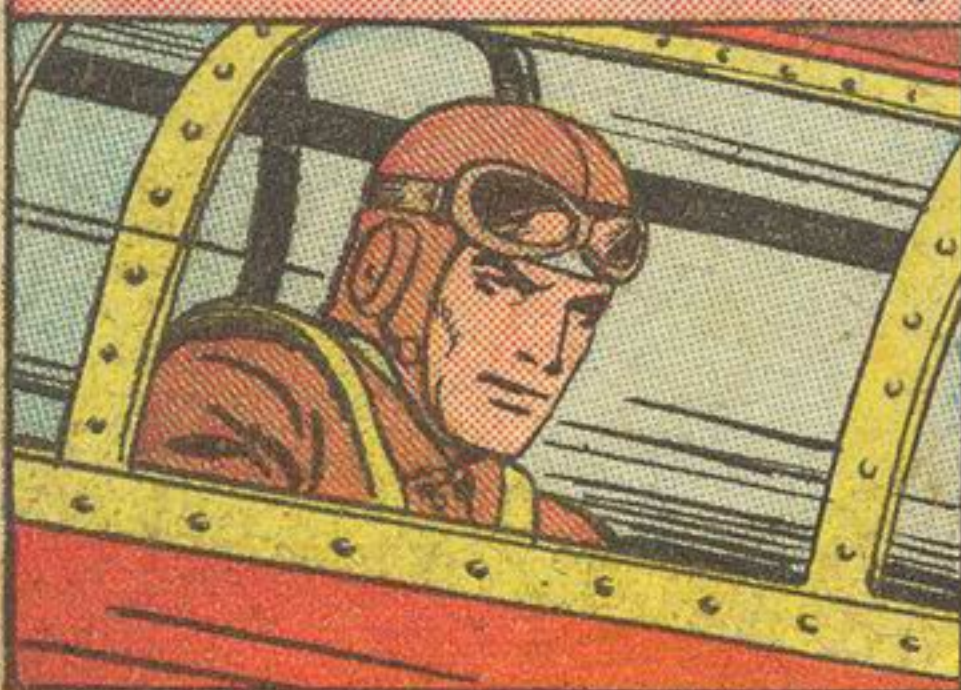
by VERNON HENKEL

CHIC
KING LUDWIG
PRINCESS MARIA
GENERAL VON FRITZ

AN OBSERVATION PLANE OF THE MORAVIAN AIRFORCE SHATTERS THE STILLNESS OF THE EARLY DAWN . . .

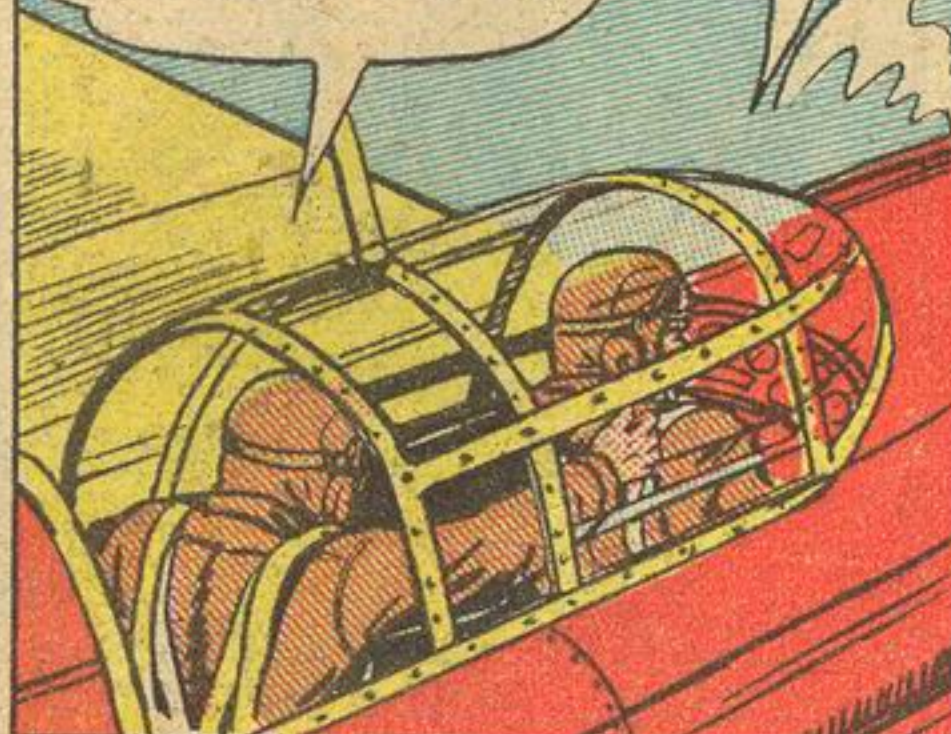


CHIC CARTER, HEADLINE HUNTER OF THE "DAILY STAR" IS MAKING AN AERIAL SURVEY OF THE ARLBOURG LINE . . . SUDDENLY!

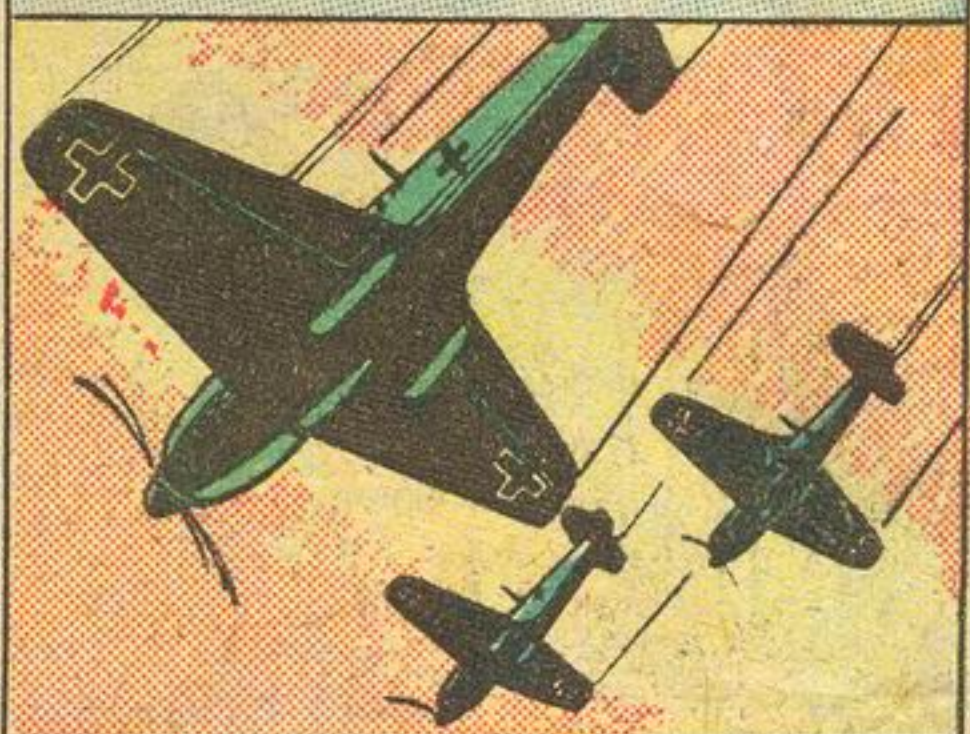


LIEUTENANT! WHAT PLANES ARE THEY??

ENEMY!!



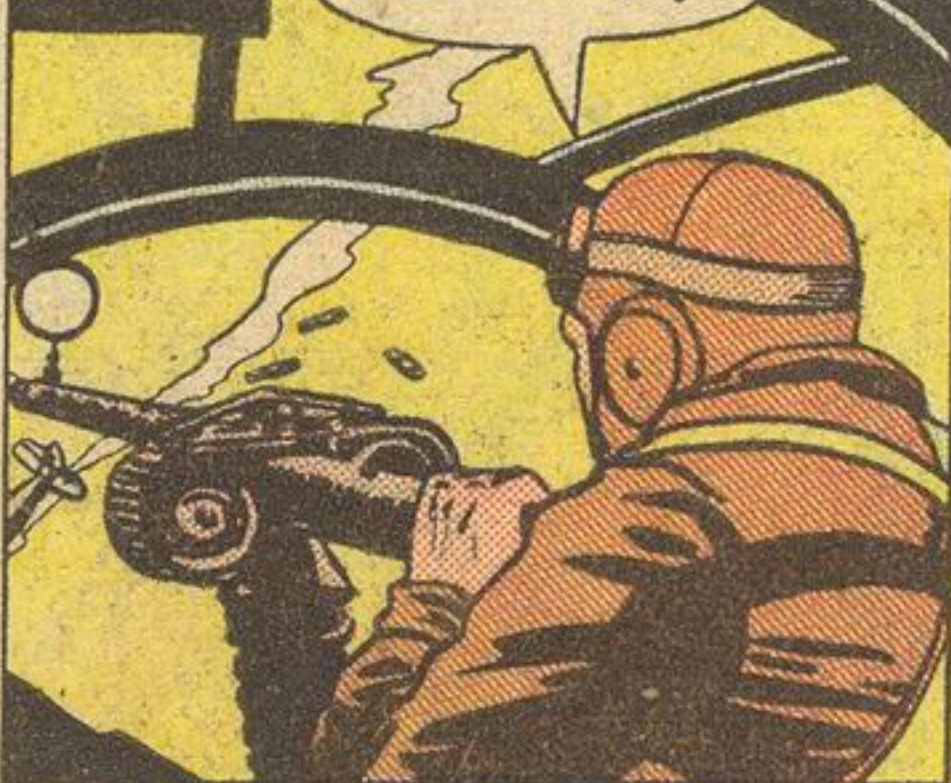
THREE FAST PURSUITS DIVE OUT OF THE SUN WITH THROTTLES WIDE OPEN !!



WE'RE CUT OFF! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT!

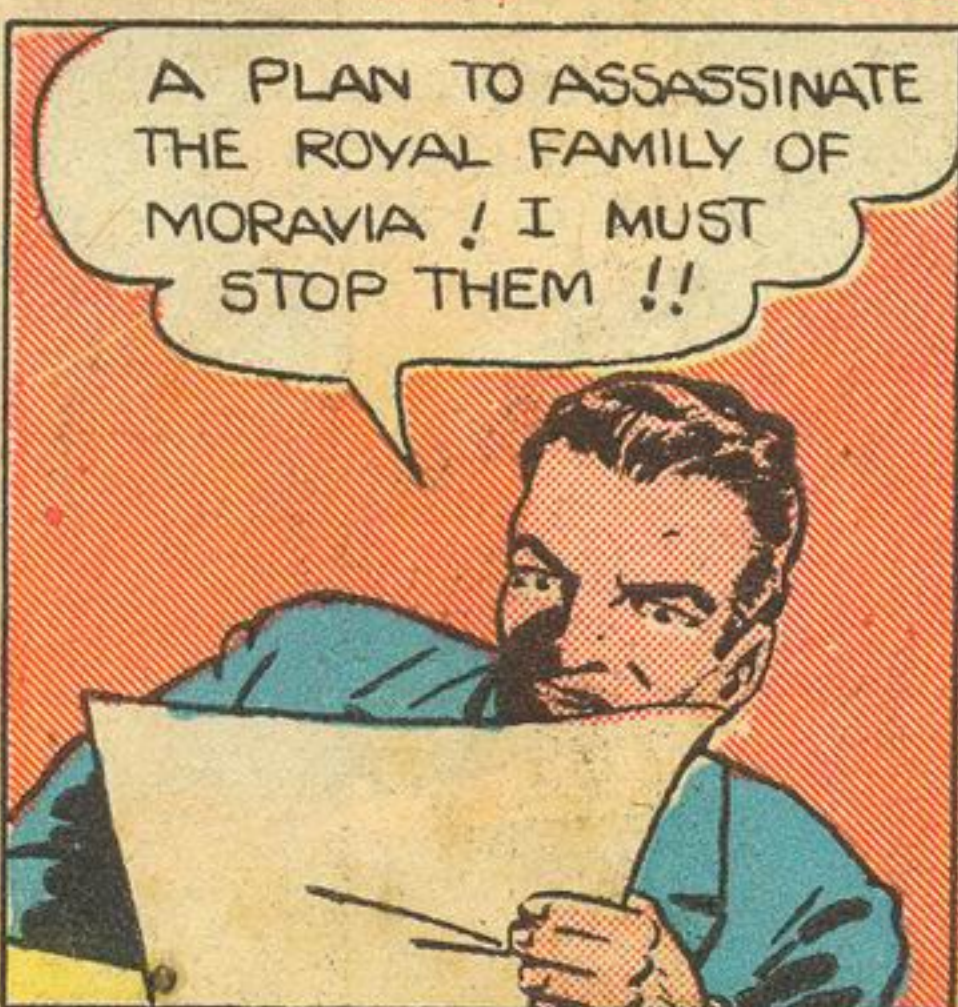
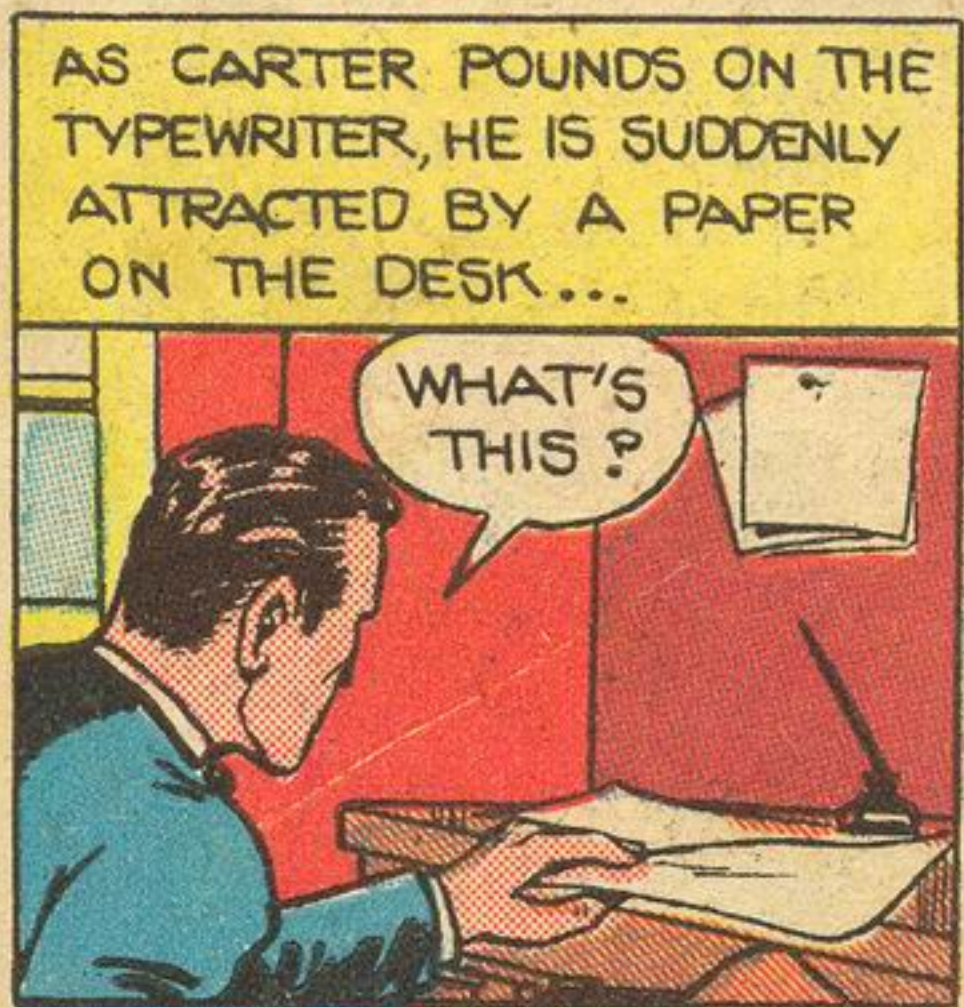
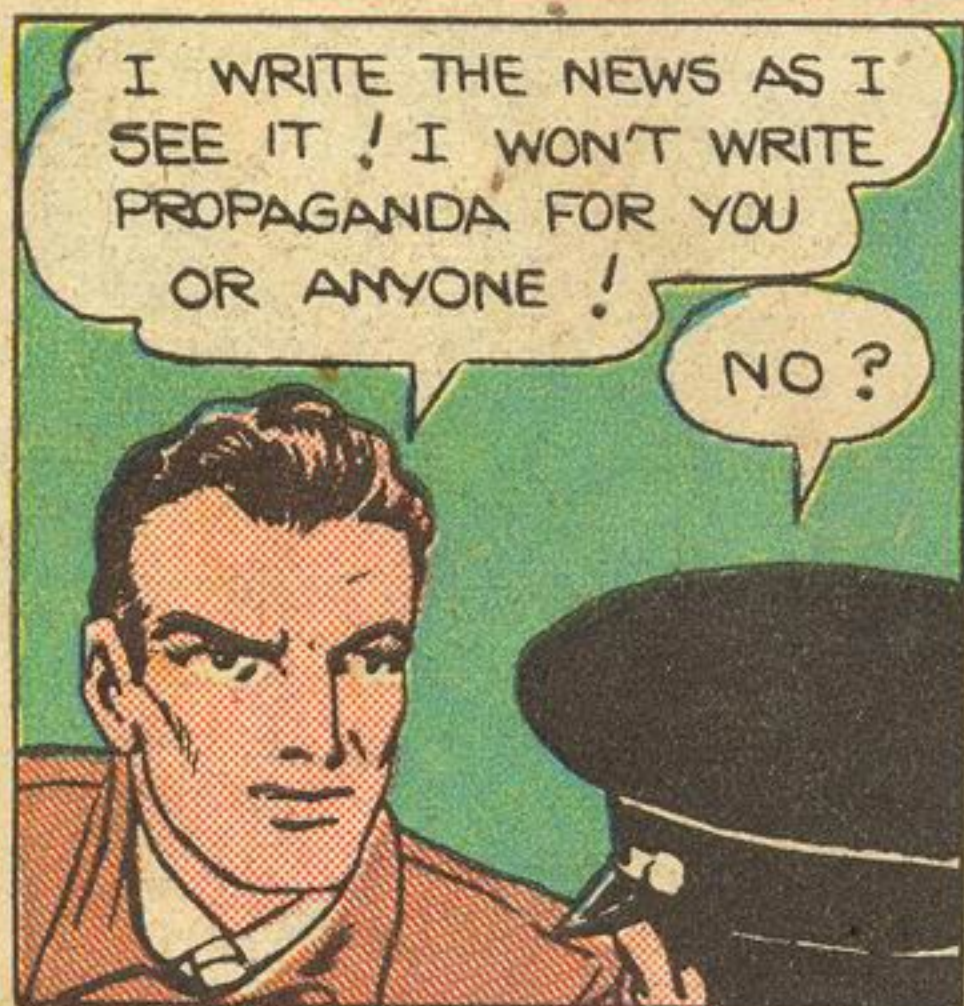
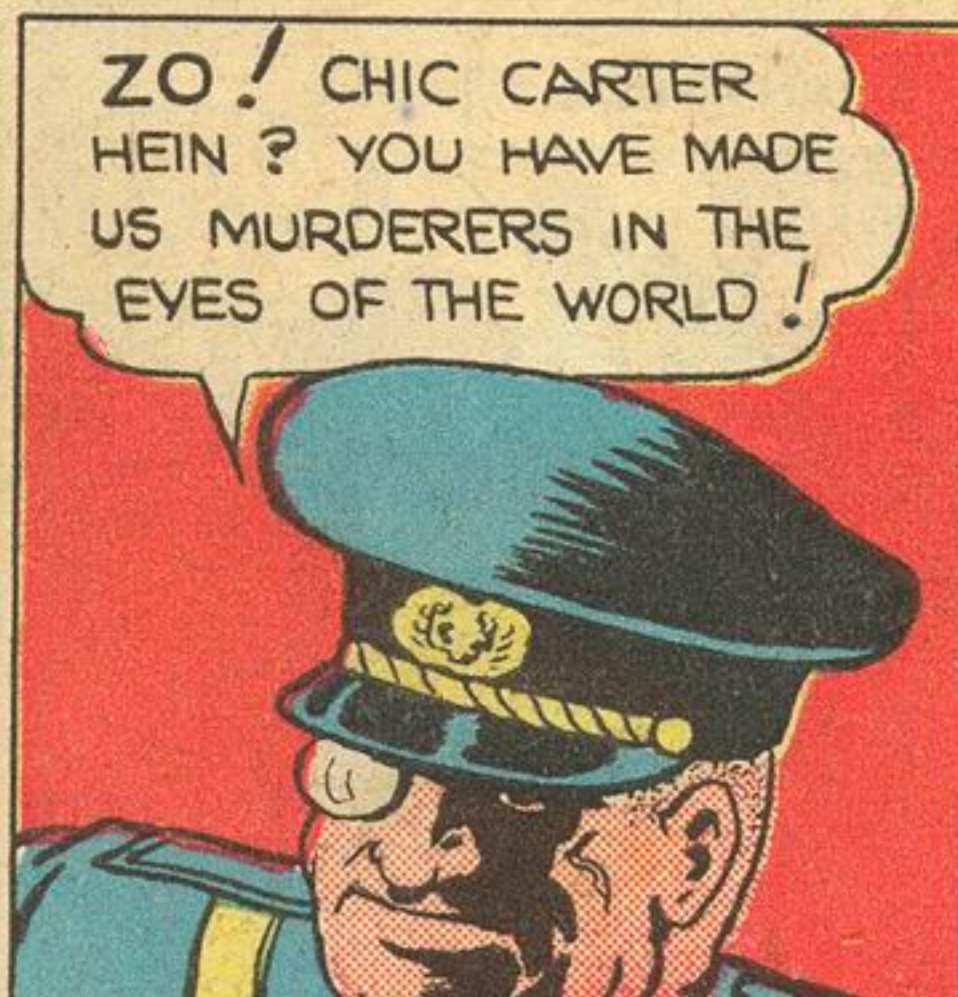


I GOT ONE OF 'EM!



SUDDENLY THE PILOT'S FACE TWISTS IN HORROR AS AN ENEMY PLANE DARTS DIRECTLY INTO HIS PATH!



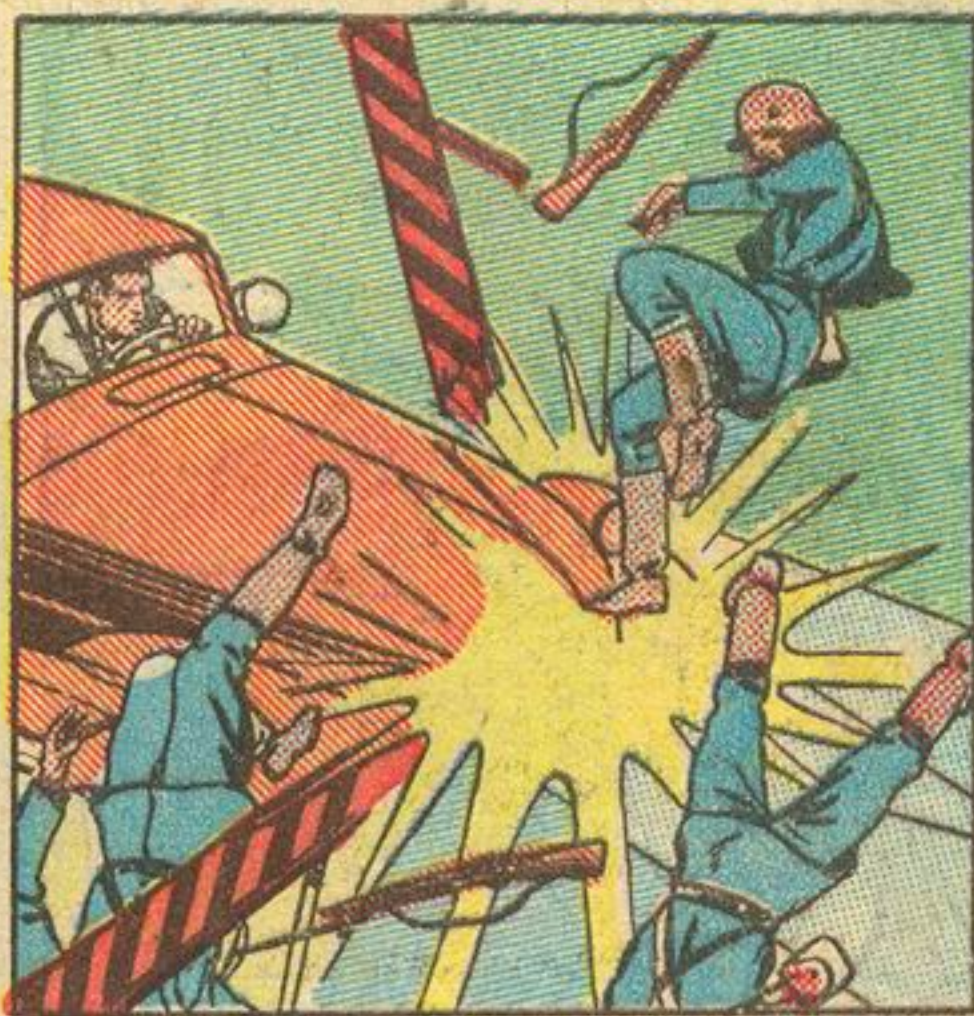




EXERCISING EVERY PRECAUTION
CHIC SLIPS THROUGH THE
ENEMY SENTRIES.



VON FRITZ DISCOVERS
THE ESCAPE!



SWERVING MADLY CARTER
ESCAPES A HAIL OF LEAD AND
SENDS THE ARMORED CAR RACING
TOWARD THE MORAVIAN BORDER.



MORAVIAN
SOLDIERS -
I MADE
IT!



QUICK! NO TIME TO
LOSE - TAKE ME TO
THE CAPITAL!



THE MASTER OF MU

By Robert M. Hyatt

PART 2

The man had barely struck the ground when Jon, who had appeared so dull and lifeless, jumped toward the black tunnel and beckoned his companions to follow. "If we're ever going to really find out if we're on the moon now's our chance!" he barked.

"Jon, something tells me that we'll find that what Creighton told us will be all too true," hissed Fraser.

The men moved along the passageway . . . Suddenly they were blinded by an all enveloping brilliance and upon recovering from this shock they realized that a sudden turn in the tunnel had led them into a great cathedral-like cavern. Getting accustomed to the glare their eyes now surveyed the weird interior. Jon pointed to one side which seemed to be just a howling mass of humanity. "L-Look!" he cried—"Look at what these devils have done with people from the earth!"

For there, piled like wild animal cages one on the other were the cells of the howling earth people. And the men soon realized that these people cried in no one tongue but their sounds were the wild, guttural sounds of animals!

"Just as Creighton said, these normal people have been persecuted by Milo here 'til they're half mad! I'd almost hate to see them returned to their homes and they're probably better off here," grimly observed MacPhail.

"And how, Mac!" agreed Jon. "If we ever get back to a normal world again this will all seem like

a wild, ugly dream!" But the men did not have long for conjecture because suddenly there was a sharp whistling sound and they tumbled helplessly to the stone floor. Stunned by the quickness of this assault, Jon was first to speak. "H-Hey—of all th'—!! Look—even tho' we are supposed to be on the moon there are guys around here who can throw these South American ball lassos or whatever they call 'em—and boy have they got us wrapped up tight!"

"Poor Gregg stopped one of those heavy swishing balls with his head and he's out like a light!" feebly grunted Fraser. Sprawled helplessly like trapped animals in their bonds the men waited despairingly for whatever fate awaited them.

"Oh—I thought it was about time that one of our pals showed up," sneered Jon as a hooded figure approached the little group. "Wal—what a purty sight yo' critters make all tied up so nice," drawled the hooded one as he stood with hands on hips a few feet from the men.

"Say buddy—I'd know that Oklahoma drawl anywhere—so what's this poppycock about our being on the moon and how long does this fellow Milo think he can get away with this racket?" barked Gregg.

The man's only answer was a quick movement to place a gauze of some sort before his nostrils. This seemed a signal for suddenly a sickly gaseous odor made the men cough and gasp. Jon could weakly see his mates struggling for freedom but one by one their heads slumped to the stone floor, victims of the gas.

Several hours passed and as

the sweet, cool smell of fresh air reached Jon's nostrils consciousness brought to him the sensation of a jerking at his clothes and a pinching of his face. Now, he seemed to quickly regain his senses. A seering headache made him groan and he suddenly became conscious of a loud flapping of wings. Birds??—what wild fancy was this that brought to him the presence of birds!! Through painfully half opened eyes, Jon winced at the first stab of light. Then a great sharp beak followed by talons grazed his face. He recoiled from the shock. That was it!! Great black vultures were hungrily wheeling about and stabbing at his face and clothes.

"Bah you black fiends—scat!!" cried Jon as to his surprise he leaped to his feet and only then realized that he had been released from his earlier bonds.

A few feet away and more slowly coming to their senses were his companions. All seemed well and unharmed except old MacPhail whose face had been badly mutilated by the vultures.

"Well—Well," boomed a distant voice—"that's no way to treat poor hungry birds, and they'll only be more vicious the next time they're set upon you!"

As the battered men recognized the voice of Milo they looked up and there, seated on a richly tapestried chair, sat the king of kidnappers surrounded by a gay throng of henchmen. Jon's eyes blazed with fury as he shouted, "There won't be any next time, Milo!!" Your bubble is quickly reaching a bursting point!"

"Tie them up again," screamed the fat Milo.

But before the hooded guards could barely get under way, the four men were dashing across the huge room in the direction of a great door which led to what seemed like the only daylight they had seen since entering this mad world.

Cries of "Stop them"—"Shoot

them," "Kill the dogs," and the like now filled the air.

"S-Say, notice how beautiful this place is as compared to those awful caves and black tunnels back there where they keep those prisoners," panted Jon as they jogged along.

Suddenly the men were startled by the distant neigh of a horse which caused Gregg to remark, "That clinches it, fellows—that was a plain old hoss and what with so much English spoken and cowboys in hoods, I'm now convinced that we're not on any silly old moon!"

"You said a mouthful," said Fraser.

"Wait!—Hold on a minute!" barked Jon. "I think we're on a road that circles around but leads us right back to where we started from! Notice nobody is chasing us? Because they know we have to come back!!"

"Well, let's stop right here and figure this thing out," offered Gregg. "Say—it's getting dark fast—and cold as heck, too," mumbled Old MacPhail through chattering teeth.

"Let's try to find some place where we can huddle up and maybe keep warm for a while tonight, anyway," suggested Fraser.

A short while later found the little group bunched in a small cave-like opening in the side of a shallow crater. As the night air grew colder they moved closer together to keep warm.

Two hours passed and the silence was sharply broken when Jon, cupping his hand to his ear excitedly shouted—"Men!" Do you hear that? Listen—that's the sound of a plane—Hear it??"

The group strained eagerly—eyes popped—and then from Fraser, "A plane's right—and it isn't so far from here either!"

As the sound grew louder a very weird sight presented itself. For suddenly there was a deafen-

ing crackling like thunder—then a strange, greenish light bathed the heavens.

"GOSH, look at that white beam which splits the green light, men—it's like a great electric bolt," said Gregg.

"And there's the plane now—and it's heading right into that queer green light," shouted Fraser, pointing at a fast approaching trans-continental ship.

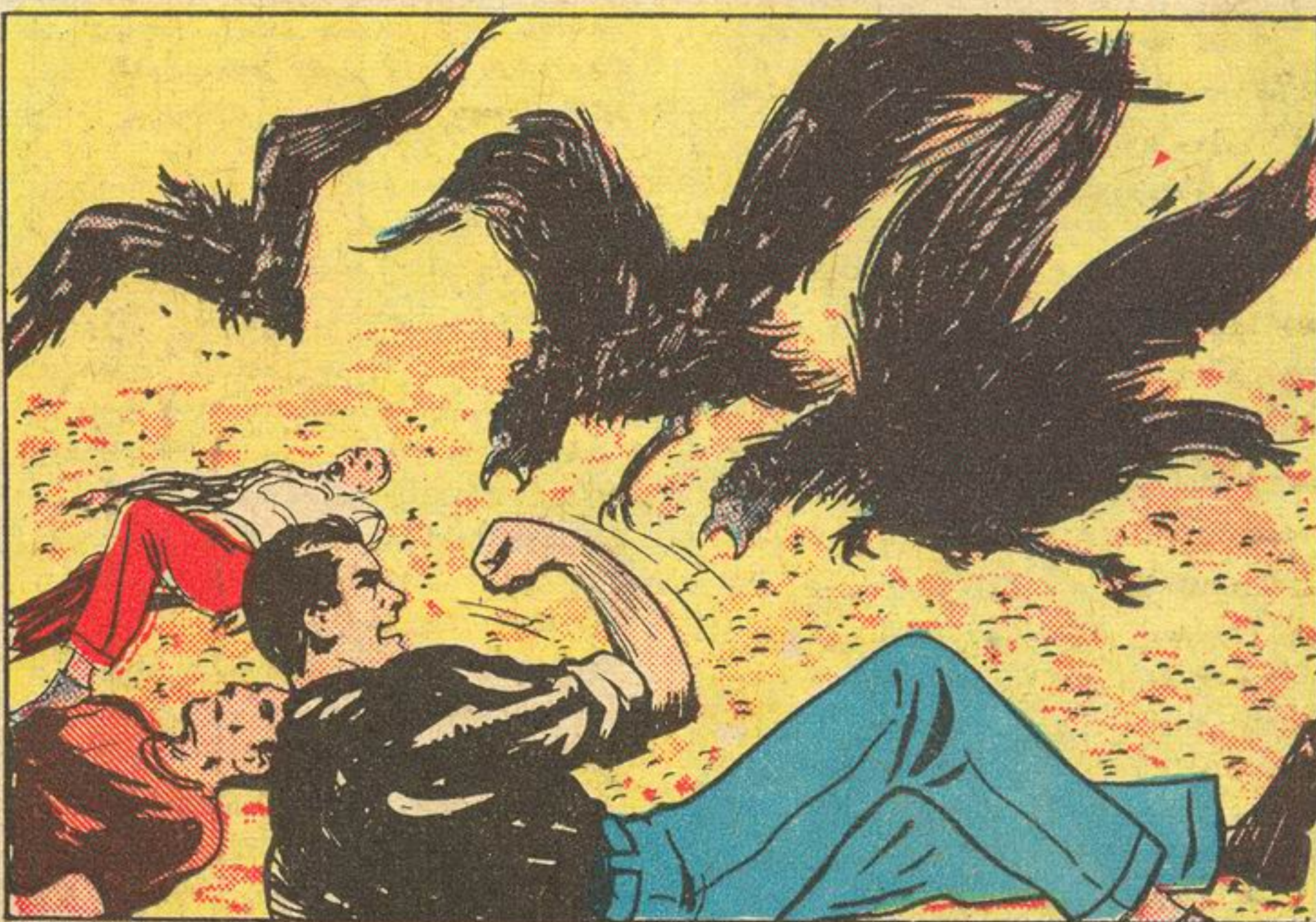
As the men stood frozen with wonder the plane shot into the green glow and upon contacting the strange white electric bolt

hour's flight away," said Jon.

"LOOK—there's a cabin plane with its motor turning over—if we could make it we could get out of here," grimly observed Fraser.

The men crept to within a short distance of two hooded figures near the plane. Then taking two poison gas capsules from a pocket Jon hurled them and as they broke on the hard ground the hooded figures dropped helplessly.

"Give 'er the gun, Gregg"—shouted Jon as the men piled in, "and after you fly us out of here



seemed to stall—then it fluttered like a wounded bird and fell to earth a half mile from the men.

"Great heavens—we've at last seen the mysteries of the Mt. Shasta lights and disappearing planes," gasped Jon.

"Sure—and that's just where we still are, fellows—on Mt. Shasta! and that was hooey about being shot to the moon!" grunted Gregg.

Running in the direction of the falling plane the group suddenly came to the brink of what seemed a great sunken air field.

"And there's Milo's landing field for contact with the outside world which we know is only an

it won't take me long to get this story to the Western Division of the Air Corps and Milo and his crowd will be bombed out of existence!"

"Boy, this experience reminds me of a story I once read of Tibet," grunted Fraser. "It was titled, 'The Master of Mu!'"

"Ha-ha," chuckled Jon, "if you don't mind, I'd rather just read of these places—than have to visit them!"

Read THE WINGED EMERALDS in the March issue of SMASH COMICS—on sale January 19th.

SPORTTRAITS

HERE'S YOUR GUN - WE'RE GOING ON A RAID!

I DON'T NEED IT, I GET BETTER RESULTS WITH THIS HOCKEY STICK!



RED WAS A MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS CANADIAN 'PRINCESS PATS,' A WORLD WAR REGIMENT!



'Red'
DUTTON

THE PRESENT
MANAGER OF THE
NEW YORK AMERICANS
HOCKEY TEAM.

-GILL
FOX-



DUTTON IS NO LONGER AN ACTIVE PLAYER, BUT HE IS STILL A MATCH ON SKATES FOR ANY OF THE BEST HOCKEY PLAYERS!

I PICKED HIM UP AT A LOCAL NURSERY!

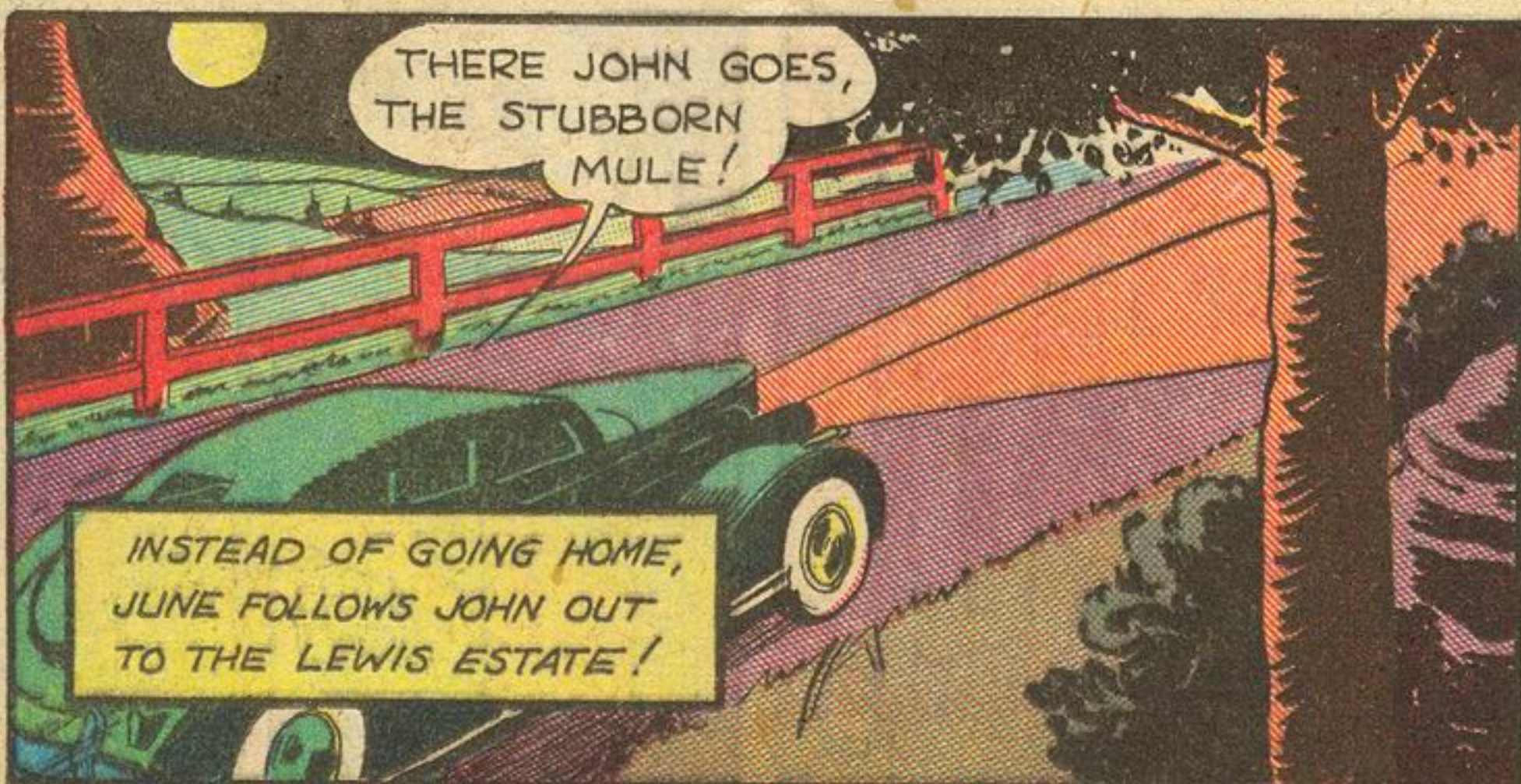
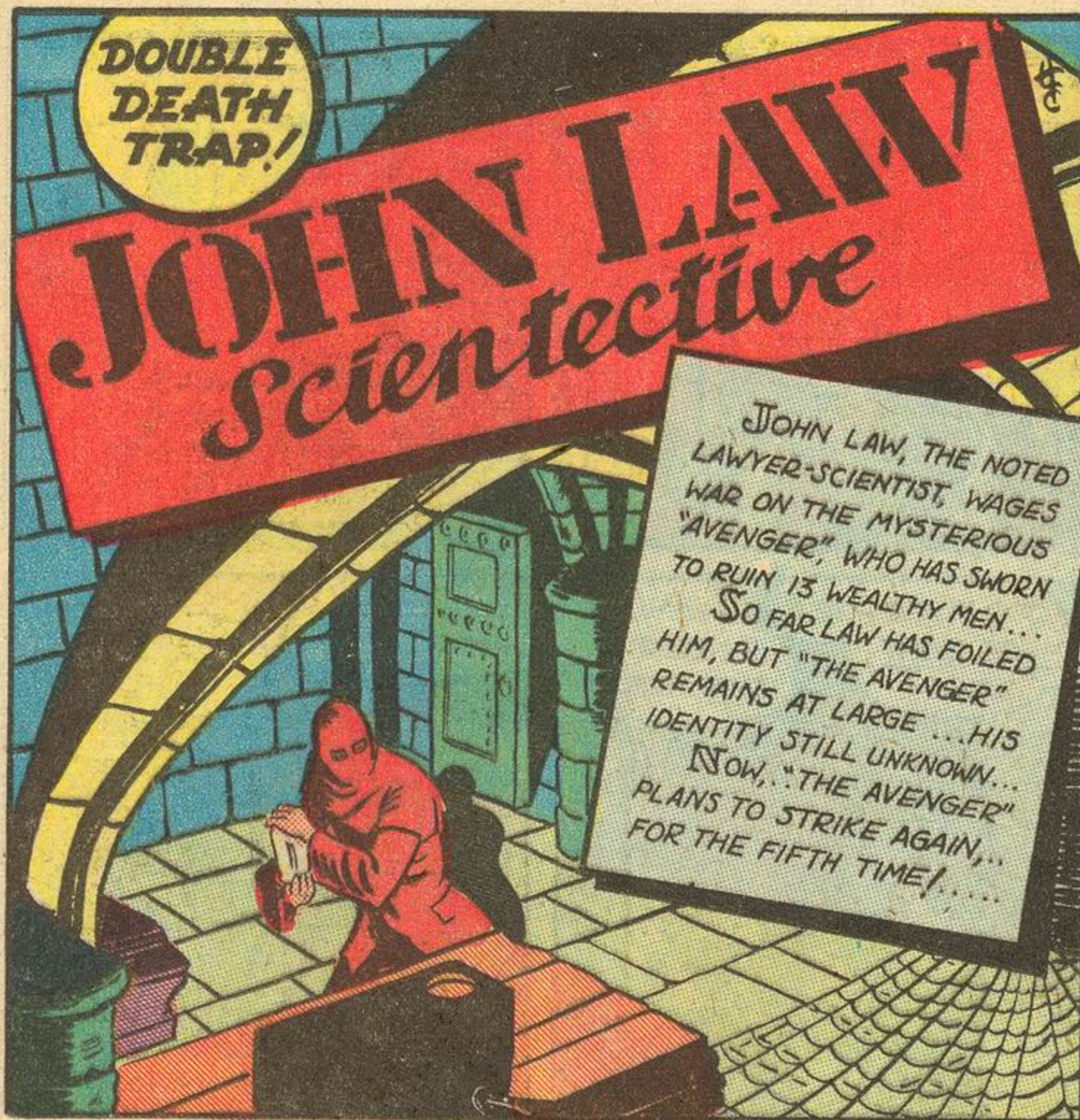


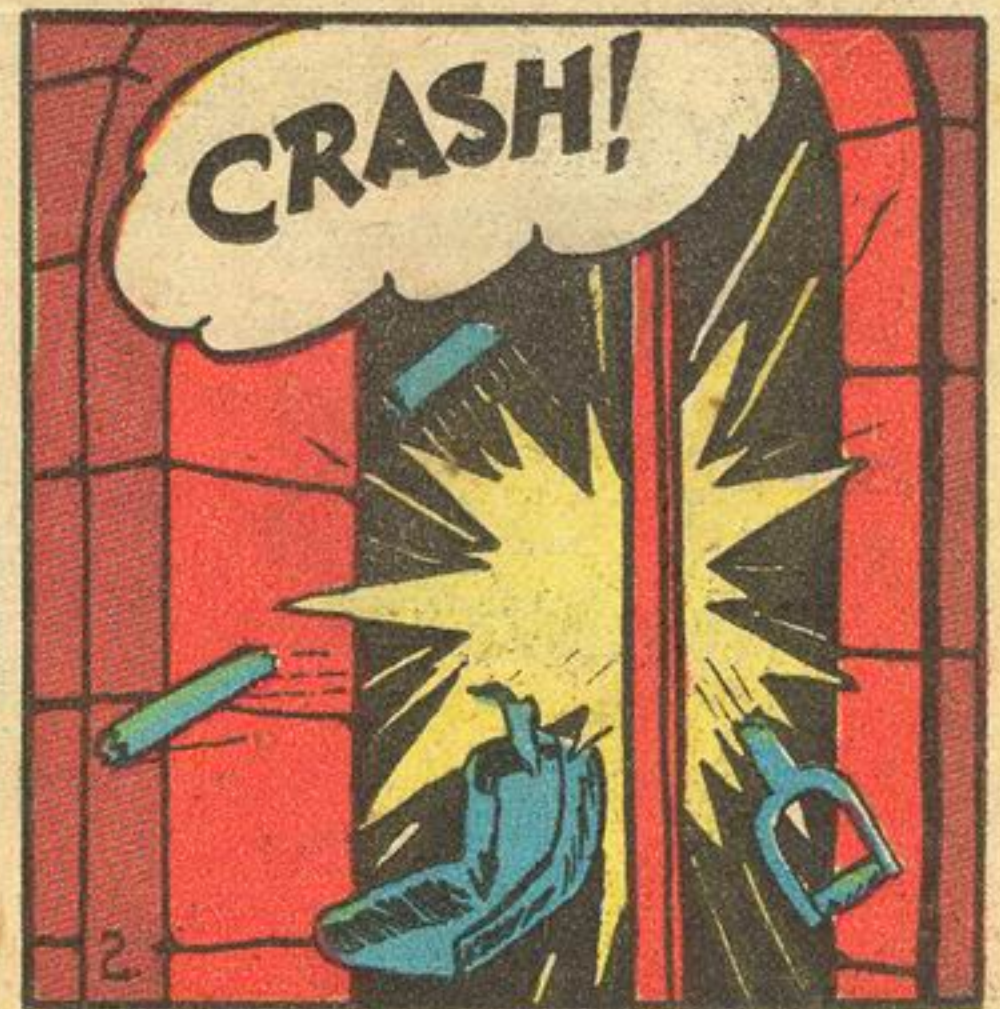
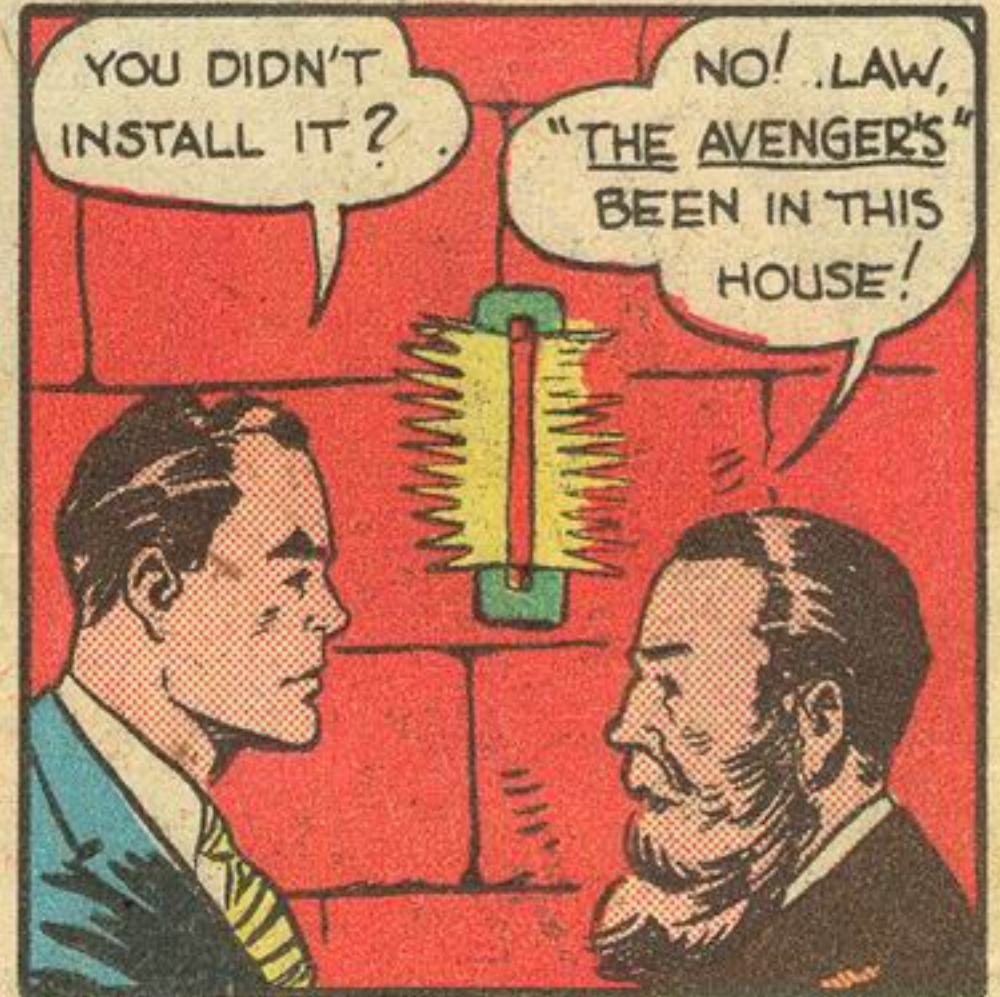
RED IS ONE OF THE BEST JUDGES OF HOCKEY PLAYERS IN THE GAME!

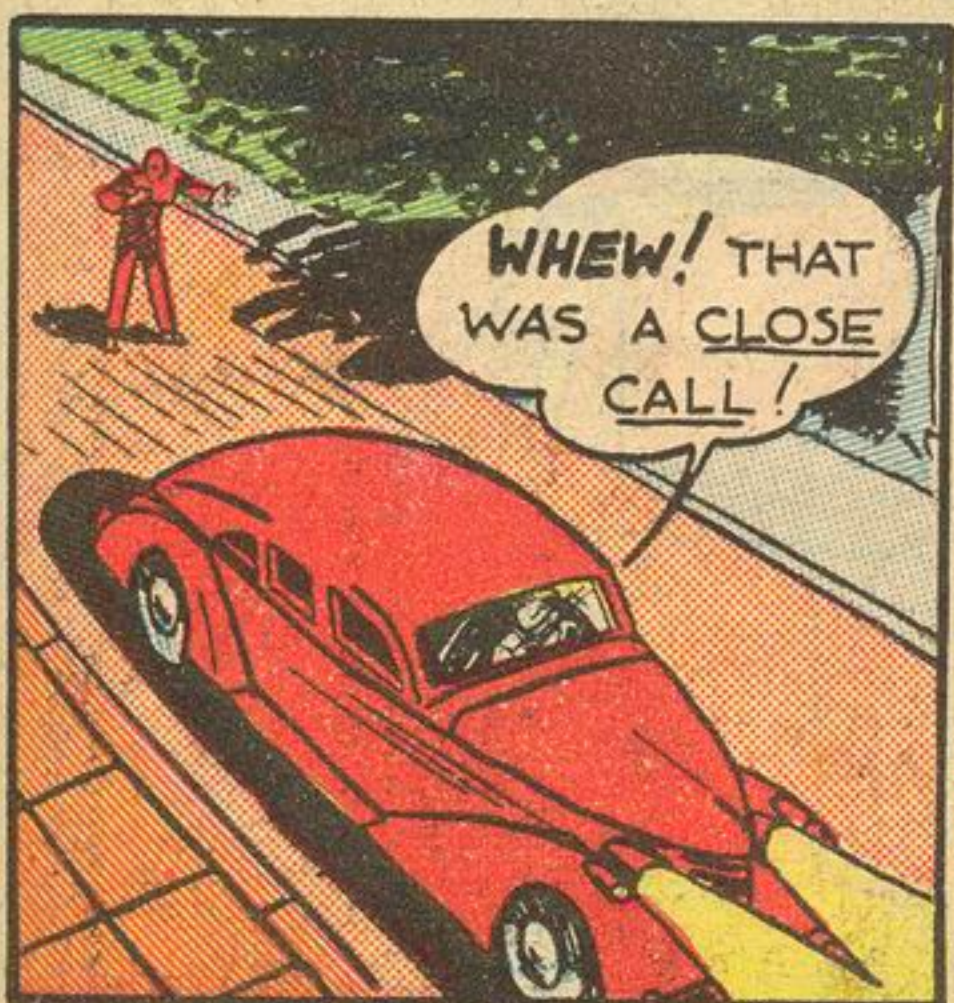
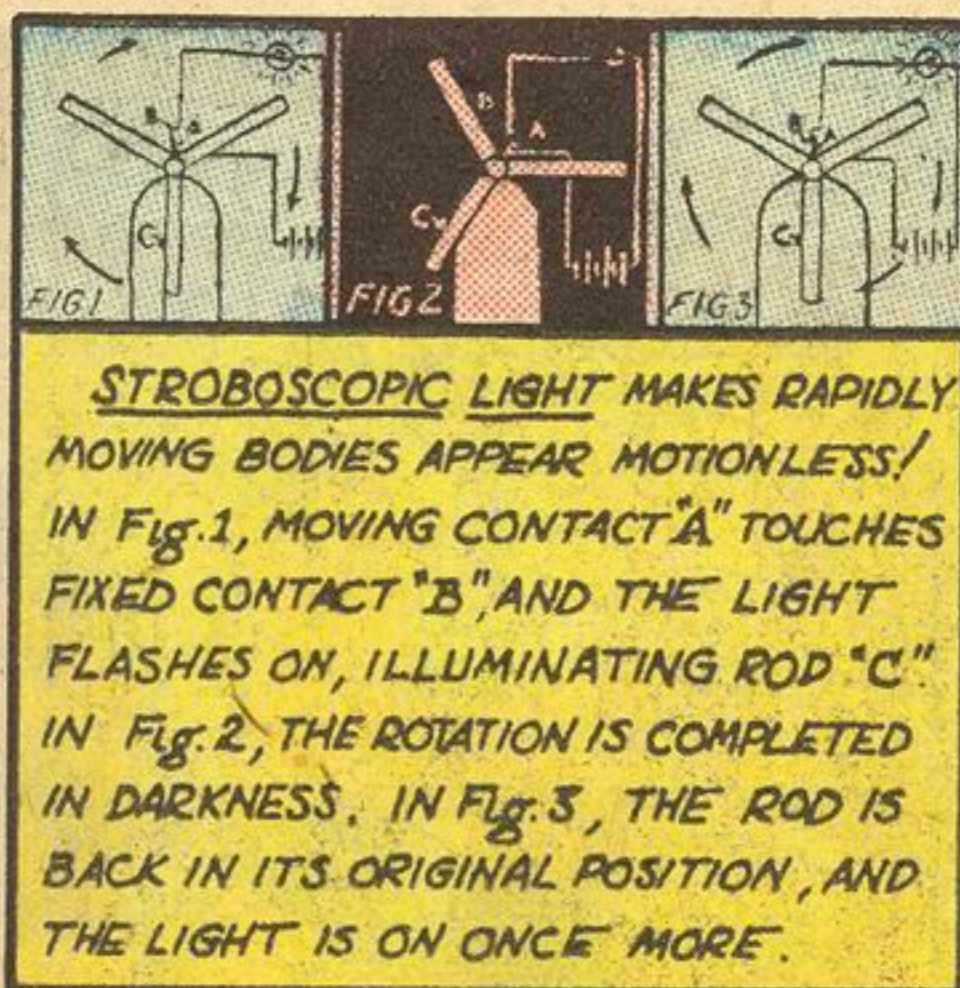
OH, MA! I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



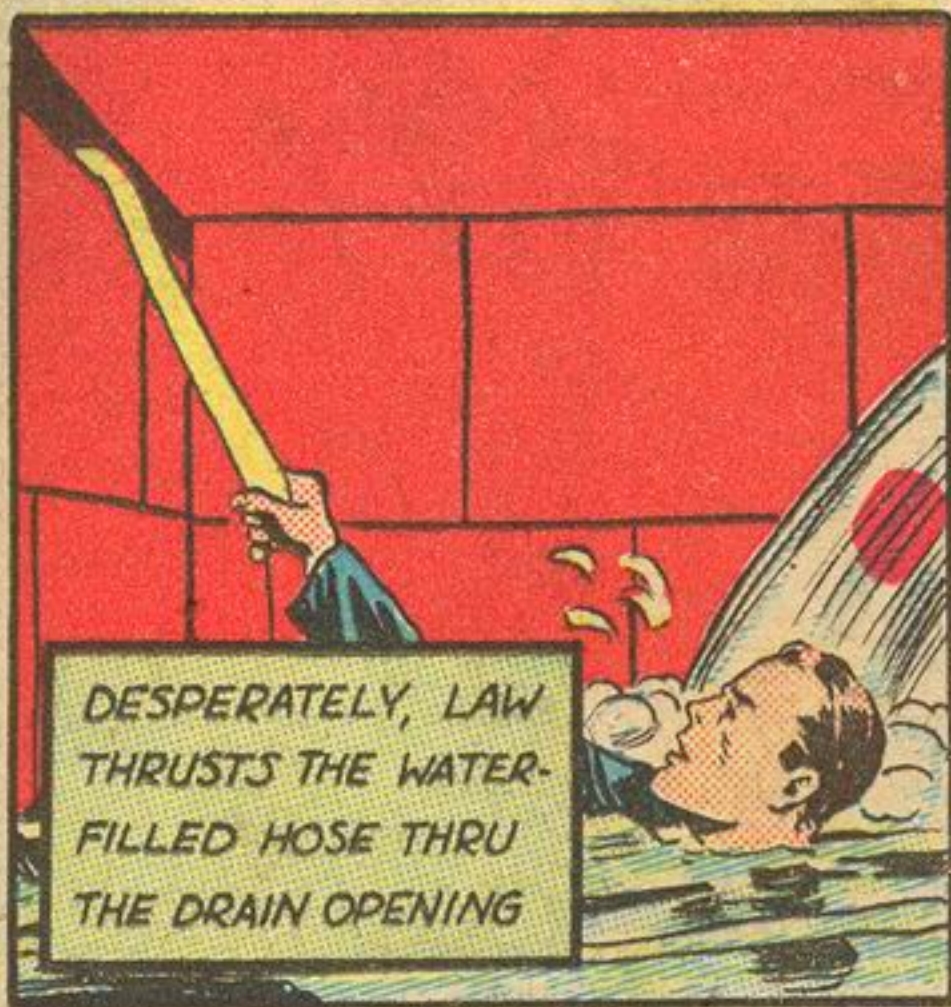
DUTTON HAS WON MANY HOCKEY AWARDS, AMONG THEM IS THE GREYHOUND BUS TROPHY!











WUN CLOO

HE PUTS CROOKS
THROUGH THE
WRINGER!



A LETTER
FOR MR.
WUN CLOO!

by GILL
FOX

Dear Wun Cloo:—
The police need
your assistance to
learn the identity
of a "big shot" crook
who runs a
"protection racket"
gang. These thugs are
working in the
vicinity of your
laundry, so watch
out!!
Police captain

AH! SOME ACTION
AT LAST!



THE
NEXT
DAY



WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU?

"IF YOUR LITTLE
BOY WON'T WASH
HIS EARS—
WE WILL!"

YOU CAN'T DO ANY-
THING FOR US —
BUT WE CAN DO
SOMETHING FOR YOU
—WE CAN GIVE YOU
PROTECTION!



PROTECTION? FROM WHAT?

SHOW HIM WHAT HE
HAS TO BE "PROTECTED"
FROM, MOE!



SOME FUN
I'LL SAY!



CRASH!

I AM CONVINCED!
WHAT ARE YOUR
'PROTECTION' RATES?
—OH HHH!!



\$50 A WEEK AND ALL
OUR LAUNDRY WASHED
FREE!



AH! HERE'S MY CHANCE
TO CATCH THEIR
LEADER!

VERY WELL—
I WILL
BUY YOUR
PROTECTION!

GOOD!



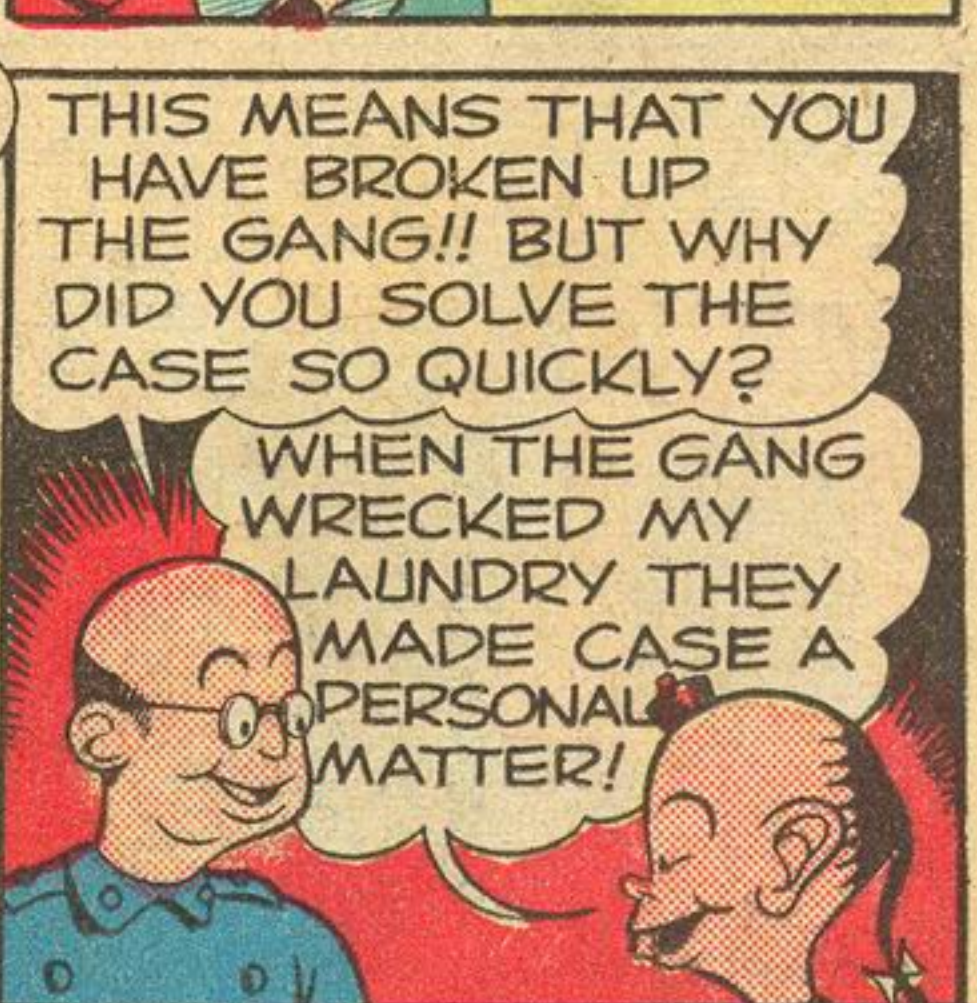
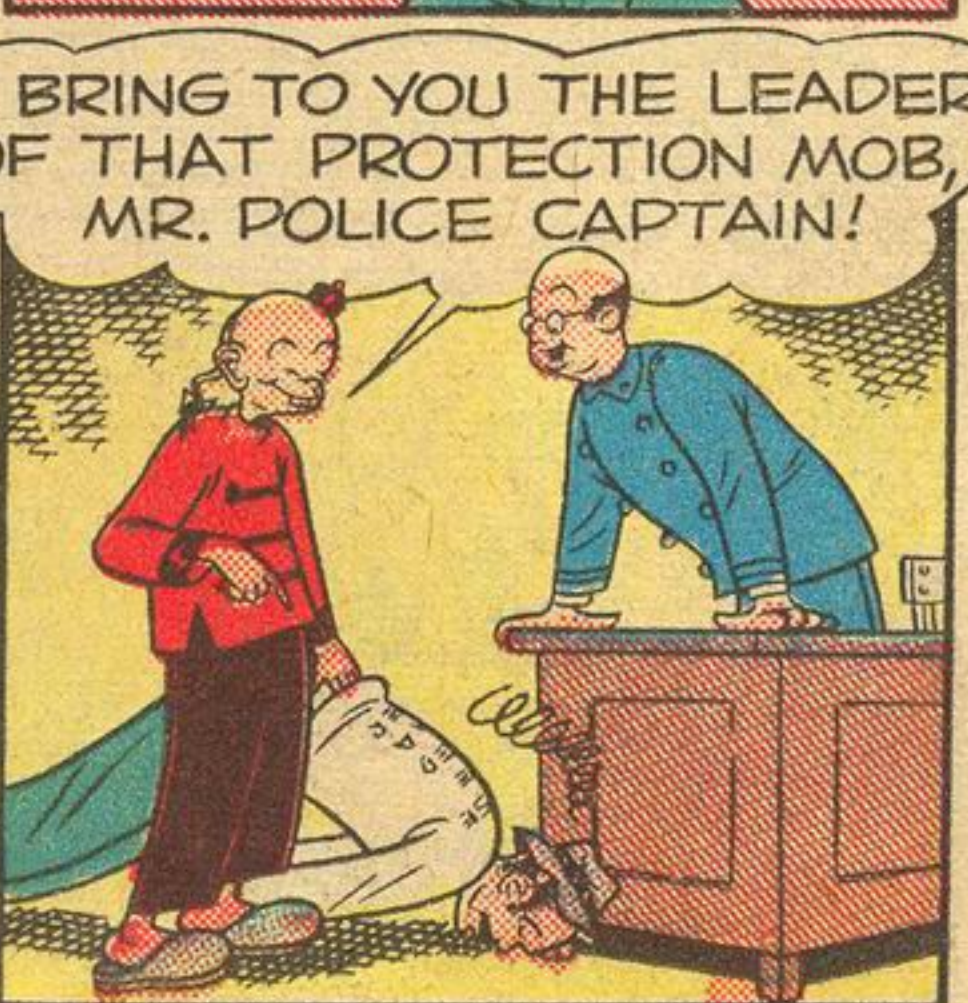
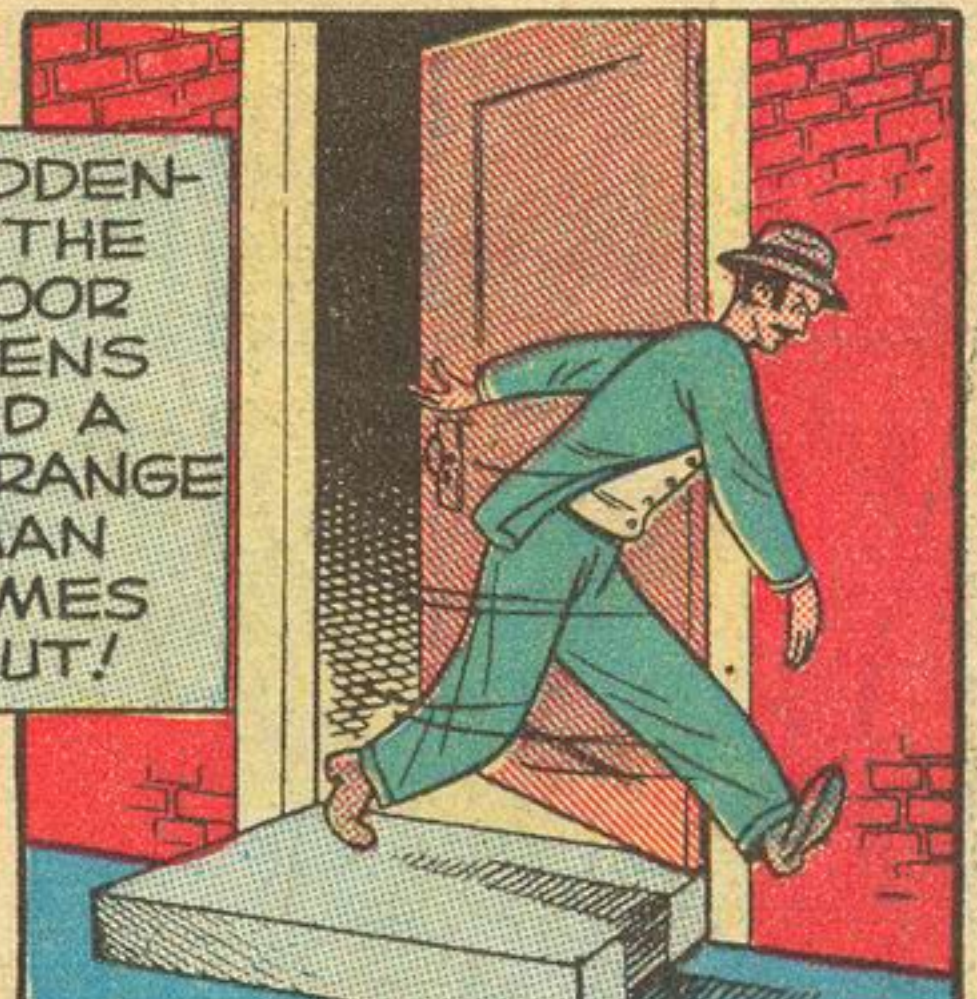
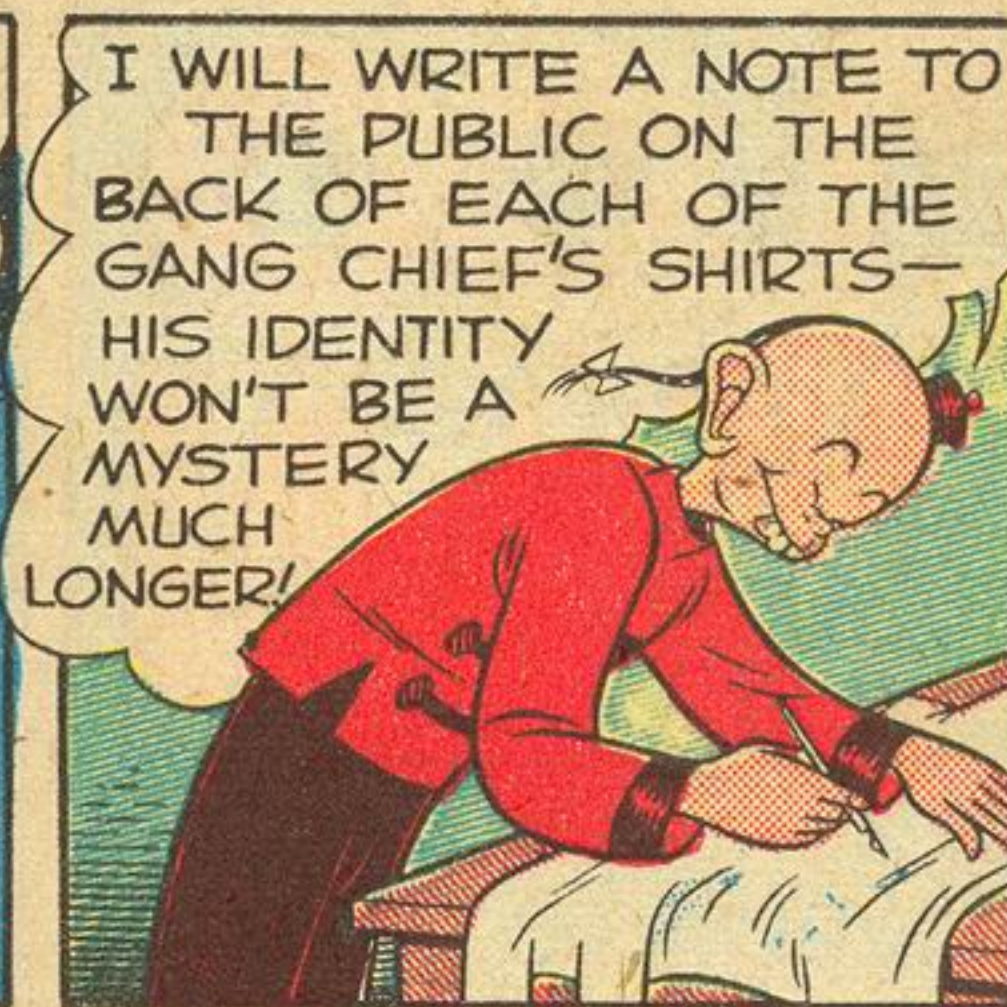
C'MON, PAY
ME FOR
THIS WEEK'S
PROTECTION!

..AND HERE'S
SOME OF
THE BOSS'S
SHIRTS TO
WASH!



HOLES
OF ALL
SIZES
FOR
SOCKS

ONE
WEEK LATER..



Hugh Hazzard and his IRON MAN

by
WAYNE REID

Scene... THE TOP FLOOR OF A
WASHINGTON D.C. HOTEL-

COMRADES - OUR COUNTRY
- NEEDS MONEY - GOLD -
TO CONTINUE ITS WAR
AGAINST THE ALLIES--



--WITHOUT IT WE ARE
RUINED-- AS YOU KNOW,
THE UNITED STATES HAS
REFUSED US AID - SO I
HAVE A
PLAN---



FORT ADAM, IN KENTUCKY,
HOLDS MILLIONS OF
DOLLARS IN ITS VAULTS--
- AND WE'RE GOING
TO GET IT! -



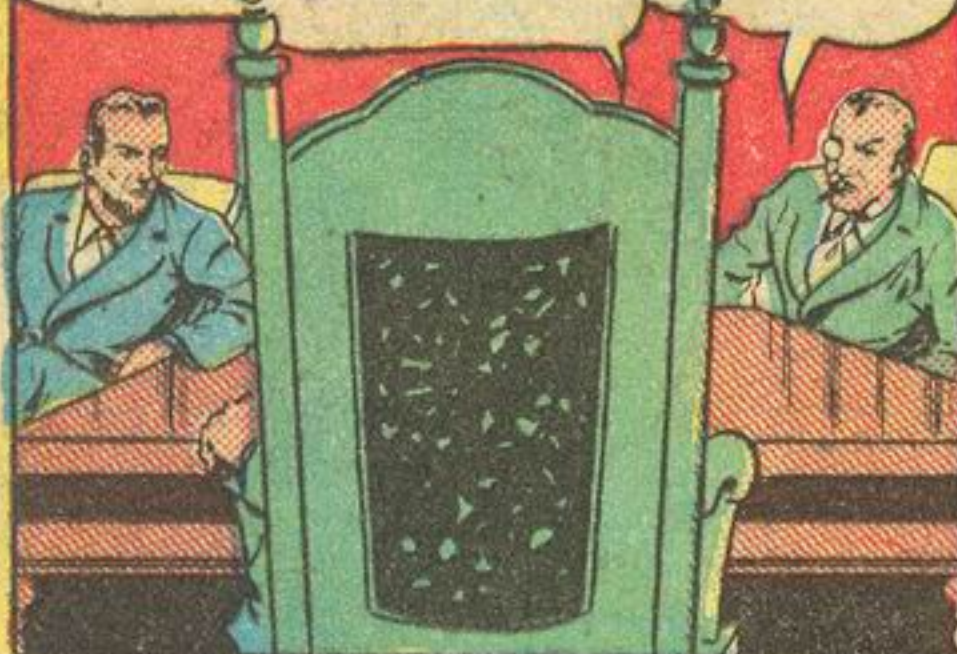
BUT HOW,
SIR ??

YES--
HOW?



I HAVE SECURED AN
INVITATION TO THE OFFICERS
DEBUT BALL TO
BE HELD AT FORT
ADAM, FRIDAY
EVENING--

THAT
AFFAIR?



I THOUGHT ONLY A
SELECT FEW WERE INVITED
TO THAT AFFAIR--HOW DID
YOU GET ONE?

NEVER MIND
HOW-I GOT IT,
DIDN'T I--
??



WHICH ONE
OF US IS
GOING ?

NONE
OF
US!--



WHO
THEN?

OLGA--HAVE
HER SENT
IN!!



OLGA?? I
BEGIN TO SEE
IT ALL NOW--!

HERE
SHE
COMES--



YOU SENT
FOR ME,
RUDOLF?





AND AT THE SAME TIME
RUDOLF HITZ AND HIS MEN
HEAD FOR THE SAME
DESTINATION ---

COMRADES, JUST BEFORE
WE TOOK OFF, I FOUND
OUT DOLAN'S SON IS
STATIONED AT THE FORT--!

SO
WHAT?--

SO THIS -- OLGA
STRIKES UP AN
ACQUAINTANCE
WITH HIM ---

FROM HIS PICTURE HE
SHOULDN'T BE HARD
TO TAKE --

IF ANYONE KNOWS
THE LAY-OUT OF THE
VAULTS IT IS HE -- BEING
SO CLOSE TO HIS
FATHER --!

VERY
CLEVER,
RUDOLF --

BUT ALL
THIS WILL
BE A
DANGEROUS
UNDERTAKING --

THERE
WILL BE
NO
DANGER
FOR ANY
OF US --!

YOU SEE, BEFORE WE
LEFT, I MADE A DATE TO
MEET SCAR PIPALLE, THIS
COUNTRY'S PUBLIC ENEMY
NO. 1 -- **HE'S GOING TO DO
THE DIRTY WORK!!**

AS HITZ'S
PLANE NEARS
THE
AIRPORT, TWO
OTHER PLANES
LAND - ONE
CARRYING HUGH
HAZZARD AND
THE OTHER,
SCAR PIPALLE -

SCAR-LOOK!! --
AIN'T THAT HUGH
HAZZARD - WHAT'S
HE DOIN' HERE
TOO?

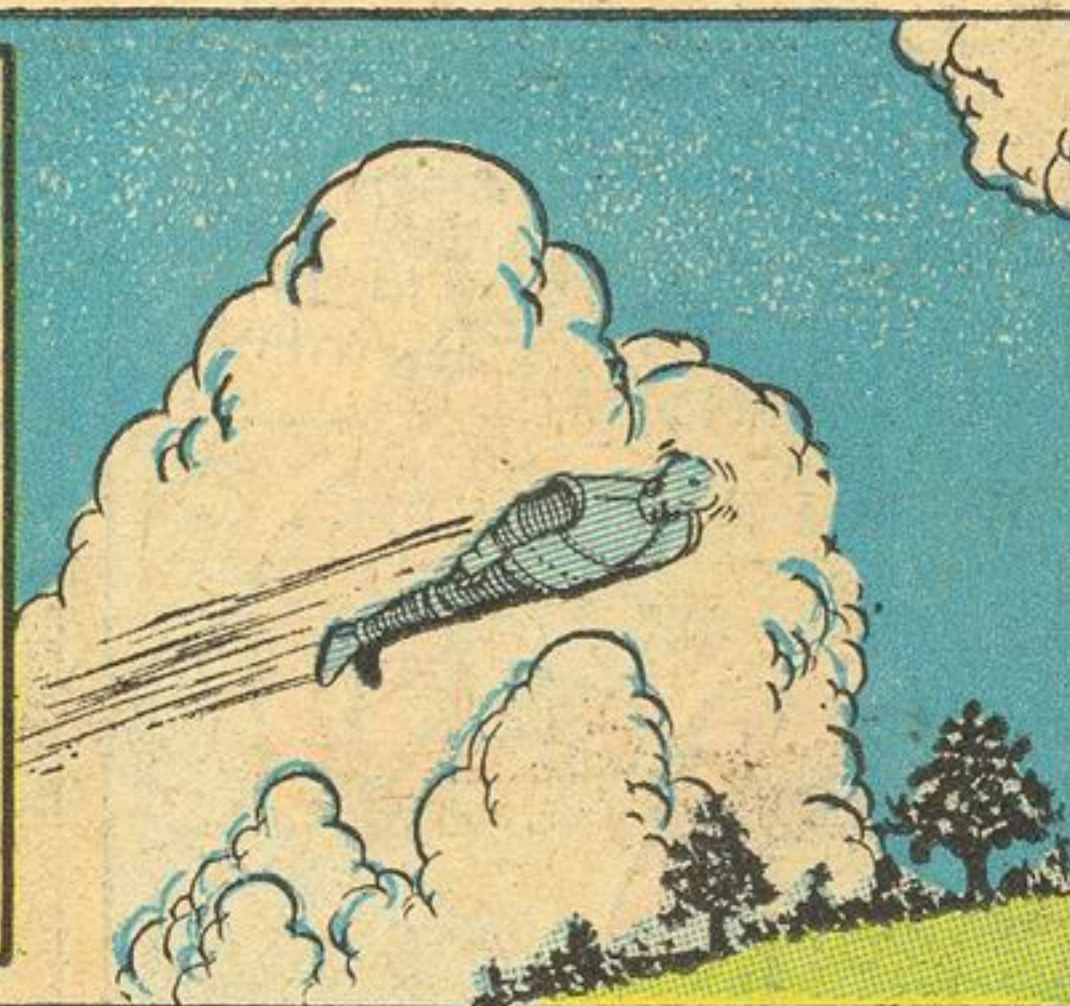
QUIET!

NEVER MIND HIM - I,
DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M
DOIN' HERE, YET - BUT THIS
GUY HITZ SAID THERE'D
BE PLENTY
IN IT ---

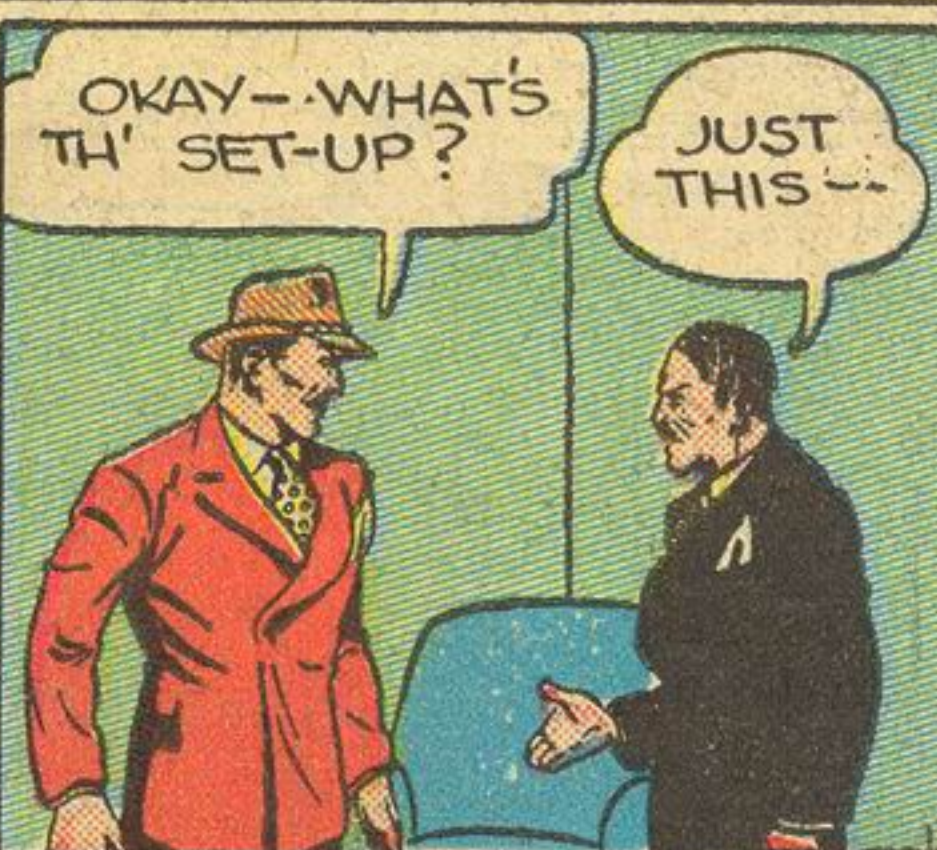
SCAR PIPALLE -- I
WONDER WHAT WOULD
BRING **HIM** OUT OF
HIDING ??

SO TO BE SAFE,
I'LL GET BOZO DOWN
HERE -- JUST IN CASE --

AFTER REGISTERING IN A HOTEL, HUGH GOES TO A SPOT IN THE KENTUCKY HILLS, AND BY MEANS OF A SMALL CONTROL BOARD CONCEALED UNDER HIS COAT LAPEL, HE CALLS THE IRON MAN--AND THE ROBOT, INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE BECAUSE OF ITS GREAT SPEED--HEADS TOWARD ITS MASTER--



AT THE SAME TIME PIPALLE IS IN HITZ'S HIDE-OUT---



OKAY--WHAT'S TH' SET-UP?

JUST THIS--

I WANT YOU TO GET THE GOLD STORED IN FORT ADAM--THERE'S TWO MILLION IN CASH FOR YOU--WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?



SURE-I CAN DO IT--- BUT WHAT'S YOUR RACKET--WHO'S TH' BIG-SHOT BEHIND YOU?



RACKET? BIG-SHOT??

IT IS NO RACKET--YOU SEE, I REPRESENT HOLTZ, OF THE JARMANIAN GOVERNMENT--AND WE NEED MONEY TO CARRY ON OUR WAR WITH THE ALLIES--!



WHAT?

AND YOU WANT ME TO 'HI-JACK' MY OWN COUNTRY TO HELP THAT LUNATIC DESTROY CIVILIZATION--!!



WHY YOU----!! I MAY BE CALLED THIS COUNTRY'S PUBLIC ENEMY---



--BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I'LL EVER BETRAY IT--!

HELP!--



GO AHEAD--YELL---!!

HELP!



AND WITHOUT WARNING, PIPALLE IS FELLED FROM BEHIND--



PUT HIM IN THE PIT--I'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER--!



LATER--THE OFFICERS DEBUT BALL IS WELL UNDER WAY--



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LIKE YOU PICKED ME ABOVE ALL THESE OTHER MEN--WHY?



UNNOTICED BY YOUNG DOLAN, OLGA DROPS HER HANDKERCHIEF---A SIGNAL---!!

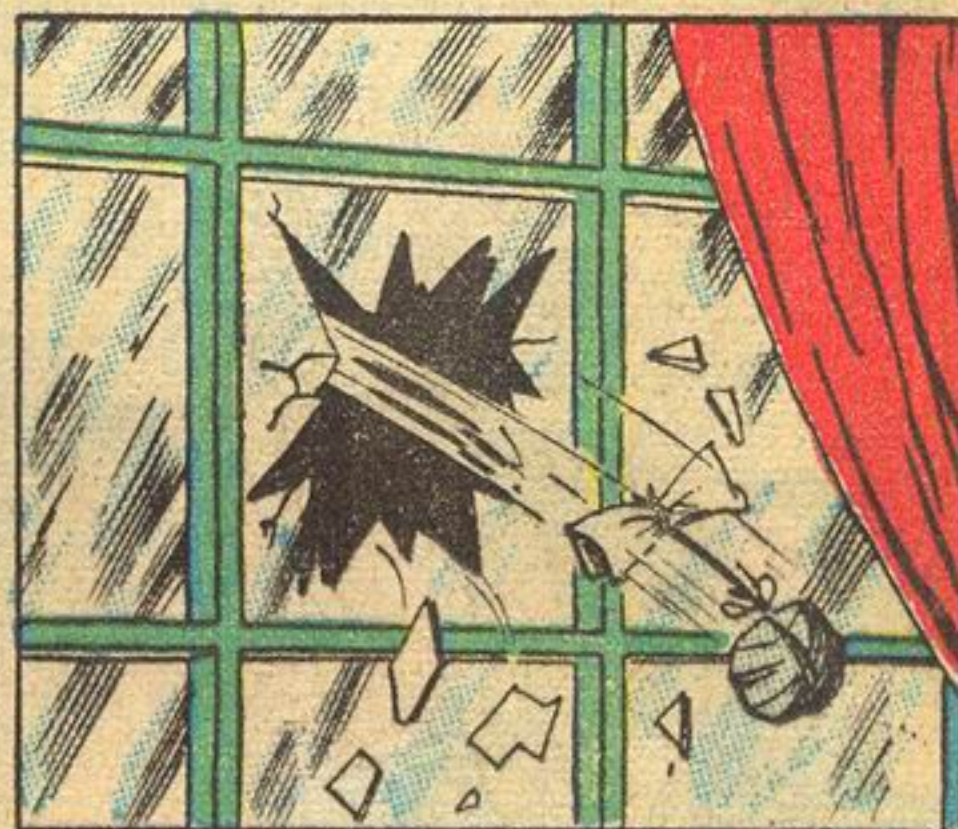


AND HE IS THE VICTIM OF A VICIOUS ATTACK----



WHILE INSIDE THE HOUSE--

CAPTAIN--ARE YOU STILL THE SAME TYRANT OVER YOUR MEN AS WHEN DAD KNEW YOU?



SUDDENLY, A CRASH OF GLASS SPLITS THE AIR---

A NOTE---FOR YOU, CAPTAIN--

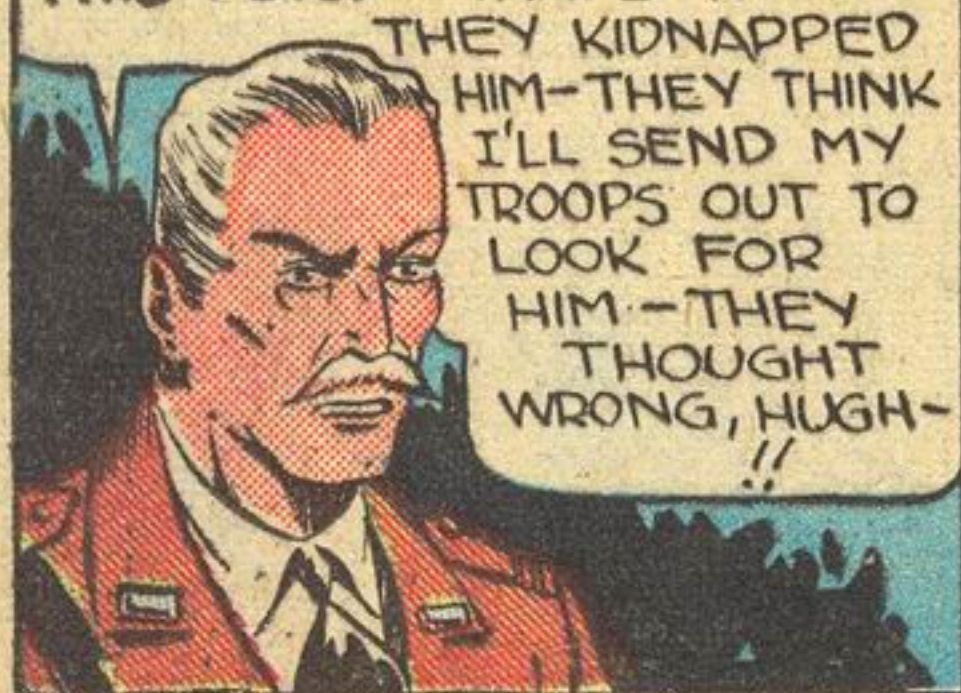


Captain Dolan--
Take your men on a march into the hills for 2 hours. Follow these instructions or you will never see your son alive again--!

I'VE EXPECTED THIS A LONG TIME--SOME ONE WANTS THE GOLD IN THESE VAULTS--WELL---



YES--MY SON--HUGH, IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES, MY DUTY TO MY COUNTRY COMES FIRST--I'M NOT LEAVING THIS FORT--THAT'S WHY

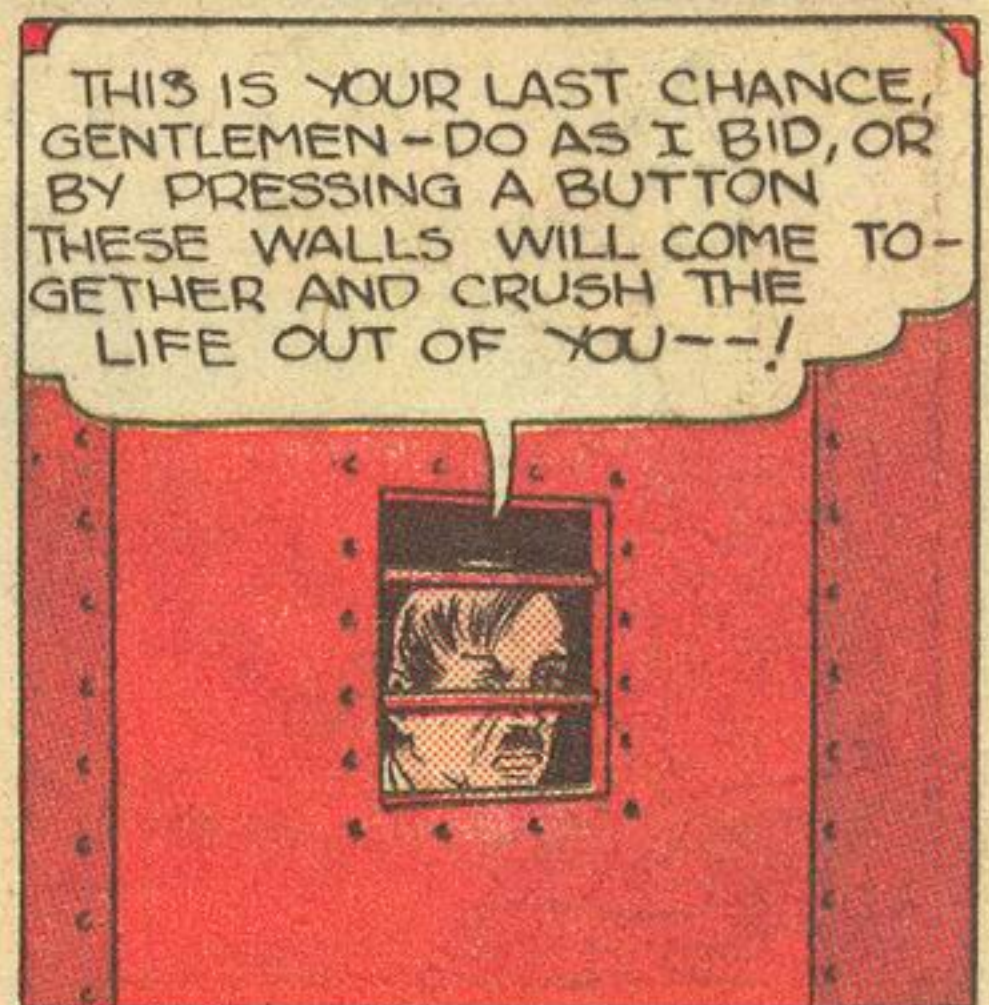
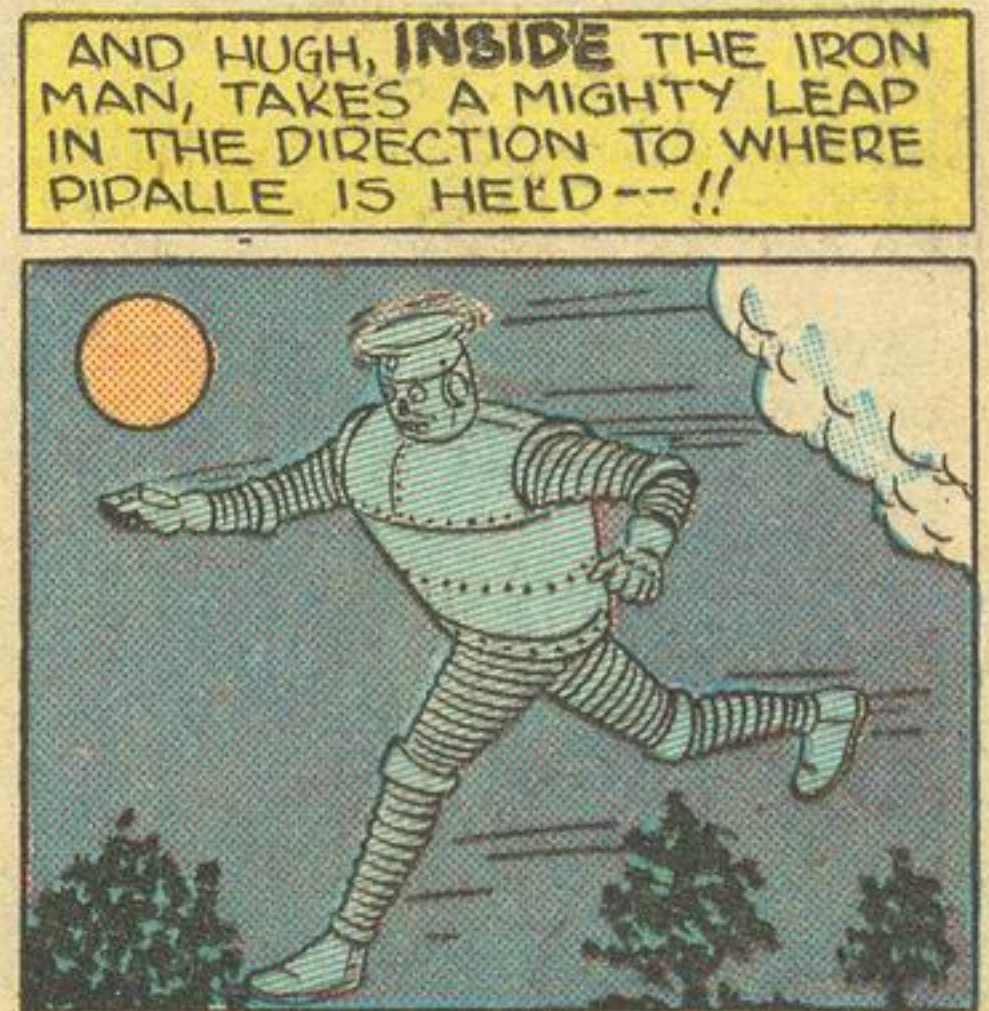


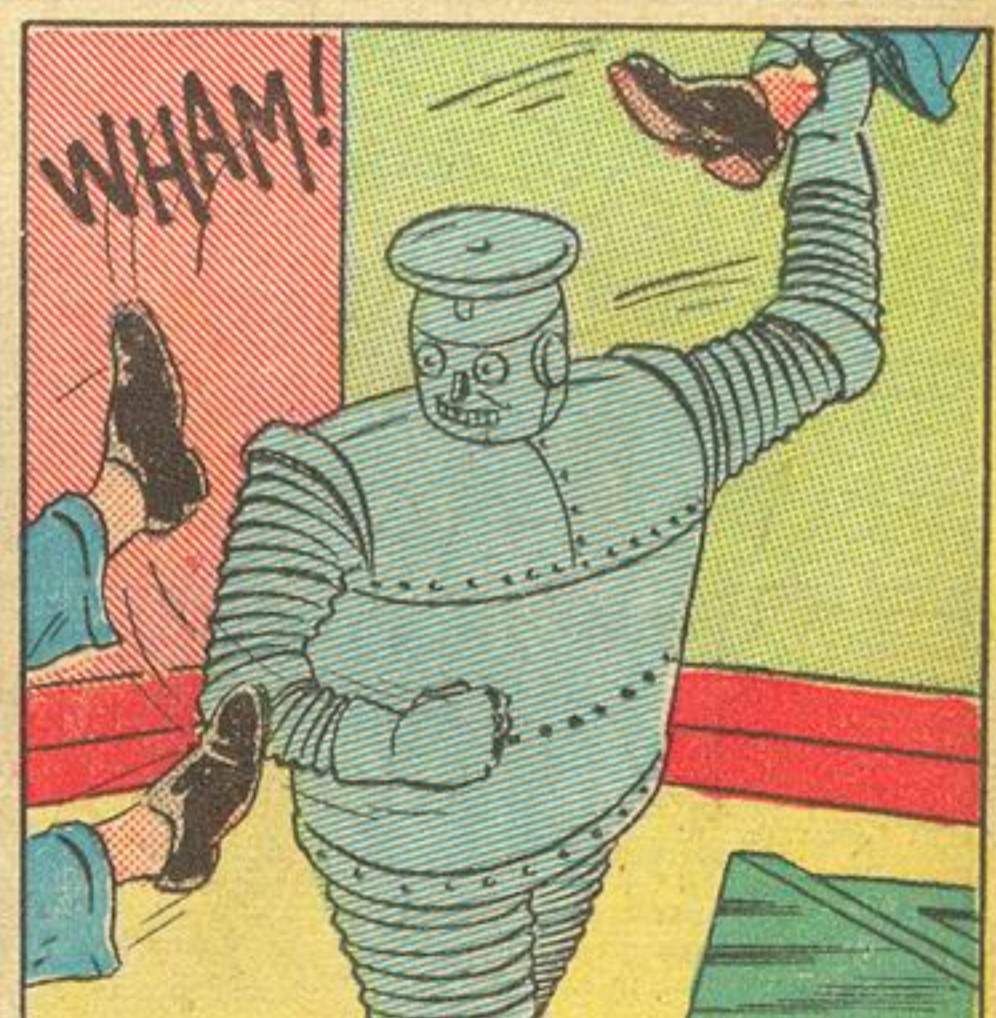
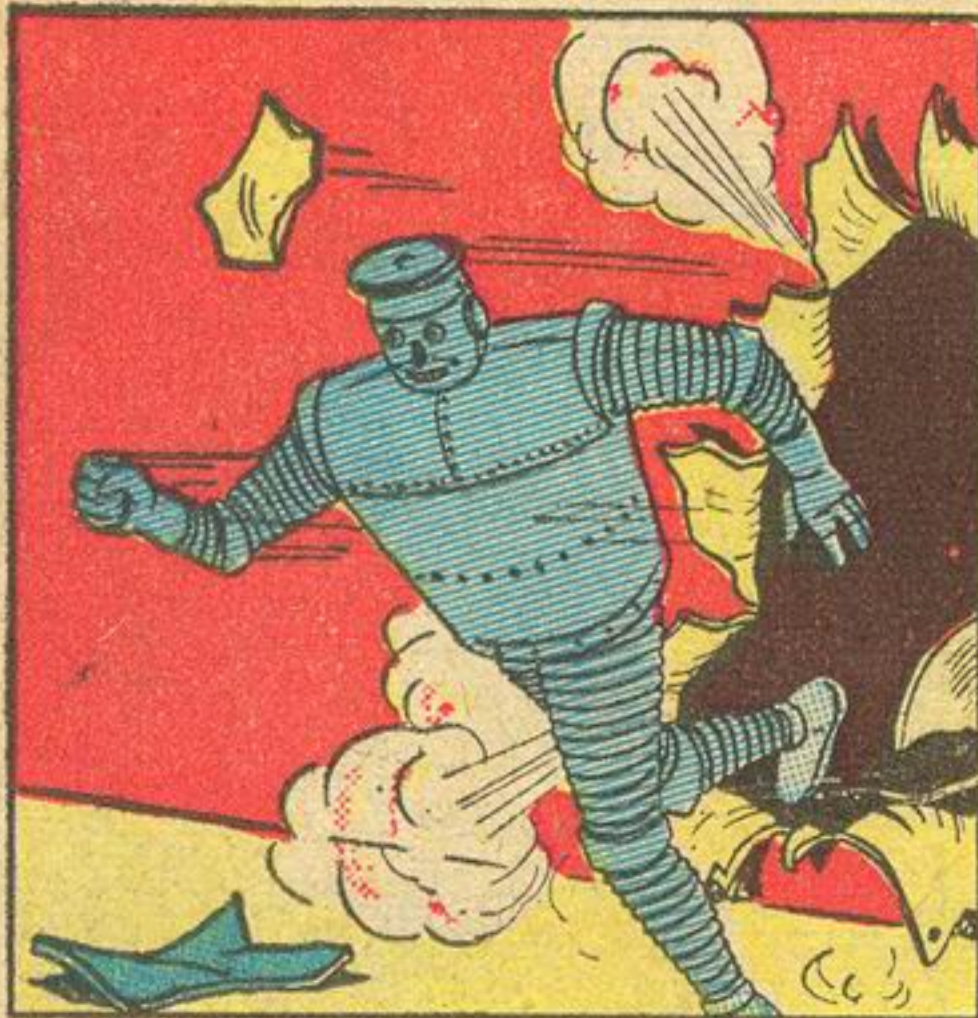
YOUR-OWN--SON---



PIPALLE SAID TO GIVE YOU THIS ADDRESS IF HE DIDN'T COME BACK IN TWO HOURS--HE SAID YOU WERE A "RIGHT GUY" AND WOULD HELP HIM---







Follow Hugh Hazzard and Bozo in the March issue of SMASH COMICS.

\$100.00 IN PRIZE MONEY

Help us pick a name for our new comic magazine and win a cash prize. It is very simple—all you have to do is write a short letter in which you suggest one or more titles for our new magazine. In addition, tell us what features you like best in **SMASH COMICS** as well as other comic magazines—and why. Also tell us the features you do not like in **SMASH COMICS** and other comic magazines—and the reasons you don't like them.

First prize is \$50.00, second prize is \$20.00 and third prize is \$10.00. In addition, there will be twenty prizes of \$1.00 each awarded. So write your letter now and suggest a snappy name for our new comic magazine. And give us the information as to what features you like best in **SMASH COMICS** and any other comic magazines.

The first letter we receive picking the title we will use for our new magazine wins the \$50.00. But in order to win a prize, you must give us the information as to what features you like best in **SMASH COMICS** and other comic magazines—and the features you do not like. Make your letter interesting and list your favorite features in the order you prefer them.

Address all letters to

SMASH COMICS

Gurley Building, 322 Main Street
STAMFORD, CONN.

Boys! I'll help you get a DAISY FOR Your Birthday —the Frontiersman



**HERE'S HOW I
HELPED BOB
GET HIS
DAISY**
—the Frontiersman

BOB WANTED A DAISY. HE SAW MY AD (LIKE THIS ONE) IN JANUARY —MAILED THE COUPON FOR HIS FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT EVEN THO' HIS BIRTHDAY WASN'T 'TIL MARCH 15.



ON MARCH 1, OR 2 WEEKS BEFORE BOB'S BIRTHDAY, HIS BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT ARRIVED. BOB READ THE DIRECTIONS — TOOK A PENCIL AND DREW A RING AROUND THE DAISY HE WANTED ON EACH "REMINDER" — THEN THE FUN BEGAN!



BOB'S MOTHER FOUND A "BIRTHDAY REMINDER" UNDER THE MILK BOTTLE ONE MORNING. (COURSE BOB HAD PUT IT THERE!)



EVERY TIME BOB'S DAD PICKED UP A MAGAZINE, A "REMINDER" FELL OUT OF IT.



BOB'S AUNT MARY, WHO LIVES WITH HIS FOLKS, FOUND ONE TUCKED IN HER WORK BASKET ONE NIGHT.



BOB PUT A "REMINDER" IN AN ENVELOPE, MARKED IT PERSONAL —IMPORTANT—RUSH— AND MAILED IT TO HIS DAD AT HIS OFFICE! (THIS PROBABLY DID THE TRICK!)



AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK WHEN BOB'S DAD UNFOLDED HIS MORNING PAPER—A "REMINDER" FELL OUT...



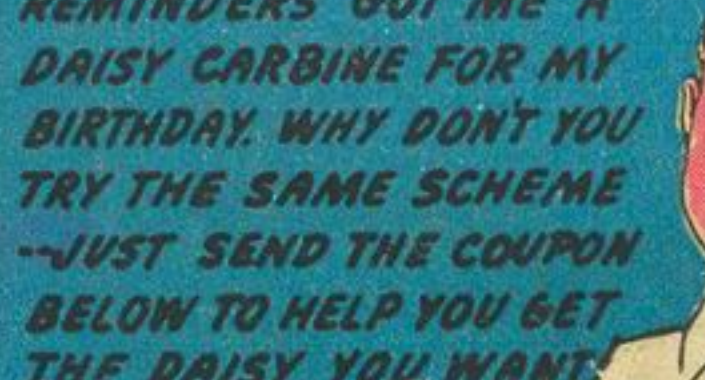
BOB USED HIS "BIRTHDAY REMINDERS" FOR NEARLY 2 WEEKS "WORKING" ON THE WHOLE FAMILY.



ON HIS BIRTHDAY, MARCH 15th



FELLAS! THOSE BIRTHDAY REMINDERS GOT ME A DAISY CARBINE FOR MY BIRTHDAY. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE SAME SCHEME —JUST SEND THE COUPON BELOW TO HELP YOU GET THE DAISY YOU WANT.



**Here's
WONDERFUL NEWS**

BOYS—we'll help you get a quality Daisy Air Rifle for your next birthday IF your birthday comes between now and July 15, 1940! Just do this . . . mail coupon below being sure to enclose 3c in stamps to help cover OUR postage-handling cost when we mail the FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT back to you —about 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday. SAY! Which beautiful, accurate, hard-hitting Daisy do you want? Look over the Daisies pictured here . . . think of the thrilling year 'round fun and target shooting ONLY a Daisy can give you . . . then get busy. Send coupon and 3c in stamps—send both today in an envelope for your Reminder Kit!

Use "Birthday Reminders" to Help Get a Daisy
Your Free Birthday Reminder Kit contains a whole series of printed "messages" on which you sign your own name—also pictures of Daisy Air Rifles, and other advertising material. Complete Directions are included so you can use "Reminders" to remind your family that you want a Daisy for your birthday. You'll have loads of fun using them. Put 'em under milk bottles, in the kitchen, in the mail-box! On Dad's easy chair! Mail one to Dad where he works! They'll help you "sell" the folks on getting you a Daisy! ACT NOW! Fill in coupon, place 3c in stamps inside an envelope WITH coupon, place a 3c stamp ON the envelope and mail today! (Remember—you won't hear from us again 'til you receive your Reminder Kit 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday—but send for it now!)

—Or Buy Your Daisy Today!

If you have the money (or can get it) to buy your Daisy now—get it at your nearest hardware, sporting goods, or department store. If your Dealer hasn't your favorite Daisy in stock, or if you have no Daisy Dealer — rush the money for it direct to us and we'll mail your Daisy to you postpaid!



**FREE!
SEND COUPON NOW!**

**FASTEST
LOADING
Air Rifle
in HISTORY**

**BE A
FRONTIERSMAN
CARRY DAISY'S New
LIGHTNING LOADER Carbine**

Old Scouts and Frontiersmen carried the same style CARBINE Daisy now offers you! Be a Frontiersman—buy this husky, sweet-shootin' 500-shot repeating CARBINE—the fastest-loading air rifle ever! Enjoy these special Features:

(1) Lightning-Loader Shot Magazine Invention lets you load a full tube of Bulls-Eye Shot in just 5 seconds.



500-Shot Repeater—Cock and shoot 500 times without reloading

\$1.75



Single Shot—Holds only one shot at a time

\$1.25



Break Action Single Shot—a genuine Daisy. Ideal for smaller boys

\$1.00

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
Buy Daisy Bulls Eye Shot for use in the new Lightning-Loader CARBINE and ALL Air Rifles. This uniform, quality, "Chrome-Shen" steel shot is specially made for accurate shooting. Insist on DAISY BULLS EYE At Your Dealers!



**BIG JUMBO
TUBE 5c**

(2) ADJUSTABLE Double-Notch Rear Sight for long and short range work, target or "snap-shooting." (3) Pistol Grip Stock and Wooden CARBINE HAND HOLD, both in rich walnut finish. (4) Heavy Metal CARBINE STYLE STRAP holds "Magazine" Tube under main barrel. Carbine packed in handsome Yellow Carton. Get your CARBINE now at your dealers. Only

\$2.50



Carbine with Magnifying Telescope Sight

\$3.50



Double Barrel 100-Shot Repeater, "Break-action" cocks both triggers

\$5.



50-Shot Pump Repeater, take-down model with forced-feed shot magazine

\$4.50



Buck Jones Special, A 60-shot hard-hitting, outdoor model

\$3.50



Buzz Barton Special—Telescopic-type Sights

\$2.25

**SHOOT THE COUPON and 3c in stamps
FOR FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT!**

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 828 Union St., Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
828 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

Please send me—to arrive about 2 weeks before my Birthday—your special new Birthday Reminder Kit with complete directions how I can use "Reminders" to help me get a Daisy for my Birthday. I enclose 3c in unused U. S. Postage Stamps or Stamp, to help cover your cost in handling and mailing the "Reminders" to me.

Month of Birthday . . . Day of Month . . . Present Age . . .

MY NAME . . .

STREET & NO. STATES . . .

CITY (Please Print Plainly)

**PUT 3c IN STAMPS
INSIDE ENVELOPE WITH THIS
COUPON before mailing!**